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FOUNDED 1844

JANUARY 1, 1924

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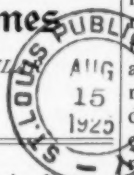
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The Musical Times

AND SINGING-CLASS CIRCULAR

JANUARY 1 1924



Our issue for June, 1919, contained as a supplement a facsimile of No. 1 of the *Musical Times*, dated June 1, 1844. The point that seems to have struck most readers, we remember, was the size—or lack of size—of that first number: apart from the musical supplement it consisted of four pages. For some years past the usual size of the *Musical Times* has been seventy-two pages, and we thought it had finished growing. But lately, owing to the introduction and development of new features, even seventy-two pages have proved to be insufficient. We are glad to be able to announce that with the present issue, the *Musical Times* is enlarged to ninety-six pages, which, it is hoped, will remain the normal. There will be no increase in price. Readers who send copies through the post are advised that the postage will now be 2d. instead of 1½d.; but the subscription will still be 7s. 6d. per annum. We take this opportunity of pointing out to the large number of readers who find a difficulty in obtaining the journal promptly and regularly through their local newsagents that the subscription brings the *Musical Times* to their door on the first of the month. The subscription may start at any period of the year, and the subscriber is reminded when its renewal is due.

With the increased space we intend to develop such features as have proved to be most acceptable to readers in general. This means a growth on the literary side rather than in the matter of news. As we pointed out some months ago, when discussing the problems of the musical press, a monthly journal devoting much space to news must end by overloading its pages with stale matter. The daily and weekly press, London and provincial, can do the job so much better that a monthly organ must be content to serve as a condensed record, convenient for reference when the newspapers are no longer at hand. But the newspapers, for obvious reasons, are unable to devote much space to critical, analytical, and other articles, especially those in which music-type illustrations are necessary. Nor can they give anything like a comprehensive review of the flood of new music and books dealing with the art. This is the province of the monthly journal, and the *Musical Times* will, we hope, more and more prove its value to readers who wish to keep abreast of the activities of composers, writers, and publishers.

One new feature, however, seems to be forced on us—an inquiries department. Already we answer a large number of questions, but, owing to lack of space, the replies are sent by post. As

many of the questions are of general interest, the replies should be of service to the bulk of our readers. In future, therefore, questions will be answered in the journal. We have made arrangements for inquiries on educational subjects to be dealt with by well-known teachers. No fee will be charged, and no coupons need be sent. Questions must be received at our office, 160, Wardour Street, W.1, not later than the 10th of the month. They must be clearly and briefly expressed, and, if several are sent, each must be written on a separate sheet of paper. Only questions of general musical interest will be considered, and only in exceptional cases will replies be made through the post. We say this in self-defence against readers who bombard us with questions which they will find answered in easily-accessible books of reference. Hitherto we have weakly submitted; in future such readers will bombard in vain.

Reverting for a moment to the question of news, we take this opportunity of clearing up a point in connection with our reports of London concerts. We are sometimes asked why some are noticed and others ignored. The answer is that, as London's musical happenings are far too numerous to record, we have to select those that are of special interest, either on account of the performers, the programme, or for some other reason. A chamber concert at (say) Moreton-in-the-Marsh is an important event, and we therefore make a note of it. A chamber concert in central London is merely one of many, and must be passed over, unless it is of special interest in some way. It is, we think, better to give fairly full and critical reports of the outstanding London concerts, than to fill columns with a mere catalogue of events.

Finally, we invite suggestions as to other ways in which the journal may increase its usefulness. It is now bigger than it has ever been, but mere bulk is easy of achievement. It must now try to beat its own record for quality as well as quantity.

THE CONDUCTOR AND HIS FORE-RUNNERS

BY WILLIAM WALLACE

V.—THE MEANS

(Continued from December number, page 834)

If the sturdy Agricola inveighed against lute-tablatur there were others who had not a word to say in favour of the instrument itself. Brancour* quotes the observation of Mersenne (1588-1648), who declared without much exaggeration that:

A lutenist who has reached the age of eighty has certainly spent sixty years in tuning his instrument; and, what is worse, among a hundred players, especially if they are amateurs, it is difficult to meet two who are capable of tuning together. . . . They tell me in Paris that it costs as much to keep a lute in order as it does to feed a horse.

Nearly a century later, Mattheson, in his *Neu croeffnetes Orchester* (Hamburg, 1713),

* René Brancour: *Histoire des Instruments Musicaux*. Paris, 1921, p. 54.

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reproduces the passage in Sec. 14* with his customary extravagance of language, interlarded with much Germanized French, and speaks of the greatly over-rated (*schmeicheln*) lute, which has more partisans than it deserves. After these emphatic pronouncements we are not surprised by the sarcastic remark of a wit who said that he had often heard lutenists tuning, but never playing.

[Was there not some potentate who, on hearing an orchestra for the first time, thought their tuning-up was his own national anthem?]

What was this instrument, and why were its players dismissed with scorn? Into its pedigree it is not necessary to enter, but it may be said that in Tudor times, and later, by far the most popular stringed instruments were those known by the generic name of lute, of which there were many varieties, such as mandore, pandore, theorbo, arch-lute or chittarone. Specimens of these, sumptuously decorated, are to be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Elsewhere† I have sketched briefly the instruments of the 15th to the 18th centuries that were employed by the composer under conditions which apply equally to the conductor, and I there asked whether these instruments were put to practical use, or were merely instruments *de luxe*, which graced the salon and bore witness to the taste and wealth of their possessors? In the *Descriptive Catalogue* of Schlosser, already mentioned, there is a heliogravure of a cistre (of the guitar family), made in 1574 for the Archduke Ferdinand of Tyrol, the head of which is the head and bust of a girl, richly bejewelled and adorned with real pearls. It is only twenty-nine inches long, but its maker, Girolamo de Virchio, of Brescia, has decorated every part with fanciful figures. It is the finest specimen in existence, and though its tone to-day is said to be 'very beautiful, full, and penetrating,' we may wonder if it was ever used as an instrument or not put into a glass case as an exquisite piece of handicraft.

We shall presently meet with two distinguished collectors, but meanwhile we may ask what became of the 'rank and file' lutes with all their imperfections. What remain to us are assuredly instruments *de luxe*: the then 'commercial' instrument is now dust. Even in playing condition it was not 'fool-proof.' At a performance many years ago, the instrumentalist, reading from tablatur, had to stop every now and then to explain his difficulties! The truth is that it was mechanically bad: constructed without regard for the tension of the strings upon the weakest part of the body, which was the chest. This appears to have been dimly recognised, for every conceivable shape seems to have been tried, and all with the same result.

In Schlosser's *Descriptive Catalogue*, plate xvi., there is shown an Italian 'fidel' of the year 1500 which has a tail-piece and knob, and we may assume that this was the outcome of a desire to construct an instrument that would stand the tension necessary to compete with the voice when 'instrumentalising' vocal music, *i.e.*, playing the voice-part on the instrument. We shall find later a direction for a voice-part to do the opposite, that is, to reproduce the tone of an instrument, a device that has crept into modern unaccompanied choral music.

Among collectors of musical instruments, the palm must be given to Henry VIII. (1491-1547). The inventories are to be found in Galpin* and in Rawdon Brown, showing the immense interest that Henry took in music. The authenticity or value of his compositions may be challenged—these matters do not concern us here—but he certainly brought together an amazing collection from which his band of about eighty players drew their instruments.

What with 'paires of Regalles, Virgynalles, a Horne of Iverey, Claricordes, Vialles greate and small, Gitteronnes, Lutes, Crumhornes, Shalmes, Dulceuses, Phiphes of black Ibonie,' we feel tender towards the little Venice Lute, lonesome amid this prodigious host bristling with 'flutes' and recorders by the dozen. Think of the manual labour required to produce them when the only mechanical appliance known—and a wonderful affair it was—was the lathe.

Whatever else it may have done, the Throne in Tudor times had a strong bent towards music. Anne Boleyn, mother of Queen Elizabeth, was reputed to be the best lute-player of her day, and an excellent and artistic singer. These, perhaps, were the attractive qualities that Henry saw in her; for, collector as he was of musical instruments, he was also, as we know, a dilettante in other directions.

And here comes Elizabeth, red in hair and in eye, sharp in nose, cheek, and chin, imprisoned in surely the most uncomfortable costume that ever disgraced the female form. There in her closet with her long fingers she pats the 'keies' of her pair of virgynalles, a virginal queen turned virtuoso.

Did she ever trip and trill those Fitzwilliam numbers on the nimble jacks? Well, we have the word of an eye-witness. In the year 1564, Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, sent her good servant, Sir James Melvil,† on a mission to her kinswoman, Cousin Eliza. Eliza, no doubt in her best clothes, wanted to know everything about Cousin Mary—surely all in one breath: Was she short or tall, fair or dark, blue-eyed or brown, teeth white or black, what had she on, was she

* Francis W. Galpin: *Old English Instruments of Music*. London, 1910, p. 292.

Rawdon Brown: English edition of Giustiani's *Four Years at the Court of Henry VIII*. London, 1854, vol. i., p. 297.

† *Memoirs of Sir James Melvil of Hal-Hill: The Bannatyne Club*, 1827. The same, edited by George Scott, Gent., published from the Original Manuscript, 3rd ed., London, 1752.

* Quoted by Julius Schlosser: *Die Sammlung alter Musik-Instrumente, Kunsthistorisches Museum in Wien*. Vienna, 1920, p. 47.

† *The Threshold of Music*, ch. ix., 'The Luthier and his Art.'

musical, how did she play? His answer was, 'Reasonably for a queen.' You can see Eliza flushing beneath her rouge. So Jamie goes on: 'That same day my lord of Hunsdean drew me up to a quiet gallery, where I might hear the Queen play upon the virgynalles.' Attracted by the sound, he slipped into the chamber and surprised the Queen at it, whereupon she said she used not to play before men, but when she was solitary, to shun melancholy. (The sly puss!) Then came the question, Which Queen played best?—and what else could he do but set it down in his Memoirs, 'In that I gaf hir the prayse.'

Musical competitions in those days were rare, but Royalty was not above entering into them. High politics apart, was Cousin Eliza not a little jealous of Cousin Mary with the joyous eyes, plump face, well-shaped cheek and chin, against Cousin Eliza's dried-up mask over the bones of her skull?

Mary of the gentle name went under to the strident Elizabeth, and ambition, climbing to its heights, met its fall—its 'dying fall' in a very different sense—through music. . . . Who can tell? Who can say what lay beyond that tragedy? Music was all in all to those in high stations at this period, and the embitterment of Elizabeth, despite the greatness of her fortune in finding herself enthroned amid dauntless adventurers and men of golden tongue, may, at the root of things, have lain less in dynastic problems than in the more immediate concerns of looks, dress, and accomplishments.

The high esteem in which music was held by the Court could not have been without its influence in stimulating the art. Music had a prominent place in daily life, and was not merely an unessential part of education. How far it reached, and into what households it has penetrated, is shown in the Diary* of Mr. James Melville, a Scots Minister of the Kirk, educated at St Andros. He was then in his eighteenth year:

Mairower in these yeirs I lerned my music, wherin I tuk graitir delyt. . . . I lerned the Gam, Pleau song, and monie of the treables of the Psalmes. . . . I lout singing and playing on instruments passing weil. . . . for twa or thrie of our condisciples played fellow weil on the Virginals, and another on the Lut and Githorn. Our Regent [professor] haid also the Pinalds in his chalmir [Spinet in his chamber].

But the Regent 'dishairted' him, and his conscience began to prick him, for

. . . . giff I haid attained to anie reasonable misure therin I haid never don guid vtherways, in respect of my amorus disposition, wherby Sathan sought even then to deboiche me.

But Sathan had not a chance to 'deboiche him in vtherways,' because 'for archerie and goff I haid bow, arrose, glub [club] and bals.' So we leave him at his royal and ancient game on the links of St Andros, and return to our own, this time at the Court of France.

In the reign of François I. (1494-1547) orchestras were common, and performed on all occasions. They were attached to a Court Establishment, known as the Écurie, or stable, which included the entire retinue not of horses alone, but pages, attendants, and officials as well. (We still have our *grooms* in waiting and bridegrooms.) The instruments were flutes, oboes, trombones, and crumhorns. English players on trombones enjoyed a great reputation, and jealously guarded the secret of how to play them. This probably is the reason why, in 1604, Charles III., Duc de Lorraine, imported English players for his band.

The Écurie had two divisions, the Grande Écurie (probably made up of 'extras') and the Petite. It was from these establishments that Lulli obtained his additional players.

In Italy the nobility had their own private bands. The best known was that of the Duke of Ferrara, Alfonso II., whose *maestro di cappella* was Fiorino, born at Ferrara in 1540. He is mentioned in the 1882 edition of de la Barre Duparcq's *Life of Henri III.* This author says:

The real difficulty in these days was the absence of a uniform system of tuning. But there was unity in a certain sense in that the Master of the King's Music was ordinarily the Director of all music, whether it was public or private. The conductor of an orchestra, whether he was a man or a woman, held a long and elegant *baguette*, with which, when every performer was ready, the signal was given, and this person continued to beat time.

When a woman conducted she was called *maestra di cappella*.

Alfonzo had not only his private band, but a museum as well, in which he kept instruments that were out of date or of antiquarian interest. His Duchess shared his tastes, and she, too, had her band, composed of women, with a woman as conductor. Strict discipline was enforced at her concerts. The women entered a large room in silence, and each laid her instrument on a long table, at one end of which was the clavichord. Then the woman-conductor came in and took her seat at the other end of the table, and with a long, flexible, and polished baton, gave the signal to begin. How they tuned their instruments is not mentioned.

In a tapestry woven between 1560-68 there is a representation of a mixed orchestra with a conductor. The women play trombone, viola da gamba, harp, mandore, lute, and triangle. The men play viola da spalla (épaule = shoulder), a cornet, and oboes.

These orchestras, which we would call 'scratch,' were common in convents. A Frenchman, Charles de Brosses, who was travelling in Italy in 1749, noted in his Diary* that the best music to be heard in Venice was at the four Foundling Hospitals, where the children played violins, flute, organ, oboe, 'cello, and bassoon, no instrument being too large for them. There were forty in

* The Diary of Mr. James Melville, 1556-1601. Bannatyne Club, 1829, p. 23. The original spelling is retained.

* Charles de Brosses: *Lettres historiques et critiques sur l'Italie*, Three vols. Paris, An. vii. (1798-99).

the orchestra. He remarked that there was nothing more delicious to be seen than a young and pretty nun in her white habit, and with a sprig of myrtle in her hair, beating time with all the grace and precision imaginable.

He complained of the indifferent rendering of the recitatives at the opera, during which the audience played chess, and the absence of a conductor left the players to come in as they chose. But in the churches there was always a conductor.

From the orchestra described by de Brossette it will be seen that the older instruments had been discarded. The lute went first. In the early years of the 18th century there were only three or four old men in Paris who could play it. No doubt the larger volume of tone obtainable from the violin displaced the viol, and also the financial aspect of one violinist being better than three violists was not to be ignored. When we consider how our orchestral players treat the most advanced music as mere child's-play, it strikes us as extraordinary that between 1715 and 1724 there were not three violinists in the French royal band who could read at sight. Not only that, but the violins and flutes protested against the difficulty of passages written for these instruments, and it was not without violent altercations that composers could hear their own works. Until the orchestra became conventionalised, as in Mozart's time—if even then—composers and conductors had to make the most of the material at hand. Thus it was that in the music of the 16th and 17th centuries, written for concerted instruments, there was no standardised plan. Wild as appears to us the score of Monteverde's *Orfeo*, produced in 1607 (see *Grove* s.v. 'Orchestra'), another *Orfeo*, the first opera to be given at Paris (1647), introduced us to a proceeding to which we have become case-hardened. The composer was Luigi Rossi.* One of the airs had this 'specification': Three bars of 6-8, five of 3-4, two of 6-8, eight of 3-4, three and a-half of 4-4, three of 3-8, eight of 4-4, six of 3-8, five of 3-2, one of 3-8, and eight of 3-4, eleven changes of time-signature in fifty-two bars. In Moussorgsky's *Ragamuffin* the time-signature is changed in twenty-four out of seventy-six bars, and in *The Feast* there are thirty-three changes in thirty-eight bars. Soon shall we have—but why look for trouble?

(To be continued.)

PROGRAMME-MUSIC AND PROGRAMME-NOTES

By M.-D. CALVOCORESSI

So many weird and wonderful things are being written under colour of 'explaining' music that people have begun, quite rightly, to sit up and take notice. I hope and trust that the protests now arising against certain current types of programme-notes will multiply and bear fruit. The clearest result of such notes is that they

foster the development of parasitic outgrowths, which not only stand in the way of a genuine comprehension of music, but threaten to sap and destroy whatever inborn musical sense the trustful reader may possess.

Granting that the main thing is to induce the layman to take an interest in music, and that to this end all means are good, it remains true that means which, under pretence of calling the reader's attention to music, really achieve the end of drawing it away from the musical interest of music, cannot be good.

This is no mere theory: instances of the evil wrought are continually cropping up. When it comes to a student inquiring whether there exists a book supplying the programmes to all Beethoven's Sonatas, or whether he had better devise the programmes for himself, and another asking for the 'programmatic explanation' of Grieg's *Anitra's Dance* (both queries appeared recently in the correspondence column of a musical journal), it is time indeed to hoist the danger signal. Obviously there exists a growing tendency to consider music as a kind of logograph, and to believe that once the logograph is solved the message of the music is understood.

It is sometimes alleged that the fault lies with the composers of programme-music. This line was taken some time ago by a concert-goer who complained in print of the pabulum provided by the analytical programmes he bought, and suggested as a drastic remedy that 'no composer should be allowed to write impressionistic music for a space of thirty years.' Why thirty, and not three hundred, I am at a loss to guess. But it is safe to say that although certain composers of programme-music do bear a share of responsibility in the matter, even if three hundred years elapsed without one bar of programme-music being written, authors of programme-notes would be found continuing the merry game.

The root of the trouble lies deeper. In my opinion it is greatly laziness of mind or lack of flexibility that are primarily responsible. It is never easy to say anything worth saying about music proper, simply because the meaning of music (or ninety-nine hundredths of it) is impossible to reduce to words. It is especially difficult for certain writers to say anything about music which they cannot appraise by rote or rule of thumb. A Fétis was very much at ease when consigning works to perdition because they contained consecutive fifths or irregular harmonies: but a time came when a feeling prevailed that this kind of thing could no longer be done. Yet certain people continued to believe that there existed things which could not be connived at from the point of view of music as understood by them: for instance, Beethoven's superimposition of the harmonies of tonic and dominant in his Op. 81A, or Balakireff's beginning *Tamara* in one key and ending it in another. To explain such things by referring to a 'programmatic justification' was far simpler than to try to think and feel without

* Quoted by Romain Rolland in *Musiciens d'Autrefois*, Paris, 1908, p. 95.

reference to 'the rules.' Thus does Prof. Klauwell (in his *Geschichte der Programm-Musik*, pp. 79 and 324) dispose of these two cases in strict accordance with the principle of lesser effort. He is in that respect only one among many. We are left to wonder what kind of a programme would be needed to account for the atonal and polytonal things in the music of to-day.

Schönberg, in the Preface to the score of his *Pierrot Lunaire*, warns performers against seeking to emphasise his supposed intentions by doing more than exactly what he prescribes. 'This,' he says, 'would be not adding, but detracting.' Certain writers of programme-notes would be well-advised to seek guidance in some similar principle.

Even when a composer's intentions are most obvious, and he himself discloses them, it is fatally easy to detract from his music by laying undue stress upon these intentions. It is easier still, and more harmful, when readers are led to look for intentions where the 'programme' has been merely an incentive.

Let us consider both cases separately. For many years I enjoyed a certain delightful, wistfully tender episode in Liszt's *Faust* Symphony without being aware that Liszt, when he wrote it, had in mind Margaret consulting the oracle of the daisy. Whoever is alive to the pure musical beauty of that passage will surely deplore the possibility of a programme-note's diverting attention from the music and leading listeners to check the plucking of each petal. Here, I know, the fault is Liszt's own. Every time a composer gives hints of that kind he lays himself open to the suspicion of having written music that is not self-supporting. It is, however, the business of expounders and listeners to look for the essential beyond the obvious.

Cases of 'programmes' acting as mere incentives are, of course, countless. I remember that d'Indy, showing me a new work of his, remarked that while writing it he constantly thought of its first theme as 'the good theme,' and of the second as 'the evil theme.' But he added that this was only the play of his mind, and that he did not think any such explanation needful.

This contrast between good and evil, by the way, together with its near relative, hope *versus* despair, is a great favourite with annotators. I have found it resorted to with regard to hundreds of works—Liszt's Sonata among others. There could be nothing more commonplace, more hopelessly inane. It stands to reason that something of the kind can be said of all works founded on two more or less sharply-contrasting themes.

When Beethoven, in an unguarded moment, spoke of 'Fate knocking at the door,' he failed to realise the kind of seed he was sowing. These words have led to fundamental misinterpretations of one of his most wonderful poems of energy and strife, and practically created the school of sentimental explanatory notes. I cannot help

suspecting that he found replies of that kind useful with certain kinds of inquirers. When asked, for instance, what the *Finale* of his *Appassionata* meant (heavens, what a question!), he replied, 'Read Shakespeare's *Tempest*.' It is a mercy that we should have been spared so far a note telling us where, in the said *Finale*, to look for Prospero and Miranda and Ariel and Caliban.

It often occurs that programme-annotators provide explanations without the slightest encouragement or excuse. When we are told which motive, in Debussy's Nocturne, *Nuages*, may be taken to express 'the slow, solemn movement of the clouds,' and which 'the unchanging aspect of the sky,' is not the incongruity of the comment patent? I remember reading somewhere that the first theme in Mozart's G minor Symphony 'conveys a sense of foreboding.' If the word 'foreboding' is meant in its usual sense, the sentence is just so much idle talk: for it would be a poor theme, indeed, that did not, when it first appears, arouse some kind of anticipation. If the word is used to suggest something ominous, we may ask whether the construction placed upon Mozart's lovely theme is not a trifle fanciful.

In such cases, however, the writers might argue that they are merely offering their own views. And no doubt if they were doing so on the battlefield of criticism, and not on the neutral ground of the programme-note, they would have as good a right to assert their opinion as the next man would have to challenge it. But there are cases when evidence is forthcoming to prove that zeal has led annotators grossly to overshoot the mark.

The score of Rimsky-Korsakov's tone-poem, *Fairy-Tale* (Op. 5), bears, by way of epigraph, the first lines of Pushkin's *Russlân and Liudmila*, written in the style of the traditional openings to Russian fairy-tales:

By the sea an oak is standing, around the oak a chain of gold is wound. Along the chain a cat is roving. When she turns to the right she sings a song, when she turns to the left she tells a tale; here is one of the tales she tells.

It seems clear enough that this epigraph stands as a mere introduction, characterising the mood of the music exactly as does Ravel's epigraph to his *Jeux d'Eau*, or Elgar's to his second Symphony. Yet I have seen notices in which it is described as a 'programme,' and the music is 'explained' accordingly. I still live in hope of seeing a note that will describe the tone-poem as founded upon the story of Russlân the knight and Liudmila his lady-love.

Even when there can be no doubt that a composer's incentives have been correctly determined, and when their function is neither exaggerated nor distorted, the danger of readers misinterpreting the information subsists. The study of the part played by incentives is useful through the insight it affords into a composer's mentality, into the workings of musical imagina-

tion and craftsmanship. It does not afford the slightest insight into the music itself. It is of interest to the specialist, to the student of musical psychology, but not to people in quest of the way towards apprehension of musical beauty.

I shall now try to make the point clearer by referring, not to programme-notes, but to the writings of the highest and soundest extant authorities on Bach's music.

I am aware that when experts such as Schweitzer, Pirro, and Harvey Grace—not forgetting 'Feste,' of course—agree on a method of analysis, it is perhaps late in the day, and certainly presumptuous, to dissent. If I now raise my voice it is in order not to disagree, but to suggest in all humility that an adjustment might prove useful. Ever since the appearance of Schweitzer's book on Bach, I have entertained grave doubts as to some of his poetic interpretations of Bach's motives—but this is not the point I wish to make. I am merely concerned with the value of such interpretations to the music-lover.

Devoting a few minutes to experiments on the lines suggested by the discovery of matter-of-fact imagery in the musical setting of the words, 'Let Him be crucified,' as demonstrated by 'Feste' (see *Musical Times* of November, 1923, page 767), I found, naturally, that crosses could be drawn between the notes of motives of all kinds, from those of tunes in pianoforte primers to those of Siegfried in the *Ring*, of Walther's Preislid in the *Mastersingers*, and to the very arabesque occurring in Bach's cantata *Ein' Feste Burg* at the word 'verbinde'—which arabesque, we are sometimes told, graphically describes the movement of tying a knot.

There may be a danger, then, that the layman, encountering a remark of that kind, will fail to realise that the value of Bach's setting does not reside in the possibility of drawing a cross between the notes; and that the reason why Bach wrote:



rather than, for instance:



must be sought deeper.

All this reduces itself to the question of ascertaining to what use readers will put the tools provided by expounders. Even the right tools may work havoc in the hands of the tyro. There exists just now a most laudable tendency to volunteer assistance to the music-loving public at large. The more we feel in sympathy with the movement, the more we feel in duty bound to point out where helpers may err, generally through over-eagerness.

What the ideal programme-note should be I know quite well, not by virtue of superior wisdom,

but simply through having encountered many instances of excellence in this country and elsewhere. Concert-goers, by comparing the various analytical programmes they purchase in the course of a season, will soon learn to see where a pinch of salt is necessary.

POSTSCRIPT

Needless to say, this article was written long before the London performance of Strauss's *Alpine* Symphony, and was not intended to have any special reference to that work. Besides, there can be no danger of being unfair to Strauss by laying stress upon his representative intentions. These are obvious enough, and proclaimed definitely enough. If, however, my article points to a moral, I have not the slightest objection to its conclusions, specified or implied, being considered as applicable to Strauss's work. After having heard the *Alpine* Symphony, I do not wish to change one word of what I wrote; if anything, I might wish to state my views even more emphatically.

ON KNOWING THINGS

BY ALEXANDER BRENT-SMITH

I.—KNOWING THINGS BY HEART

Some people who do not keep parrots, believe that the ability to memorize music is in itself an absolute proof of musical genius. I never heard that the ability to memorize *The Battle of Hohenlinden* was an infallible proof of histrionic skill, but that may be because I have moved in other circles. Of course we do expect perfect memorization from concert-performers as much as we do from any actor or actress not in the front rank, but that these performers can memorize the music in no way predisposes us to expect inspired performances. Indeed, I have heard perfectly memorized works of Bach that brought to my mind visions of the Sahara, and note-perfect performances of Beethoven's Sonatas which set me thinking of poor old Thomas à Becket.

There are, doubtless, a few passages in pianoforte music which must be memorized. I cannot imagine any pianist attempting to play Liszt's *Mazeppa* or Schumann's Fantasy (Op. 17) from the music. But in these instances the mere learning of the notes will fix them in the memory, and the playing will accordingly gain in certainty and abandon. On the other hand, there are passages so simple, yet so involved, that I cannot understand any pianist playing them by heart, because the mental effort necessary to memorize the details will inevitably distract the mind from the interpretation. There are a few bars in the *Presto* of Beethoven's Sonata Op. 109, which are a tangle of ties and dots and rests. No two bars are marked in the same way, and yet at the pace no difference can possibly be detected. To play the passage by

heart means that the mind, instead of being filled with the music, is conscientiously repeating 'now a tie, now a dotted note, rest, tie,' &c. If Beethoven had been a practising pianist at that time he would never have cramped his music with those troublesome and wholly useless complications. Another passage, very easy to play but very trying to memorize, is the demisemiquaver variation from Sonata Op. 111. These nimble little notes shimmer above and below the outline of the tune with as little controlled direction as a swarm of gnats about an herbaceous border. Their memorization becomes a real mental effort which must detract something, be it ever so little, from the pianist's freedom of interpretation. It is a fixed rule that instrumentalists shall play by heart, and even though the music should suffer, the rule is strictly obeyed. On the other hand, singers who have but a tenth part of the work to do to memorize their solos, have no such unwritten law. If a singer were to sing the solos in *Elijah*, the *Passion*, or the *Dream of Gerontius* by heart, the fact would be commented on by half the audience, yet I have never heard any outburst of admiration for an instrumentalist who has just played a new concerto by heart.

The memorization of scores by conductors is in a class by itself. Conductors who have known symphonies since babyhood, and conducted them since boyhood, must indeed know them by heart; but the memorization of an opera, with all its intricate details, must be an unnatural achievement born of a desire to astonish. To conduct *Tristan* by heart is a *tour de force*, but the performance will not necessarily be better than that in which the conductor has had the score before him in readiness for any unexpected mischance. The duties and responsibilities of a conductor are so great that a man who is prepared to risk the reputation of the singers, instrumentalists, and the composer in order to satisfy his delight in the profitless performance of signs and wonders, must possess an astonishingly high idea of his own infallibility.

Memorization is valuable only so far as it improves a performance. In itself, as a *tour de force*, it stands with the Zancig's thought-reading, an example of phenomenal mental exertion, and not necessarily an indication of great musical genius.

II.—HALF-KNOWING THINGS

Less valuable commercially but more valuable critically is a faulty or imperfect knowledge of a piece of music. I do not refer to those sad aberrations of memory which occasionally give both performer and listeners such a bad quarter of an hour. Some music is as full of traps for the forgetful as the Troon golf-course is for the erring golfer. I have heard a pianist play Chopin's third Scherzo, in which the return of the chorale depends upon a slight change of harmony. If the change is forgotten we are whirled back about two hundred bars in a way reminiscent of that hideous game of Snakes and Ladders, when

an unlucky throw of the dice leads us to within an inch of victory only to discharge us into the maw of some venomous snake who gobbles us down to a paltry thirty-three. I have heard that von Bülow made a similar mistake, and continued playing in a circle from beginning to end until in despair he cut the connection and plunged into the *Coda*, an experience as alarming as that of an old lady who, being afraid to step out of the Inner Circle in any other way than backwards, was in consequence repeatedly pushed into the train by well-meaning porters who mistook her peculiar method of alighting for the more rational form of departure.

The value of half-knowing a thing is that frequently it isolates it from its surroundings so that we know neither what it is nor whence it came. In this way our critical faculties are freed from prejudice, and we can estimate the real value of the unknown music. The other day I found myself repeating the following three words: 'sparkles gan dart.' I could not think what they meant, who wrote them, or whence they came. Were they some gibberish from the Jabberwock of a limerick of Edward Lear? At last I remembered their connection, and realised with no little surprise that they came from Browning's *Saul*.

Musically this half-knowing reveals unsuspected subconscious knowledge. We discover hidden pedigrees and affinities. I used to wonder why I always found myself singing *May the sinner, sworn with weeping** after I had been playing or hearing Brahms's Sonata Op. 100. Then I discovered one day that those very bars occur in its first movement. A more remarkable revelation occurred when I left a performance of Parry's *Coronation Te Deum* (I do not remember which) singing quite soberly and coherently *The Vicar of Bray*. Then I discovered that *The Vicar of Bray* had been translated into 'the glorious company of the Apostles.'

This half-knowing, partially-remembering phase is useful to the composer who, after a couple of days' passionate performance of a theme for a new symphony, hears the housemaid, as she dashes away with the smoothing brush, whistling *Hitchy-koo*. It then dawns upon him that what to him was the cream of all music is to her but a poor variant of an unfashionable music-hall song. On the other hand, he may find himself singing some phrase with real pleasure, and oh! the joy of recognising his own work! This experience I am told is very, very rare.

III.—KNOWING THINGS BACKWARDS

When my friends ask me what I am reading, and I reply, *Pride and Prejudice* or *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, they exclaim half-contemptuously, 'You must know that book backwards.' I regret that I do not deserve the compliment yet, but I hope to do so some day. To anyone who reads books to discover what happens (as we read

* Last chorus of the *St. Matthew Passion*. Ed. Elgar and Atkins

newspaper reports) the re-reading of the classics must appear inexplicable. But the truth is we do not read these books to find out what happens, but how it happens. Consequently to know a book backwards is but getting to within a measurable distance of the author's own mind. And such knowledge of a book, so far from diminishing our appreciation, serves to increase it, for we are able to estimate a man's conduct both backwards and forwards; and for the moment we become as gods, knowing simultaneously the Past and the Future, the Cause and the Effect.

Similarly, to know music backwards is to begin to understand the mind of the composer, and to those who reach this standard the great works do not become hackneyed any more than do the pictures of Raphael or the dramas of Sophocles. How little the first hearers of the Symphonies of Beethoven can have loved them as we do now, who know exactly what significance to attach to apparently insignificant fragments. The first hearing of the *Allegretto* from the eighth Symphony is a very different affair from the twenty-fifth. Those crisp wood-wind chords meant nothing to the man who did not know that the strings were to come bouncing in with that brilliant, epigrammatic melody at the end of the bar. But we who know can enjoy the reediness of those wood-wind chords, because we can anticipate the contrast which the strings will supply.

Knowing music backwards, then, in no way lessens our enjoyment; it is the ability to smell the rose when we behold the bud. A first hearing of the ninth Symphony must be bewildering rather than astounding, because, not knowing the size of the music, its proportions seem faulty. We must know the distance of our object before we can focus our camera or our field-glasses. And we must know the size of the music before we can focus our hearing.

Is it necessary to add that only that music which has a real progress forwards in any way gains by being known backwards? Music that repeats itself loses its charm by too great a familiarity. The most intimate knowledge of Chopin's G minor Nocturne will not make us appreciate its beginning in relation to the end, for we know only too well that the beginning and the end are identical and that, the first part once heard, no further interest is added. If such music loses its freshness (some endures by its intrinsic worth) the composer has only himself to blame. He has been content with repeating instead of developing, and he no more deserves our sympathy if his music loses its place in the world's affection than does a poet who should write a three-stanza poem of which the first and third stanzas are the same.

One of the reasons why fugues do not grow old is that they defy intimate knowledge. They are difficult to learn backwards; they are scarcely less difficult to learn forwards. I doubt if even a very skilled listener can appreciate a fugue at one

hearing. How unintelligible is the subject of the F sharp minor Fugue ('48, Bk. 2) at a first hearing, and how deliciously right it is when we know its relation to the succeeding subjects. And this is true of all well-wrought music as it is true of well-wrought literature. Incidents in a work of Victor Hugo, melodies in a work of César Franck, though pleasant in themselves, do not achieve their proper and intended effect until we know their dependence one upon another. They are fragments in a jig-saw puzzle—shapely, but with little significance. How different their value when they become part of a large design!

The desire to know things backwards may be carried to an unprofitable extent. And I would certainly not wish anyone to imitate the example of an enthusiastic but semi-lunatic friend of mine, who wound his pianola-roll of Schönberg's three pianoforte pieces backwards, because he insisted that they sounded much nicer that way.

PEARSALL'S LETTERS

BY W. BARCLAY SQUIRE

(Concluded from page 359 of our May issue, 1923)

XI.

To the same.

[At end:] Wartensee, March 17, 1847

MY DEAR SIR AND FRIEND,—If you think that the enclosed Psalm will suit the *Antilia* Society, I beg that you will give it to Mr. Ferd. Huber and ask him to produce it there. If it is heard with pleasure I will publish it. I have written it in a less severe style than I usually adopt, and as it is not difficult to sing, I am inclined to hope that it may succeed. At any rate it is better than some of the things which you showed me in the printed book when I was last with you.

Since my return to Wartensee I have thought much on the *mi contra fa*, and am disposed to think that the prohibitory rule is open to many exceptions which are nowhere to be found in books of theory. The rule, rather than the old *dictum* on which it is founded (*Mi contra fa diabolus, &c.*) is very ancient, and existed, I believe, at a time when music was merely employed as melody; that is to say, before our present system of harmony was in use, and I believe that it was originally applied to melody alone. In later times, contrapuntists applied it to their doctrine concerning harmony in the way which I have pointed out to you. I am not too sure, however, that in the time of Guido Aretin the same signification was applied to *mi contra fa* as it has since obtained. But I am clearly of opinion that the prohibition cannot be universal, and for this simple reason—that it would be impossible to conclude an exercise in F (in the first sort of counterpoint) without having a *mi-fa* at the end of it, e.g.:



and yet this is strictly according to imperative rule. But it will be objected to this that the last *fa* (No. 3) is in reality an *ut*, and that if this passage were set in C the note in question would not be the *positive fa* but the *C fa ut*, e.g.:



This must be admitted, but still even here we have a lawful progression of *fa contra mi*, and it seems to me to be deducible from the passage in its original position (namely in F \sharp) that the position *mi contra* the positive *fa* (i.e., E \sharp contra F \sharp) may occur in an exercise written in the key of C \sharp , whenever the *mi* is under the influence of an immediately preceding B \sharp , so as to remove all idea of any connection with a hidden H (or B \sharp). My meaning will appear more clearly through the following example, e.g.:

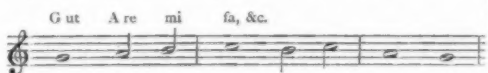
Canto Fermo. N.B.
Counterpoint.



Here the *mi* (E \sharp) is influenced by the preceding B \sharp , for if the exercise was set in three or four parts, it (the *mi*) must be accompanied by a B \sharp and not by a B \natural , because the *mi* is on the strong part of the measure, and any contradiction of the preceding B \sharp must occur on the weak part of it. I am sorry that I cannot continue this dissertation, for I am suffering to-day under a sharp attack of the Grippe, which has deprived me of all mental energy, so that it is a sort of labour to me to think. However, when we next meet I shall be able to explain myself *viva voce*, and in the meantime I will suggest to you the expediency of calling E (which is the *mi par excellence*) the lower *mi*, and H the upper *mi*, for these two *mi*'s seem to me to have a distinct character. For example, let us take the following passage:



Now if one wanted to employ this passage as the subject of a fugue free from all licence and in particular tone, we must choose the Twelfth Tone, (for it will suit no other), and answer it thus:



You will observe that in this answer the intervals are all correspondent to those of the *Dux*, and, to my ear and mind at least, each passage seems to have its own character. On hearing the *Dux* I experience a sensation different to that which I experience on hearing the *Comes*. Whether this is mere imagination on my part I do not know, but if it is not there must be then a reason for the thing.

One word more about *mi contra fa*. The common example of prohibited progression is this:



which is said (and I think rightly so) to be bad on account of the presence of two Great Thirds in it moving by whole-tones. One may therefore lay down perhaps the following general rule, viz., that the *mi contra fa* may occur whenever it is not influenced by the presence of two Great Thirds or their inversions, expressed or implied, moving by whole-tones. Thus in three-part counterpoint the following passage might occur:



because the C in the middle part is inconsistent with the presence of any H in the middle part. But in

two-part Counterpoint one cannot, as a general rule, allow the progression of these extreme parts, i.e.:



because it is uncertain whether the *mi* may not be accompanied by an understood, or hidden, H, thus:



which would be bad, because the H is not only a *mi* in itself but a Great Third (which by inversion becomes a Sixth) to G. But this passage would be tolerated if thus altered:



though the *mi fa* would remain unchanged.

When I returned to Rohrschach last Saturday I met at the Hotel de la Poste there M. Alois Alberti and Dr. Tschudi. They were of opinion that in order to ensure a good musical performance at the Consecration of the Bishop, a Commission would be necessary, so that the Chor Regent should be exclusively occupied with the execution of the pieces and should have nothing to do with the choice of them. This, if I understood them rightly, was the general feeling of the Kath. Administrations Rath; if therefore you should be appointed commissioner pray do not refuse the office. I do not know what will take place, but it seemed to me that some proposal of the kind may be made to you.

If I conclude abruptly pray pardon me. My head aches to that degree that it is very painful to me to continue my letter, but believe me notwithstanding, that I am,

Very faithfully yours,

R. L. P.

P.S.—Be so good as to write on the first page of my Psalm a direction for singing the first verse with solo voices and then repeating it with the chorus.

The Psalm written for the Antlitz Society is 'Frohlocket dem Herrn' (Ps. xcix.) for five voices, solos, and chorus. A copy is among the Pearsall MSS. in the British Museum. The consecration alluded to in the latter part of the letter is that of Dr. Johann Peter Mirer (d. 1862), who was consecrated Bishop of St. Gall on June 24, 1847. Pearsall wrote music for the ceremony, and many references to these compositions will be found in subsequent letters.

XII.

To the same.

[At end:] Wartensee, April 19, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR AND FRIEND,—Yesterday evening I received your last very kind letter, and I wish to my heart that your kind prayers in my behalf could free me from the annoyances by which I am surrounded, but I fear that they will continue for some time in spite of every prayer either on your part or mine. I have just finished a letter of twenty-six closely written pages to my lawyer in England, where I have a very intricate affair in operation, which I fear will lead to a long process, therefore you may well believe me if I say that I am weary both in body and soul. But enough of this, which is interesting to nobody but Advocates.

Be so good as to express to the Mars Verein my thanks for the compliment which they have paid to my very undeserving ability, and to tell them that as soon as I can free myself a little from business, by which I am at present rendered incapable of any other occupa-

tion, I will try to produce something for their band. It must be something, of course, of a military cast, and I have therefore sketched something in my mind which I think will do. But before I can instrument it I must become better acquainted with their resources. There are some instruments in their list the capabilities of which I do not understand. The *Flügel Horn* is, I presume, what I know under the name of *Klappen Horn*. The *Alt-Horn* is perhaps the same instrument as the *Cornet-à-piston*. I do not however understand whether these are instruments which can be brought into action if needful, or if they are to be considered as a permanent part of the band. I should like to know more about this before I go to work, and to know also something more about the construction of their trumpets. For both trumpets and horns in modern military bands are somewhat different to what one has been accustomed to see in theatre orchestras, and this sort of instrument has been lately so much improved that a new style of dealing with it in partitions has been gradually established. In a few days I shall be at St. Gall, and I will then ask you to go with me to the chief trumpeter. If he will show me his trumpet and answer me one or two questions I shall be ready to commence operations. In the meantime give my best remembrances to Pater Gall and tell him that I am looking forward with great impatience to the Bishop's consecration, since it will bring me the additional pleasure of seeing him at Wartensee. I hope that he will stay at St. Gall till I come there, in order that I may have the pleasure of repeating it to him personally.

The five pieces which you have mentioned as likely to suit Mr. Zollikhoffer may be easily fitted with a German text, and to these I will add a five-part madrigal which I have written to Salis's song on the Spring, 'Unsere Wiesen grünen wieder,' and then there will be a set of six compositions, which will form a *Cahier*, and if they succeed others may be published at a future time. Does Zollikhoffer publish instrumental music? If so, I could give him a Violin Quartet. But I do not think that this is in his way. It is a composition which I intended to send to Leipzig, but I have waited for an opportunity of transmitting it to Breitkopf there by the hands of a trustworthy friend, and this has not yet occurred. You need not give yourself the trouble of writing me an answer to this question, because in the course of the next ten days I shall certainly be at St. Gall and then we will talk the matter over.

You flatter me much by your proposal to have my portrait drawn by Mr. Tanner. But do not put yourself to any expense for this purpose, which is really such as might be devoted to having painted the portrait of someone much more important than I am. In the beginning of the month of May I shall be at Augsburg, and if I can remain there a few days, I dare say that my daughter will be able to take my portrait, and this will cost you nothing. If she should not be able to do this—why then we may on my return talk about the other plan of distinguishing my very unworthy person. Adieu till we next meet, and believe me to be,

Most faithfully yours,

PEARSALL DE WILLSBRIDGE.

It is uncertain whether anything came of the suggestion that Pearsall should write 'something of a military cast.' The madrigal which was included in 'Naturfreuden' has been already dealt with in the notes to the last letter. The String Quartet may be identical with one composed in 1834, the score of which is preserved in the Library of the Monastery of Einsiedeln; it is described as 'Quartet No. 1,' and the same collection contains a 'Sonata 3rd' 'in imitative counterpoint,' for String Quartet. With reference to the end of the letter, there is a portrait of

Pearsall by his daughter Philippa (Mrs. Hughes), in the National Portrait Gallery. Its date is unknown, but it was probably painted late in the 'forties or early in the 'fifties.

XIII.

To the Rev. H. T. ELLACOMBE.

[At end :] Wartensee, June 10, 1847.

MY DEAR ELLACOMBE . . . I am much obliged to you for sending me the prospectus about the Gloucester Music School. I have sent a letter for the Secretary enclosed in this. You can read it if you like, so as to be able to talk with him about the subject of it if you should meet. I want you to send him this letter, but before you send it seal it with an impression of something or other that may make it look as if it came to you unopened. If you know him I should like you to tell him something from me, namely, that being a Gloucestershire man, I should be glad to harmonize the Responses, &c., for the Gloucester Cathedral, believing that my musical studies and experience will enable me to execute the task not unworthily. I do not like to propose this myself, because I am not known perhaps as a composer there, and he that offers his goods for nothing is sure to have them regarded contemptuously; and I very much doubt whether any of the School Committee (the Precentor and organist included) may be familiar with the mysteries of Counterpoint. I have never yet seen the Responses set entirely to my satisfaction. Mr. Corfe has set them better than anyone that I know. They have been set and published by someone who is organist at Leeds and chorister at Durham, in five parts, and who appears to have been a pupil of the Royal Academy at London. And the setting is so very bad and vulgar (for there is a vulgarity even in the progression of parts which is very perceptible to anyone who has been accustomed to read the works of the great Italian Masters) that I can only account for their being performed at Leeds and Durham by supposing that everyone there is as ignorant as their arranger. If I am sufficiently known at Gloucester as a Madrigal composer to make the people desirous of having my arrangement, they must send me the Responses exactly as they are sung there, with the Bass usually employed by the organist. It will be enough to figure the Bass. I don't want any more, unless they are already set in parts, and in that case I should like to see what has been the usual way of singing them so set. There is another thing which I wish to mention to you. In the year 1842 I began a Collection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes for the use of our Church. I took only those which were as well known and approved of *all over* Prussia, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg, &c., as the 'Old Hundredth' Psalm is *all over* England; or such other Psalms and Hymns as were interesting from intrinsic worth and originality or from historic reminiscences. I accompanied each tune with a notice of its origin, and I wrote a Preface which was an Essay on Psalm Tunes and remarks on their proper construction, pointing out the features to be attended to in Church Music generally and the faults to be avoided. The book I intended to have dedicated to you. It was in such a state that I might have published it in 1843. But I delayed its publication because I wished to increase my collection of tunes, and because there were some points on which I wanted particular information. In 1843 my domestic trouble came to its height,* and then all musical matters came to an end, and I had not courage nor inclination to go on with the work. The collection of tunes contains about fifty Psalms and twenty-five Hymns set in four parts, and includes a few which I have myself composed. I think it would be very useful to the Gloucester people, inasmuch as it would furnish them with better Psalmody than they are perhaps in the habit of

* See in original.

singing, but I ought not to say this. I do not like to offer the book to them for the reason before given, for after having received on the Continent invitations to compose music for Festivals, I could not condescend to go begging to the School Committee of Gloucester, who perhaps, with the exception of the organist, are not particularly capable of explaining the difference between *mi* and *fa*; that is to say, I cannot beg to preach before an ecclesiastical authority who does not know how to spell Abraham! I have nevertheless a wish to bring into use what I have collected, and if you feel any interest in the matter and can help me on, I will get the MS. copied and send it over to you. I should like also to communicate some observations on chanting. Try to find out what sort of persons the organist and Precentor are, particularly with respect to musical knowledge. I have written my letter to the Precentor, who is Secretary to the Music School, because I presume that he had received a better education than the organist, and is therefore a more efficient man at correspondence.

The 29th of this month is fixed for the consecration of the Bishop of St. Gall, and my Psalm *Ecce quam bonum* will be then performed, and also a *Veni Creator* which I have written for the occasion. I will try to send you over copies of these, but as the first is rather long and has a heavy score I may not immediately be able to find a person competent to the labour of copying it correctly. I should like, however, to deposit the song with the Madrigal Society or somewhere or other where it may be preserved. . . . I should like nothing better than to realise your wishes and sit down once more in the neighbourhood of Bitton, even though it were in a cottage at Bitton, but I dare not hope for any such good fortune. Depend on it that there is much trouble in store for me, and that I shall never be quit of it till I am in Bitton or some other churchyard. However, I am trying to get rid of Wartensee, and I have sent you the draft of an advertisement which I will beg you to get inserted in the *Morning Post*. . . . And now God bless you. Give my kindest remembrances to Mrs. Ellacombe and all your family, think of me sometimes and believe me to be always

Affectionately yours,

R. L. P.

The omitted portion of the beginning of the above letter deals at great length with Bitton Church and its monuments.

I have been unable to identify the 'organist at Leeds and chorister at Durham' whose setting of the Responses is so severely criticised. R. W. Smith was organist of the Parish Church at Leeds from 1828 to 1833, and was succeeded by S. S. Wesley until 1849. A. J. Swallow was organist of St. John's Church in the 'forties, but none of these published any Responses harmonized in five parts.

Pearsall's Collection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, to which he refers, has never been published. It forms the second of the two MS. volumes entitled *Psalmody*, now in the British Museum (Add. MSS. 38,549, 38,550). The *Observations on Chanting* were written a few years later: they were printed in the Quarterly of the International Music Society for 1906-07. The latter part of the letter refers to the consecration of the Bishop of St. Gall. Copies of the *Ecce quam bonum* and *Veni Creator* which Pearsall wrote for this occasion are in the British Museum and Einsiedeln Libraries.

XIV.

To Chancellor OEHLER.

[At end:] Wartensee, St. John's Day, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR AND FRIEND,—The partition of *Ecce quam bonum* and your letter did not reach me here till yesterday evening, and I will now return it to you with the extra part which I have written for the Bombardon. Be so obliging as to send it to Professor Greith, and (if you have an opportunity) tell him that I have abstained from writing any organ part because, if the church organ is a half-tone below the pitch of the wind instruments, that, of itself, would be an insuperable objection to my project; the more especially as one could not risque any transposition of the organ part unless one were sure that the half-tone consisted of neither more nor less than five *commata*, so as to enable the Organist to play in A flat. My wish to add an organ part arose out of a conversation which I had with Professor Greith when I paid him a visit with you some ten or twelve days ago. I thought that he then *proposed* to me to let the Organist accompany the *Sicut erat*, &c., at the thirty-fifth part of the concluding movement of the Psalm. I understood him at the same time to say that he feared that there would be difficulty in mustering a sufficient number of contra-bass players. My object therefore in writing this additional part was to reinforce the Bass where I wished it to be heard distinctly, and to limit the organ accompaniment to such parts of the composition as might bear it with effect. But I must have misunderstood him with regard to the organ.

The Bombardon accompaniment which I have written is transposed into E natural, that is to say, a minor semitone below the key of the Psalm (G natural), for such must be its position if the pitch of the instrument is in Es (i.e., E flat). But I am so unacquainted with this instrument that I am by no means confident as to its intonation. Seyfried of Vienna, in his Appendix to Albrechtberger's book on Composition, speaks thus of it: 'Ein Bass instrument, wegen seiner Kraft: Bombardon anwendbar, und besonders bei Regiments-musiken anwendbar, hat 10 Klappen und diese Tonleiter' . . . [scale given]. He says nothing about its being set in Es, so that I suppose that, as in the case of the Clarinet, there must be more than one species of Bombardon. If this be really the case I fear that also on this instrument it may be more difficult to play in some particular keys than in others, and that *perhaps* the key of E with four sharps in the signature may inconvenience the performer! Should my apprehension be correct in regard of the difficulty of playing in E natural, or *should there be no performer on the Bass Trombone in the orchestra*, then I will beg Mr. Greith *not* to employ the Bombardon part which I have sent but to let matters remain as they were. I presume that what he has said in his letter to you, about giving the *second Trombone* part to the Bombardon, is an error. He probably meant the Third or Bass-Trombone part.

Yesterday at the table d'hôte of the Poste at Rohrschach I met with a friend of mine, the Baron de Poelnitz, who wishes to be present with some ladies of his family at the Consecration. In the belief that you would find but little difficulty in obtaining a place for them I took the liberty to give him a letter addressed to you requesting him to transmit it as soon as he knew how many of his family would accompany him . . . And now let me repeat most sincerely my thanks for all the trouble which you have taken in relation to my compositions, and for the good opinion which you have expressed of them. I wish I could flatter myself into a belief that they deserved it. Be so obliging as to express in the kindest terms to Mademoiselle Falk my regret that the conduct of Prof. G. should have produced so disagreeable an interruption to my wishes. It is infinitely better that she should not sing than be exposed to such tormenting annoyance, and however great the mortification on my part may be at not being able to hear and profit by her

beautiful voice, still I cannot wonder at the very natural resolution which she has adopted, not to expose her feelings to any further attack.

Believe me to be,

Very faithfully yours,

PEARSALL DE WILLSBRIDGE.

XV.

To the same.

[At end:] Wartensee, July 10, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR AND FRIEND,—First of all let me congratulate you on your advancement. *Gratulor oechaliam*, or, rather, *Cancellarium titulis accedere vestris*, and afterwards let me thank you for the very kind letter in which you communicated to me a fact so in harmony with the wishes of all your friends. I should have written to you earlier than the present moment had I been perfectly well, but for the last few days I have been afflicted with a sort of drowsiness which has so overpowered me at times, that I have been incompetent to any continued exertion. But I am better to-day, and I am glad of it, for to-morrow I must go to Stuttgart.

I cannot sufficiently regret your having passed so near to Wartensee without having been able to give me the pleasure of your society there. The day after you were in the neighbourhood I met the *Nuncius* at Wartegg. He had been invited there by the proprietor, Mr. Meyer, and was entertained with great hospitality and with a homage and attention which must have astonished him, coming as it did from Protestants. At his departure, Mr. and Mrs. M. (the one a Lutheran and the other a Zwingliite) both kissed his hand. This was very amiable, but it was carrying the matter rather too far, for now (after having offered this mark of devotion to an Archbishop) should the Pope himself ever come to Wartegg they cannot in civility do less . . . I thought that Mr. Curti's Latin speech was a great *humbug*, but this hand-kissing fairly goes beyond it. And yet I am myself very wrong to smile at the weakness of these people, for I have accepted their civility and their bread and wine, and I have no doubt that what they did was done with the best intention; therefore pray accept my remarks in confidence. The *Nuncius* was pleased to say many agreeable things to me about the *Ecce quam bonus*. He seems to be acquainted with the compositions of some of the great masters of Italy, and spoke to me of Marcello in terms of warm admiration. He seems to me to have, like most of his countrymen, a quick perception of anything beautiful, but to have an erroneous idea of the sublime.

Since I have left St. Gall I have thought much of the ceremony, and particularly of the *Te Deum*, as it was sung at the Vespers on the Monday evening. Under many disadvantages and badly accompanied on the organ, it was still more effective and genuinely ecclesiastical than anything else which was performed.

As soon as I return from Stuttgart I will either come to St. Gall or apprise you by letter of my presence at Wartensee. In the meantime I will beg you to make such an arrangement with Mr. Falk as will enable me to have the pleasure of seeing you, him and his daughter (to whom I am much indebted) some day after the 15th of the present month. I met him accidentally on the day after the Fête, and he then promised to pay me a visit at Wartensee, and to fix with you a day for that purpose. I will beg you also to keep another sacred for me on which you may accompany M. L. G'mür and Mr. Höfliger to Wartensee. I saw Mr. G'mür at Wartegg, and he promised that he would spend a day with me. I should be most happy to see him with Mr. Falk, but I have only two servants, and am so far removed from any assistance that I cannot conveniently entertain more than three or four persons at a time.

Excuse me if I conclude rather abruptly. It is rather late in the evening, and I have some arrange-

ments to make for my departure to-morrow. Accept therefore a repetition of my congratulations, my best thanks for your kindness to me when at St. Gall, and believe me to be

Ever faithfully yours,

PEARSALL DE WILLSBRIDGE.

XVI.

To the same.

[At end:] Wartensee, August 8, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR AND FRIEND,—Many thanks for your last letter and for your kindness in inquiring about the water-pipes and in paying Locher for me. . . . Let me thank you also for the interest which you have taken in my compositions, and for your wish to have them performed at the consecration of the Bishop of Rottenburg. If they are accepted for this purpose I should like to make a few corrections in the partition of the *Ecce quam bonum* (the Horn parts are not as I wish them to be), and to alter the partition of the March, before they are sent out [of] Switzerland.

In the interior of the present letter you will find a new composition of mine. It is set to words which form part of our Burial Service and which are taken from the Revelation of St. John, xiv., 13. I have sent you this because it is an attempt on my part to write the composition in question in the First Tone, and because I think that I have succeeded and that you may wish to copy what I have written into your book. For the convenience of singers, and to keep the Alto voice within the stave (for with us the Alto parts are always sung by men), I have transposed the music a tone lower so that instead of being written in D without any flat or sharp, it is written in C with two flats. I am afraid that the words are not easy to translate so as to make them fit the music; otherwise I would ask you to translate them for me, because I am almost sure that it would have, when sung, a more than usually good effect. At all events you can copy it as a remembrance of me and as a specimen of modern Church Tone writing. One knows the rule in the First Tone for taking the B flat in an ascending scale, but I do not so clearly understand the application of this rule to a descending scale. But I have remarked that whenever a phrase begins with the diatonic seventh of the Tone (*i.e.*, with C which is a *fa*) and descends gradually, the flat is always taken, and this is natural and imparts a peculiar character to the music when brought into contrast with the employment of the B *mi* under other circumstances. You will find an example of what I mean at the words 'Even so, saith the Lord,' and this, contrasted with the close in the dominant and with the greater third (which was usual) at 'They rest from their labours,' imparts to the music (in my humble opinion) a solemn and affecting peculiarity, and helps to distinguish it from prophane compositions written in the common major and minor scales.

In the hope of seeing you very soon at St. Gall and with many cordial greetings to the Regierungsrath Falk and his amiable family, believe me to be

Most faithfully yours,

R. L. P.

The above letters do not require much comment, referring as they chiefly do to the music which Pearsall wrote for the Episcopal Consecration at St. Gall. Copies of the March and *Te Deum* are to be found in the British Museum; the latter is one of Pearsall's best works, and deserves to be better known. In letter xv. reference is made to the setting of the anthem *I heard a voice from heaven*; this was published in W. T. Trimmell's edition of Pearsall's Sacred Music.

THE CONDUCTOR: HIS USES AND ABUSES

By ARTHUR L. SALMON

In a strictly artistic sense, the position of the conductor is an incongruity. He is a supernumerary, the odd man, a director who does not perform, an officer who does not fight. He may be everything or nothing, according to his own capacity; he may be indispensable or superfluous. His importance varies from that of an executant on a manifold instrument, to that of a mere metronome. He may himself be the actual performer, or he may be simply a time-index. Sometimes he appears a mere impertinence, sometimes a presiding and controlling spirit. At the one extreme he is effaced by his musicians; at the other he himself effaces them. At the best, he and his musicians are welded into a single soul, swayed by a single impulse; something greater, a uniform undivided emotion, dominates and directs all. And this last condition, we feel, is the only justification of the conductor's existence. If he unduly dominates, his players have deteriorated into a subservient machine; if he is dominated, he becomes an unnecessary and rather absurd unit. Whether it is better that he should control or be controlled, depends entirely on individual capacity. Neither condition is ideal.

It is a natural and, perhaps, a praiseworthy ambition, to become a potent and magnetic conductor. The young musician dreams of this as a pinnacle of glory: as some men long to govern great empires, mighty communities, he longs to control a powerful orchestra. The position seems one of absolute authority, of undisputed autocracy. The baton is at once the symbol and the instrument of office. A successful conductor looms large in the public eye; if no more, he is at least the figure-head, the prominent personality. To all appearance he controls his performers as if they were puppets at his command. He is like the player of a great organ, sitting on his stool and directing the varying voices of the obedient pipes; king in the region of sound, choosing at his will whether the forces under his sway shall wail or rejoice or thunder. No organ yet constructed has the powers and resources of a full orchestral body—none ever will; and in this sense the conductor is greater than the organist, with vaster potentialities to direct. But undoubtedly to liken him to an organist is the nearest we can get to a just parallel; yet in doing so we are lessening the rights, the responsibilities, of the units that he controls, we are depreciating the claim of their united impulse, we degrade them to a mere instrument on which he is the player. In very fact, this is often the case: a single personality has triumphed and a hundred others are dominated. This has been the position of the world's most eminent conductors; they have been players on an instrument, have imposed and asserted themselves, to the subjection of those beneath their baton. What we listen to is one

man's reading, a single interpretation; possibly satisfying, but, in any case, the dominance of an individuality. It may almost be said that the composer himself takes a second place, so completely is he at the mercy of this autocracy. We may be grateful for the genius that is thus uttering itself through the work of another, and with the hands or lips of others; yet in essence the process is a one-man performance. We are listening to the conductor, and the executants under him are the keyboard, the stops, that he manipulates. This is the triumph of a great magnetism, a despotic will. The result may be fine. But in our hearts we have a suspicion that, given a perfect orchestra, the conductor should be a superfluity. With a perfect orchestra, he might even become an offence.

Because orchestras are not perfect, or are perfect very rarely, the conductor remains indispensable. For this reason, under the best conditions, we have to tolerate him; under less satisfying conditions he becomes necessary because his absence would mean absolute chaos. He beats time. Knowing the deficiencies of the average player, we realise the force of those simple words. The rigours of time itself are a limitation, a defect, a support imposed for our weaknesses; but we know well how the raw recruit has to learn to keep in step and 'form fours.' In cases such as this, the conductor takes the place of a mechanical device for beating time; and there are occasions when he displays no higher ambition. He is satisfied, and his performers are satisfied, if he sufficiently notifies them of the recurring accent. His function is rhythmical, not musical or interpretative; and the rhythm itself is generally of the sing-song quality. When his players advance to a soul of their own, or when a single enterprising performer so advances, he is gently thrust aside or politely ignored; a band of some personality can easily take its conductor in hand, or leave him out of the reckoning altogether. All of which is as it must be, on occasion, but is certainly not as it should be. The conductor remains an incongruity.

Is it necessary that the conductor should thus remain incongruous or superfluous, either absorbing his players into himself, or himself absorbed by them, or figuring as a mere mechanical time-beater? The question is difficult to answer. One can conceive of something different, something rarely attained yet assuredly possible, when conductor and performers form a single-minded unity, swayed by a magnetism conveyed from each to each—not the outcome of a dominating personality, but the merging of many under a supreme emotional impulse. But the very achievement of such conditions would render the conductor's position at least questionable, and possibly undesirable. It is never really a desirable thing to have that figure in front of us, waving his arms. Whether we are listeners or players, he is an intrusion, an exposure of the mechanism that should so far as possible be ignored in every good performance, a suggestion of artificiality. Very

often, in listening to beautiful music, it is a delight to close our eyes; we seem to hear better. And sometimes it is natural to close the eyes with a different reason—to shut out the view of the conductor. Let him not take it as an affront, for we still have to admit the conclusion that his existence is a necessity—because conditions are not perfect in this world of vast possibilities and many shortcomings.

Ad Libitum

BY 'FESTE'

I have to thank readers for some interesting letters on the *Forty-eight*, though I am sorry to say they one and all shirk that matter of the text in bar 7 of the Prelude in G. After my notes were in type and out of reach, I found that Riemann had edited the work, and a copy of his version lies before me. Evidently he had considered the doubtful bar, and had come to the conclusion that the C should not be sharpened. But that he felt there was a likelihood of players wanting to play C sharp is shown by his putting a natural in brackets. Nevertheless I stand out stiffly for the sharp, and all the able editors in the world won't persuade me that Bach and/or his copyists did not make a little slip. There are plenty of similar cases, as must needs be in so vast an amount of manuscript, so that mere collation of various editions proves little.

On looking through Riemann's edition I find he was as foggily analytical as he alone can be. I have no wish to poke fun at a scholar who in various departments of musical pedagogy has done useful work, but I grow hot when I think of the way he has made stacks of simple, beautiful music look complex and ugly. (My first acquaintance with Schubert's *Moments Musicaux*, for example, was made through Riemann's edition, and I shall never forget nor forgive the irritation I felt, even at that tender age, on seeing poor Franz's obvious little themes split up into motives and motivettes, garnished with all sorts of accents, some of them impossible and most of them fussy. The sight of those pages of poor little helpless dissected tunes made me think of chopped worms, and I have ever since figured Riemann as a kind of Ghoul—benevolent and bespectacled, perhaps, but still a Ghoul.)

Not a subject in the *Forty-eight* is allowed to escape. Little wisps of tune have their anatomy laid bare, and dots and accents are peppered into the wounds. You may imagine what happens when a really complicated passage comes under the Herr Doktor's knife.

Among the letters that have reached me on the *Forty-eight* is one of special interest from

Dr. E. T. Sweeting. He quotes from page 110 of vol. 3 of the *History*, Burney's view of Bach's fugues:

I have never seen a fugue of this learned and powerful author upon a motive that is natural and chantant, or even an easy and obvious passage that is not loaded with crude and difficult accompaniments.

As Dr. Sweeting says, Burney evidently wrote this before making real acquaintance with the *Forty-eight*, if we may judge from a note in Crotch's handwriting at the end of the *Saints in Glory* Fugue in his own copy of the *Forty-eight*:

Dr. Burney showed me this about 1790, and it made a deep impression on me. It is finest of all, I think.

Evidently Burney had at last discovered that 'the learned and powerful author' could write music that was 'natural' and not overloaded by crudities. Dr. Sweeting sends photographs of portions of a couple of pages of Crotch's copy, one containing the comment quoted above, and another of a pencilled note at the end of a Fugue (not named), in which Crotch says:

Ye subject wants a more marked character; one does not know it when one meets it, like the lawyer and his conscience.

Crotch, as is well known, seems to have spent his enthusiasm mainly over the purely scientific side of the Fugues. Dr. Sweeting's letter recalled to my mind the fact that some years ago he wrote an article in the *Musical Times* on Crotch's opinion of the *Forty-eight*, as shown by marginal notes of the kind I have quoted. I have turned up the article (November, 1903), and re-read it with much interest. It is pleasant to find that Crotch indicated his estimation of each Prelude and Fugue by a star over its opening bars. The more he liked the work, the bigger the star, so that, as Dr. Sweeting says, sometimes the star is 'as small as an asterisk, at others as large as a goodly-sized chrysanthemum.' I resist, sternly and with difficulty, the temptation to quote these dicta of Crotch, with one exception—an exception that gives us a clue to much of the contemporary valuation of Bach. The E flat major Fugue, in Book I., he waves aside with the truly amazing comment, 'More genius than science'! Those of you who have the November, 1903, *Musical Times* on your shelves, should take it down and read Dr. Sweeting's article in the light of present-day views on Bach. In fairness to Crotch, I add one proof that he had the root of the matter in him, and was not entirely desiccated by learning. One of his special favourites was the G sharp minor Fugue in Book II. Half-way through he expresses his feelings by a note: 'Every bar is a separate wonder'; and at the end he lets himself go with: 'What is the greatest possible musical treat I could have after hearing this? *Answer*: To hear it again.'

I don't know that anything could better sum up our feelings in regard to the best of Bach than old Crotch's encore.

I have been favoured with a sight of the proof of Mr. Calvocoressi's article on programme music, which appears in this issue. I am not surprised at his falling foul of my suggestion that Bach set the word 'crucified' in such a way that four of the notes joined up make a cross. I felt a qualm when I wrote the passage, but the idea is not mine; I met with it many years ago in a critical article on the *St. Matthew Passion*. I forget the writer's name, but I remember it was one that carried weight. Mr. Calvocoressi is right in saying that Bach commentators are apt to read into the music a good deal more than is there, but I think he is inclined to go to the other extreme. The real state of the case is this, so far as I can see it: Schweitzer was sound in his view that Bach had a kind of musical language with melodic figures and formulæ on which he drew pretty regularly for the expression of various emotions, and for pictorial purposes. But Bach was not singular in this. Every composer more or less does the same, and for certain purposes composers even use the same formulæ, and, indeed, have done so for centuries.

For example, fragments of the chromatic scale were used as a basis for the expression of grief long before Bach's day, and are still so used. Apropos of this, I notice that Mr. Rollo H. Myers, in his recently-issued book on *Modern Music, its Aims and Tendencies*, quotes a passage from *Boris Godounov* in which a descending scrap of the chromatic scale is used, adding the comment:

The technical device of the descending semitone might appear to be almost childishly simple, but as a musical transcription of the effect of exhaustion and despair it succeeds triumphantly, because it is close to nature and therefore rings undeniably true.

Similarly, the chromatic scale, played quickly, has been for centuries the safest of recipes for musical storm passages. The *Flying Dutchman* Overture—one of the best bits of bad weather in all music—is a proof that the primitive instinct that seized on a rapid succession of semitones for the purpose was sound. When the quarter-tone system becomes a commonplace we shall find the wind whistling round Queen's Hall more realistically than ever. Bach, then, merely did as his contemporaries did, but, being Bach, he did it better and more systematically. Where Schweitzer goes off the track is in crediting Bach with using such formulæ always with intent, whereas it is inevitable that some of them, being the small change of musical material, must often have entered into schemes where their pictorial side had no point. Perhaps I can make this clear by an instance that will be familiar to many readers. When Dr. Schweitzer gave an organ recital in Westminster Abbey last year, he played the C minor Fugue (the one orchestrated by Elgar). To the general astonishment he played it slowly, making it elegiac in style. In his programme notes he told us that his reading of the work was based on the fact that the middle

section is concerned with 'the grief motive'—that is, a fragment of the chromatic scale. But the character of the Fugue as a whole is strong and challenging. The Fantasia that forms its prelude is clearly a kind of elegy, not because of its making use of any kind of formula, but because of the character of its themes and texture throughout. The Fugue, instead of carrying on this mood, answers and dispels it. The fragment of the chromatic scale that plays so big a part in it is not a bit melancholy. On the contrary, its rising by semitones is full of purpose. I have never yet heard an organist (other than Schweitzer) play the Fugue without noticing that he made the little chromatic theme a principal means of working up to a climax at the *da capo*. And it is worth noting that Elgar took the same view of the figure, giving it to the brass, and making a tremendously virile effect with it. This is only one case in which Schweitzer rides his theory too hard, and it may serve as a warning to Bachites. If we want to know what Bach is driving at in a given work we must think far more of the work as a whole and not peer short-sightedly at a detail. To our surprise we shall often find he was driving at nothing at all, but merely writing music. 'Tis a pity poor old Bach was born too soon. Were he alive and composing to-day, a good deal of his music would be hailed by the elect as a 'juxtaposition of sonorities' and 'free from literary associations.' Simple-minded John Sebastian and his colleagues all wrote a heap of music that was pure sound, and nothing more. They would be as surprised to find they had been juxtaposing sonorities as M. Jourdain was on learning that he had been talking prose all his life.

But coming back to that cruciform theme, I am not convinced by Mr. Calvocoressi's argument against it. He quotes a subject from *The Mastersingers* that lends itself to similar treatment, but the example proves nothing. Isn't this a case where the law of circumstantial evidence comes in? I fancy that law is pretty much as follows: one piece of circumstantial evidence has little weight, and a whole heap of it *alone* would not hang a fly, because all of it might be due to coincidence. But add to circumstantial evidence a motive, and the judge looks round for the black cap. Nobody supposes that Wagner wrote that *Mastersingers* theme with a view to making a cross between its first four notes: we know that he had no motive for doing so. It is merely one of thousands of themes in which four notes step across one another. Moreover, Wagner was not given to such naive pictorial effects. But Bach *had* a motive, and was most decidedly addicted to tone-painting of the most naive—even puerile—description. So all the evidence is in favour of the theme having been designed as a symbol. But that is a detail, of course. Themes stand or fall as themes, not as symbols, and the real excellence of this one lies in its significance, due mainly to the diminished fourth with which it opens, and to its rhythm.

Although I argue this point, it does not really affect the question at issue. I gave it as an example of Bach's writing for eye as well as ear, but there are so many other familiar instances that I can afford to make Mr. Calvocoressi a present of this one and still have a bagful left. The other one I mentioned in my November article—the scourging theme in the *St. John Passion*—will serve quite well, and the *Chorale Preludes* contain many more.

The Editor asks me to comment on a letter from a correspondent concerning Rachmaninov's C sharp minor Prelude. The letter appeared in the November *Musical Times*, and for the benefit of readers who have not a copy at hand, I quote the main points. The writer began by asking why Rachmaninov is to be pitied for having written the Prelude, and goes on:

In a back number of the *Musical Times*, and also in the *Musical News and Herald*, are articles written on Rachmaninov's recital at Queen's Hall on May 6. Both writers of the articles express great solicitude for him. In the *Musical Times*, 'H. G.' says:

'Rachmaninov knew what was coming if his depressed air was any guide. He had hardly sunk on to the pianoforte-stool when cries of "C sharp minor!" were fired at him.'

And in the *Musical News and Herald*, 'E. E.' says:

'Can anybody wonder that Rachmaninov regards that feat of his youth as the worst enemy of his manhood?'

And, again:

'Rachmaninov is cast down, groaning under the weight of that C sharp minor Prelude.'

And yet again:

'I have respected his mortification and grief at having written the C sharp minor Prelude. . . .'

I shall feel truly grateful if someone will enlighten me. Perhaps either 'H. G.' or 'E. E.' (both of whom I know write for the *Musical Times*) would kindly explain.

Although my acquaintance with both 'E. E.' and 'H. G.' is slight, I think I know enough of their views to be able to answer for them on this point, more by token that I happened to be present at the concert in question.

First, let me assure the writer that Rachmaninov did look depressed and resigned when the Prelude was called for, so both 'E. E.' and 'H. G.' as good reporters, were merely recording a fact. No less clearly, he was depressed because for years past the public had shouted and clapped and encored and bullied him into playing the Prelude until he had got sick of it. Most composer-performers suffer in this way. I remember a famous organ recitalist telling me that he rarely ended a recital without having a slip of paper thrust at him, begging him to play his *Andantino* in D flat—one of the earliest and easily the feeblest of his works. He had grown to loathe the *Andantino* (like most other organists), but what could he do? The public, having paid the piper, proceeded to call the tune. If they happened to call for a rotten one, composed by that particular piper, so much the worse for the p.p. (No; wild horses cannot make me tell you this recitalist's

name.) We needn't sympathise with the composer-player who suffers in this way. The facile success has usually made him popular and has brought him cash, directly or indirectly, and all the encorists in the world, combined in one gigantic ass, couldn't compel him to play it if he chose to make a stand.

But in the case of Rachmaninov there is, I fancy, something more than mere weariness of the Prelude. He takes himself seriously as a composer, having written full-sized orchestral, choral, and chamber works, as well as a largish number of pianoforte pieces. How much of all this music is familiar in the concert-hall? How would you feel if, having arrived at middle age, with a good list of works to your credit, some of them of large scale, and all aided by your long-continued success in the concert-room, how would you feel, I say, if you still continued to be known mainly as the composer of a little piece written in your youth? . . . Exactly; and that's how Rachmaninov feels, you may be sure.

Extra bitterness must come from the fact that the obstinate success of the Prelude is due largely to the fantastic and grisly 'programmes' that have grown up round it. Yet, as we know, it is merely one of a set of five pieces (Op. 3) with no fancy title. (By-the-bye, not many of us know that the set of pieces in which the Prelude occurs was written for four hands, in which form it should certainly be far more effective than as a solo.) 'E. E.' and 'H. G.' may (and probably do) feel as tired of the Prelude as Rachmaninov himself, yet I fancy they will admit that, though threadbare and ill-used in every conceivable sort of transcription, it still proves its vitality by dying very hard—in fact, by not dying at all. I am sure that if by common agreement it could be rested entirely for a year or two 'E. E.' and 'H. G.' would re-hear it with much of the pleasure they felt when it so roused them thirty odd years ago.

It is curious to think that every day somebody is hearing the Prelude for the first time, and that for months they will simply eat it. The writer of the letter quoted above has evidently come under its spell only recently. Her letter ends:

I have a very strong liking for the Prelude. It seems great to me, and I am unable to fathom the reason for so much commiseration. None of my musical friends can tell me.

Well, I envy the writer her state of mind. I remember a soaring human boy who felt just like that about the Prelude. Now that it moves him no longer (except perhaps towards the door), he consoles himself by reflecting that with the advance of age he has come to enjoy much that passed over his youthful head unregarded. Nevertheless, he begs the writer of the letter to believe that neither he nor 'E. E.' nor 'H. G.' look down with sniffing superiority on people to whom the Prelude is one of the greatest and most significant of works. One 'grows out' of musical as of other likings, and neither credit nor discredit is attached

to such changes of taste. Nine-tenths of the disputes between the trained musician and the neophyte (with slinging of such names as 'high-brows,' 'snobs,' &c.) are due to the fact that the trained musician forgets that progress in taste must begin at the beginning, while the neophyte forgets that it mustn't stay there.

Judges and barristers are so given to flaunting their ignorance of music that one is disposed to make honourable mention of any legal official who does the other thing and parades a little bit of musical knowledge. At Willesden a few days ago—(What is there in the air of Willesden that breeds such a crop of curious and amusing police-court cases? This is no mere fancy. Some time ago a newspaper had a standing caption, 'WONDERFUL WILLEDSEN,' under which appeared day by day a long series of such cases.) At this wonderful suburb a few days ago, then, a landlord told the magistrate that his lady tenant had obtained a summons against him because he had threatened her for that she, the said lady tenant, played the *Moonlight Sonata* late into the night, reducing to hysterics the wife of the landlord aforesaid, and 'driving the next-door neighbour mad.'

Was the player a humorist, or was she taking her performance in deadly seriousness when she replied by calling in a police sergeant and offering to play the Sonata to him? The report says that the officer refused to hear it, 'and went off hurriedly.' I like that hasty departure. Can't you see Robert edging out of the front door, holding up a deprecatory hand? 'No, lady; it's no part of my dooty to hear you play. This gentleman complains that you play the piannah late at night, and so constitute a nuisance within the meaning of the Act. It's not for me to say whether it's a nuisance or not. I like a bit of harmony—in fact, I don't mind telling you that I'm not above doing a bit of vamping myself on the quiet, but I can't stop to hear you play.' And he didn't.

We shall never really know how good or bad the playing was. True, we have the evidence of the landlord; but he was a tainted witness. 'As a matter of fact,' he said, 'the lady could not play the *Moonlight Sonata*, though she had practised it daily for two years.'

Substitute 'because' for 'though,' and I am inclined to think we have a fact and its cause neatly stated.

So far there seems to have been no jape from the bench, and at this point His Worship evidently realised that if he didn't work one off soon the chance would be gone. So he said:

They say that music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, but this seems to be an exceptional case.

It was a mild effort, but let due honour go to His Worship: he didn't misquote by saying 'beast' for 'breast,' and he didn't ascribe Congreve's tag to Shakespeare. The fact that in the newspaper report the quotation is not followed by 'Laughter' seems to imply that it was received in rich and

respectful silence. A silence broken by the Clerk: 'I know the *Moonlight Sonata* well. It is one of the most beautiful works in the world, but only a very few people can really play it.'

Good man! (though I can't go all the way with you in our pean over the *Moonlight*). May you be raised to the Bench yourself some day, so that our art may be represented! Yet who knows? Environment is a deadly thing, and might be too much even for such an enthusiast as you. We may yet hear you convulsing your court with 'What is a Sonata?'

I have lately sat under a gentle shower of copies of a hymn-tune. They have come from readers in various parts of the country, with notes explaining that the copy has been received as a specimen from the composer. The letters usually add that the tune is sent to me 'for keeps,' though when you see a few bars of it you will understand why the senders were willing—even anxious—to get rid of it. I am sorry that fear of infringing copyright makes it impossible for me to reproduce the whole tune. Here is the second half, and you may judge of the first when I tell you that it is quite as good:



The composer writes the words also, and is as deft a hand at poetry as he is at music.

Here is the puzzle a tune of this kind sets us: How in the name of all sorts of things does such 'harmony' get through the reading-rooms of a reputable publishing house? The publishers in this case are Messrs. Elliot Stock, and I cannot bring myself to believe that so eminent a house is entirely destitute of some one in a responsible position with a knowledge of music. Reverse the case: Would any music publisher of like status put forth a piece of English as faulty in grammar and construction as is this 'tune' in regard to musical elements? Of course not, and the moral is obvious: book publishers, if they *must* poach on the fields of the musical house, should begin by seeing that their reading-staff includes at least one member able to deal with music. Having named the publisher, ought I to pillory the composer? It is an unpleasant thing to do, but seeing that he is the Rector of a parish, and bearing in mind the influence for

good or bad an incumbent may—indeed, must—exercise on the music of his parish, and perhaps of the surrounding district as well, I think the unpleasant thing will have to be done.

After all, he was not bound to compose it, and still less bound to publish it. Having done so, and so thrown down a challenge to criticism, and having moreover courted publicity by sending specimen copies to choirmasters throughout the country, he cannot complain if he gets a bit more publicity than he bargained for. I am sorry to say, then, that the composer of this unspeakably bad piece of music is the Rev. Thomas Elms Fisher, M.A., T.C.D., Rector of Yelling, Huntingdonshire, to whom, with all respect, I commend the old saw about the cobbler and his last.

From the advertisement columns of a church newspaper:

Organist wanted. Salary £40 . . . No pupils, no house, no other work.

And, I venture to guess, no applicants.

RHEINBERGER'S ORGAN SONATAS

By HARVEY GRACE

(Continued from December number, page 858)

NO. 12, IN D FLAT, OP. 154 (1888)

Phantasie (Maestoso lento—Allegro agitato); Pastorale; Introduction and Fugue

Most players will agree that this is the finest of the Sonatas, and the remainder will, I think, admit that if not the first, it is at least second to none. Its thematic material is arresting, the development is of the quality we expect from Rheinberger, and the contrast and balance of the work as a whole are better than usual, because the middle movement provides the necessary relief in style by being quiet and delightfully tuneful throughout, and is also sufficiently long to give the ear the needed rest between the powerful first and third movements. Rheinberger too often limits the usefulness of his slow movements as relief, by inserting a longish loud section—usually fine enough *qua* music, but in character rather too suggestive of the first- and third-movement material to which it is supposed to provide contrast.

The title *Fantasia* has been made an excuse for a flood of incoherent organ music. Composers so busy, lazy, or inefficient as to be superior to considerations of form, have boldly put their ideas on paper, helped them out with passage work of approved design, labelled the mixture *Fantasia*, and so made a large and inexpensive noise. The youthful Bach fell into the snare like lesser men, but when he grew up he got out; the lesser men stayed there and fantasied fluently. (To see the thing in a nutshell, compare Bach's early *Fantasia* in A minor—Novello Edition, Book xii.—with the 'Great' G minor, or the best of the big *Chorale Fantasias*.) Rheinberger slipped into the rambling, old-fashioned style in the *Fantasia* of the B flat Sonata—an unaccountable lapse, for he had shown years before in the *Fantasia* Sonata an unusual power in the direction of ordered freedom. In the D flat Sonata we have an example

of the form at its best; here is real phantasy (which, we are apt to forget, is merely 'fancy' writ large), with all it implies in the way of variety of mood, warmth of feeling, and inventive power, controlled (but not cramped or checked) by a fine technique.

The Sonata opens in a way that promises a big work—a broad tune so simple that a small composer would hesitate before setting it down unadorned, for fear of being thought unoriginal:

EX. 1. *Maestoso lento*. ♩ = 72.



and so on, the whole theme filling fourteen bars. Its opening is then repeated with a fresh continuation, a full close in the tonic being reached eleven bars later. Delightful points in this continuation are the three-fold use of the dropping figure B-D-D-C and the descending scale in thirds that overlaps the third appearance of the figure.

Dr. Bennett, in the lecture previously quoted, says that 'the second subject commences in the first bar of page 4.' One hesitates before differing with Rheinberger's old pupil, but *is* there a second subject in the ordinary sense of the term? What Dr. Bennett describes as such is merely the second half of a longish section in dotted quaver rhythm; when it reappears at the end of the movement it is again led into by a portion of the dotted-note passage; it does not stand out so clearly as a second subject should; and it receives no sort of development. Surely the simplest plan is to regard the whole of the section from the middle of page 3 to the *Allegro agitato* as an episode. We may imagine Rheinberger's problem here to have been something like this: The core of the movement is to be the *Allegro agitato*; to start it immediately after the giving-out of the first subject section (twenty-six bars) would be to make the prologue too short; to lengthen the prologue by further repetition of the first subject, would be weak; to begin developing the subject would be a mistake, because all requirements in the way of development and animation will be provided by the *Allegro agitato* itself. The solution is a passage differing in rhythm and style from the broad opening subject, and rather more animated, yet not so much so as to discount the energy of the *Allegro agitato* into which it leads.

The pedal-point before the change of key is worth notice in several respects. The double-dotted rhythm seems to have its origin in some well-known drum passages of the throbbing, ominous type; the

dropping treble part is not mere chance, but derives from bars 5 and 6, and the treble figure in bar 4, line 3, page 4, and in the succeeding bar, is an augmentation of that carried down so effectively from right hand to pedal part in line 2 of this page. Bridge-passages of this kind are often played casually because we hastily conclude that they are mere stuffing, whereas the best examples, though apparently only marking time, are also looking either backward or forward.

Properly managed, the burst into the *Allegro agitato* is splendidly effective. But it is not an easy take-off for the player. The *rall.* in the bar before the change must be carefully graded so that the rhythm be not lost; there must be no break at the double-bar; the *ff* must be brought on at exactly the right point; and the pedals must get to work at once with the quaver figure. There is nothing very difficult in the music itself; the trouble is to start off at a quaver's notice with a full head of steam, so to speak. The join will need—and repay—a good deal of practice. If we imagine how an orchestra would mutter its way quietly to the double-bar and then suddenly launch out, we shall have our model:



Though Rheinberger begins a slur over the top A, the context shows that the phrase really begins with the preceding quaver. The passage would have been more convenient in all ways had it been written with the change of signature made earlier, and the manual parts so disposed that they can be played with ease and certainty and the phrasing shown, thus:



As there can be no doubt that this is the effect the composer wants, we need not hesitate to recast the passage.

The after-phrase of this is a sequential subject with energetic leaps of sevenths and ninths. The whole of this section—four pages and a half—is marked *ff*, but to follow this direction would be to destroy much of its effect. We may reduce to *f* on the fourth crotchet of line 2, page 6, and to *mf* at line 2, page 7, increasing at the last bar of the next line, and working up gradually to a climax on the Neapolitan sixth in line 4, page 8. In view of the return of the first subject on page 9 (where *ff* will again be required), we should subside after this climax, the four bars leading into the *Tempo mo* being played on *mf* diapasons. Note that the *rit.* in this passage should be managed in such a way that the dotted minim C sharp and the crotchet B sharp should be the rhythmic equivalent of the dotted crotchet and quaver with which the main theme opens (see Ex. 1). This is another case of a connecting link that contains more than meets the eye; it looks both ways—back to bar 6 on page 7, where the same notes very happily and unexpectedly lead to an interrupted cadence and some fresh material; and forward to the resumption of the main theme. These are the touches in construction that show a composer knows his job when flats have to be joined.

The final section of the Phantasie is mainly a reprise, with just enough enrichment to keep the interest well alive. As a touch of this kind, notice how the quaver triplet figure in the left hand at the beginning of page 3 blossoms out into this effective flourish on page 10:



An awkward point occurs at the end of the second line of the last page, where Rheinberger suddenly

goes from *mf* to *ff* in a way that seems clumsy, and has the further defect of bringing on the power a beat too soon. The latter point is proved by a reference to the first bar in line 2 of page 4, where the same passage occurs. Here the increase takes place on the second beat of the bar. Rheinberger, we know, was notoriously casual about registration details, so we need not be shy about making corrections in such cases as this. I give the passage as written :

Ex. 5.

The drawbacks are obvious. Here is a suggested version which is effective, and not difficult :

Ex. 6.

(*Solo, or Ch. mf*) *Gt.* *ff* *Gt.* *&c.*

This noble movement may claim to be the perfect out-voluntary for use when organ, building, and occasion are all alike big.

The best tribute we can pay the Pastorale is to say that it does not let us down after the splendour of the Phantasie. Its effects are made by a truly delightful tune, by some pleasant interplay between contrasted manuals, and by a broader section in which a fairly loud diapason tone is used. No further comment is called for save a reference to the fact that in the first page the composer begins with a solo stop, and then apparently forgets it as early as the fourth bar! Fortunately, the few notes beyond the reach of the left hand in this bar may easily be thumbed by the right. Later, where this is impossible (bars 11-15), we must regard the effect as analogous with that in an orchestra when a couple of wood-wind instruments, hitherto playing in unison, divide. This means that the two manuals must differ in colour rather than in power. Clearly the composer's suggestion of *mf* for the higher manual, *p* for the lower, and *pp* for the pedal must not be followed.

The third movement links itself up to the Pastorale by opening with a figure obviously drawn from its first subject. The second page settles down with a broad theme, and gradually opens the way for the Fugue by building up a big climax on the dominant of C sharp minor. Although the whole of this page is marked *ff* we shall of course save a fair amount of power for the climax.

The syncopation of the opening bars of the fugue subject is apt to mislead the listener unless the player shows that the accent comes, not on the first

note but on the second. This can be done, of course, by detaching the first note and using the Swell pedal for a *sf* on the second :

Ex. 7. *Con moto, ♩ = 72.*

Incidentally we may notice how the opening of this fine subject becomes trivial if the rhythm comes out as :

When the fugue is well under way, the rhythm is clear enough. Only the opening bars need defining.

The Fugue is largely in five-part writing, and for so long a movement contains very little in the way of episode. The subject is nearly always on the scene, yet the writing is very free, with a wide range of keys. The composer has no thought for players with small hands, and many passages call for a good deal of thought and skill in sharing the work between right and left. In one or two cases some slight recasting of the parts may be necessary for players with a small grasp. I venture to quote two of the worst passages, with suggestions as to the division of the inner parts between the hands and a few fingering marks :

Ex. 8.

In the following passage the second bar is impossible as Rheinberger wrote it, save for a few exceptionally large-handed players. The rest of us, I think, had better get over the difficulty by the dodge of transferring the D sharp and C sharp of

the second tenor part (shown in small type) an octave higher. The effect is so near that of the original that nobody will spot the difference, and the passage becomes quite easy. The rest of the passage, when properly divided, pretty well fingers itself, though it still remains a trying one to play cleanly and *legato* up to speed:

Ex. 9.



Fortunately these and similar passages that abound in the work are well worth while, being splendid as music and excellent for finger-stretching purposes.

As was said above, the subject is very much in evidence throughout this long Fugue, but the player will notice that as the work progresses the composer gradually sheds the latter half of the subject and more and more develops the opening bars, the first two being very fruitful, especially in the *Coda* (pages 25 and 26). There is real emotional intensity here. As Dr. Bennett says, 'the composer fairly lets himself go,' and not only keeps up a steady *crescendo* of feeling and power from the end of page 23 to the middle of page 26, but still has up his sleeve a final outburst in the shape of an emphatic question asked three times over a rising pedal *arpeggio*. There is quite a Beethovenian flavour about this, and in the way the answer is held off by a few quiet bars. When the answer does come, it is a clinching one—the noble theme with which the Sonata opened, and which fittingly rounds it off.

In leaving this work it may be worth while to point out that, more perhaps than any other of its companions, it has suffered from over-loud playing. I have met listeners who have been set against the D flat Sonata through having made its acquaintance at the hands of a player who followed the composer's directions faithfully—which of course meant page after page of full organ. Rheinberger's organ music, like that of Bach, may easily be ruined by fussy registration, because, like Bach's, its effect lies in its texture, melodic interest, and development. But (again like Bach's) it can be made intolerably heavy and monotonous by too constant use of power. All polyphonic music places a considerable strain on the listener, and long spells of full organ make the strain intolerable, partly because the power itself becomes a burden, and even more because the resultant fogging of the texture takes away from the interest of the music. For copyright reasons, a new edition of Rheinberger's Sonatas, re-phrased and registered, is not likely to be available for a good

many years. All the more reason, therefore, for players to take thought and make their own practical versions. Good taste, common sense, and a lead pencil will give them all they need. Many an audience has left a recital accusing Rheinberger of dullness and heaviness. Dullness and heaviness there had been, no doubt, but only the trained listener knew that they were shown, not by the composer, but by the player.

NO. 13, IN E FLAT, OP. 161

Phantasie; Canzone; Intermezzo; Fugue

After the *Phantasie* of No. 12, this of No. 13 is so unexciting that a hasty critic might call it dull. We can best appreciate it by looking on it as an example of the serious prelude form. The pace is moderate throughout, and, despite appearances, there is no real change of *tempo*. The change on page 4, and the *Tempo primo* on page 7, are not apparent to the ear, the alteration being merely one of unit—the crotchet of the opening *Maestoso* and the quaver of the *Adagio* middle section (*Adagio*) both equalling 88. This persistence on a slowish gait during the whole movement (seven pages) is a blemish. Even the player, for whom there is really plenty of interest, begins to feel about half-way through that he is too much of a pedestrian—and in a very real sense, too, for the pedals are kept going in every bar. Yet there is so much good stuff in the movement that it must not be dismissed as a failure. Personally, I have made very frequent use of it as a voluntary, and have never failed to enjoy its breadth and simplicity. The plain opening theme, with the descending scale in the pedals (which may be made a fine feature on its reappearance on pages 3 and 7 by the addition of a 16-ft. reed), the *cadenza*-like passage that starts page 4, and the thoughtful polyphony of most of the movement, have an appeal of their own. Best of all is the little second subject—little, in that it is nothing more than the first four notes of a descending scale, yet big in the way it sails up on to a six-four at its second bar. In fact, with the sixth below in the right hand and the dominant in the tenor as the next most prominent part, the effect of the whole is a string of second inversions:



It is worth noting that Rheinberger sticks to this harmonization on every appearance of the theme. Even when brought in full organ at the close of the

movement, and again at the end of the Sonata, the harmony and laying-out remain the same. The Phantasie, despite the effects of monotony in pace and style, and the lack of rest in the pedal part, remains a good movement, especially if we modify the defects by good judgment in grading power, and by using only 8-ft. pedal tone for a spell in the middle—say from the second line of page 5 to the *tempo lmo* on page 7.

The Canzona is one of the most attractive of the slow movements, with a charming tune for a solo stop, some delicious harmony, and a few little touches of rhythm (e.g., the left-hand part at the beginning of page 10) that suggest Brahms. As in the Pastorale of No. 12, Rheinberger soon forgets the solo stop arrangement with which he set out, so we must again use two manuals of almost equal power. The best arrangement, I think, is one that gives the left-hand part to a quiet but definite stop of flute quality. The occasional chords and extra parts in the right hand are apt to sound lumpy unless played with a string-toned stop. With a good balance on these lines much of the movement can be made delightful, with a suggestion of orchestral strings and wood-wind at times, for example:

Ex. 11. *Str.*

*Gt. or P.
Ch.*

&c.

Very effective is the series of *pianissimo* suspensions at the end.

The Intermezzo cannot be played as a separate movement, as it ends on a dominant chord and leads into the Fugue. It is partly fantasia, partly toccata, and although it suffers from this want of determination, it has some very effective moments. It is ungrateful to the player, however, because from time to time an otherwise comfortable and rather showy manual part suddenly becomes decidedly awkward (middle of page 16). It can be made into a very good prelude to the Fugue, if one be wanted, but if the whole Sonata is played the *Intermezzo* is better omitted, as it adds five minutes to the length without quite compensating player or hearer. Moreover, it is better to come to the Fugue unfatigued, seeing that it is largely in solid five-part writing, and is on the big side throughout.

Whatever we may think of this Sonata as a whole, I believe that most players who have spent much time over its Fugue will agree that it is one of the

best of the set. The subject recalls that of Bach's 'Dorian' Fugue in its noble melancholy:

Ex. 12.

I omit from the quotation the counter-subject which accompanies the second half. It leads us to expect a fugue on two subjects, but Rheinberger drops it after its second appearance. The first two and-a-half pages give us a rather sombre working in five parts—the very thing to show off diapasons. A modulation is then made to D flat, and a full close in that key seems certain, when the cadence is rudely interrupted and a plunge is made into entirely new matter and style:

Ex. 13. *foco rit.* *a tempo.*

f *ff*

The wedge-shaped quaver theme holds the field for a page, after which the fugue subject reappears in A minor, accompanied by a single part in quavers, which thus carries on something of the feeling of the wedge theme and prepares the way for an emphatic statement of the first half of the subject in F minor by the pedals, under free and animated manual writing, with a bit of *stretto* thrown in.

The *Coda* follows—one of Rheinberger's finest pages, with rich harmony, and constantly fresh treatment of the opening half of the subject, leading into a climax which is stirring as it stands,

and may be made even more so by its antiphony being brought out thus :

Ex. 14.

The musical score for Example 14 consists of two systems. The first system is marked 'ff Gt.' and 'Solo Reed.' The second system is marked 'Solo.' and 'Gt.' The music is written for a solo reed and a great organ.

If no solo reed is available the effect can be got by use of full Swell and Great instead of Great and Solo. This passage—not unlike that at the end of the C sharp minor Fugue—brings us into the epilogue—the simple second subject of the Phantasie (Ex. 10), now in E flat major, played full organ and developed into a really imposing peroration.

The use at the close of a sonata of a theme from one of the earlier movements is sometimes a drawback when the *Finale* is played alone, because it is no longer relevant, but here the broad, simple major theme comes in so naturally after the stress of the Fugue and the liberal use of the minor key, and is so naturally developed into four times its length, that one wishes for no better ending. It seems to be the finest of answers to the passionate questioning of the Fugue.

(To be continued.)

NEW LIGHT ON EARLY TUDOR COMPOSERS

By W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD

XXIX.—WILLIAM PASCHE

In the oft-quoted Addendum to Morley's *Plaine and Easie Introduction to Practical Musicke*, in 1597, among the names of the Early Tudor 'Practicioners,' pride of place is given to 'Mr. Pasche.' It is to be observed that in Morley's list the name of 'Mr.' or 'Master' is given to Pasche, Byrd, Tallis, White, Parsons, Wilkinson, Sturton, and Risby, showing that these were 'Masters of Arts,' or else outstanding 'Masters of Musicke.' Thus, the reputation of Master Pasche must have been very great, even among a race of giants.

The name Pasche or Pasche—also written Passhe—occurs under Henry VI., Edward IV., and Henry VII., and we find a Master Thomas Pasche as Prebendary of Windsor from 1449 to 1474, he being also sub-almoner to King Henry VI. Possibly this Canon of Windsor was an uncle or relative of William Pasche.

Biographical data, up to the present, as to William Pasche may be described as 'nil,' and the only

information to be found in the new edition of Mr. Henry Davey's *History of English Music* (1921) is one solitary sentence, as follows :

William Pasche (Pasche) may have been the Pasche whose will was proved in 1525; but I should have supposed his period rather earlier, perhaps 1430-1500.

Let me here say at once that William Pasche was the Pasche whose will was proved in 1525; and his period was not so early as '1430-1500,' but probably from 1460-1515. Yet though scanty details are forthcoming of Pasche's biography, we are fortunate in having ample evidence of his musical powers. Admirable specimens of his gifts are to be found at Cambridge—namely, at Caius and St. John's Colleges, at Peterhouse, and at the University. The musical MSS. at St. John's and Cambridge University may be dated as *circa* 1515, while those at Peterhouse are not so early—probably *circa* 1540.

Pasche's greatest work is his delightful Mass *Christus resurgens*, of which Caius College possesses a complete score, while Cambridge University has a contra-tenor part and St. John's a bass part. A beautiful Motet of his, *Sancta Maria*, is at Peterhouse, and it is described by Mr. Henry Davey as 'an attractive piece allied in spirit to Josquin's *Ave vera virginitas*. There is also a Magnificat by Pasche at Peterhouse, though it would seem, from Dr. Jebb's list, that formerly there were two Magnificats in that Library. Portions of a Mass by Pasche are in the Cambridge University Library, and there is a Motet by him in the British Museum among the Add. MSS. 5665—at least if we are to assume that the piece marked as by 'W. P.' is to be identified with William Pasche. I may here observe that an ingenious friend suggested to me that 'W. P.' may have been meant for William Parsons, who harmonized eighty-one Psalms in Day's edition of 1563; but the British Museum MS. containing the Motet is apparently of the early years of the 16th century; in fact, the dates '1510' and '1511' are to be found in it—much too early for Parsons.

In regard to the biography of Pasche very few facts have come down. The late Dr. Cummings, in answer to an inquiry of mine, gave it as his opinion that the composer was attached to the Chapel Royal or the Court. After a close search of the various lists of these two Royal establishments, I could find no name resembling that of Pasche. A further search of the lists of various Cathedral establishments yielded no better results, nor was I more successful in a careful examination of the Patent Rolls, nor yet in a search of Hennessy's *Novum Repertorium*. At length, when I had almost abandoned hope, I made a search of 15th-century wills, and was rewarded with a clue to the family of the composer. Following up this clue, I was fortunate enough to run to earth this elusive composer, who I have good reason to believe, belonged to the Chapel of the Duchess of Exeter, sister of King Edward IV., about the year 1479. I also discovered that a Richard Pasche—probably a younger brother or a nephew of the composer—was one of the Wardens of the Guild of Holy Trinity of New Windsor in 1513.

William Pasche was one of the Gentlemen of the Chapel of Anne, Duchess of Exeter, in 1476, so we can safely assume the date of his birth as *circa* 1450. The Duchess—who was sister to King Edward IV. and Richard III.—died in 1480, having taken for her second husband Sir Thomas St. Leger, who was granted a licence on March 30,

1481, to found a perpetual chantry of two chaplains in the Chapel Royal, Windsor, to be called 'the Chantry of Anne, late Duchess of Exeter.' Of course the attainder of Sir Thomas St. Leger and the death of King Edward IV. (April 9, 1483) must have affected the chances of promotion for Pasche under Richard III.

It is not a little remarkable that the few facts we know of the biography of Pasche are derived from two wills—one proved in 1516 and the other in 1525. In the former will, made by Richard Gumby, chaplain to the Duchess of Exeter, a bequest is made to the Church of Compton, in Gloucestershire, and to Master Stratford (chaplain to King Edward IV.), also to Master Newman and *Master Pasche*. This will was proved on May 29, 1516, by John Veysey, Dean of the Chapel Royal (*Cal. Lett. Hen. VIII.*, 1515-18, part 1, page 566).

Apparently Pasche had to live in retirement during the reigns of King Richard III. (1483-85) and of Henry VII. (1485-1509), and we hear no

more of him till his death in 1525. He made his will on May 17, 1525, and directed that his body be buried 'in the chancel of St. Margaret's Church, in Friday Street, in London.' He bequeathed the sum of *xlii* *l.* to the high altar of the same Church, and a similar sum to the high altar of Dursley (Gloucestershire):

The Residue of my goods not bequeathed, my funeral and my debts paid, I give them to Alice, my Wife, and to John, my son, the which I make my two executors for to dispose them for the health of my Soul and all Christian souls, with the supervision of John Hyskins and Thomas Hevyn, they to have for their labours both *xvii* *l.* *viii* *d.*

The will is witnessed by Stephen Padley, priest, Watkyn Woodward, and William Clotesboke, with others.

Pasche must have died a few weeks later, as the will was proved on July 12, 1525, in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, London.

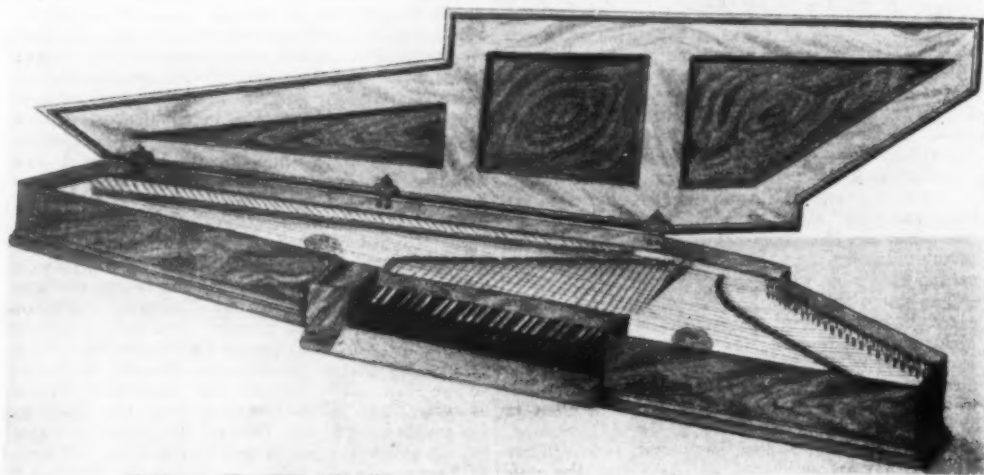
THE CEMBAL D'AMOUR

BY E. VAN DER STRAETEN

In the summer of 1921 I had occasion to examine at the State and University Library at Hamburg a large collection of manuscripts by John Mattheson, known to the present generation chiefly by *Das neu-eröffnete Orchester* ('The Newly-Revealed Orchestra') (Hamburg, 1713), and by his connection with Handel. Among the numerous bundles of papers labelled 'Politica et Musica,' there was one which apparently had never been opened since it reached the Library. It contained a very fine-

toned, pen-and-ink drawing of an instrument called 'Clavir d'amour,' a reproduction of which—taken from a photograph which I obtained through the courtesy of the director, Prof. Dr. Wahl—is given below. It represents the only authentic illustration of this instrument, except one which is stated to be in an extremely rare 18th century work by Adelung—whereof, however, I have so far not been able to see a copy.

Cembal d'Amour.
1779 Silbermann.



The cembal d'amour was invented by Gottfried Silbermann, the famous organ and harpsichord (clavicembalo or cembalo) builder of Freiberg in Saxony, in the year 1721, as he said, 'after untiring thinking and planning.' The idea of an instrument combining the softness of a clavichord with the tone-power of a small harpsichord was suggested to Silbermann by the wife of Privy-secretary Joh. Ulrich Koenig, of Dresden, who is described as 'an incomparable artist.' Her husband, also a friend of Silbermann, was the first to give an account of the new instrument in the *Breslauische gedruckte Sammlungen* of 1721:

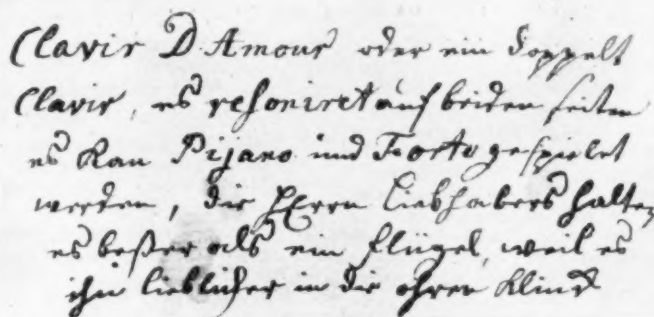
Where [he asks] could ever one [a keyboard instrument] be found which could accompany the lute and the viol d'amour in such a manner that it would not drown their gentle strains, as does the rattling harpsichord, yet would balance them by a right proportion of strength, and thus not be like the common clavichord? An instrument which, moreover, would respond as easily, and with the same tenderness and elasticity, to the touch of the fingers?

Such an instrument has been constructed by the famous artist, Herr Gottfried Silbermann, of Freyberg, in Meissen, in such a manner that one has reason to proclaim it publicly as a novel work of art, to his undying fame.

Later on he explains how the instrument received its name:

... it also blends with the viol d'amour in such a charming manner that many Royal Polish virtuosi at Dresden unanimously decided to name it the 'Cymbal d'amour,' to distinguish it, as an entirely new thing, by an appropriate name, from other similar instruments.

Nevertheless, this is an entire misnomer, for, firstly, the strings are not plucked as in the cembalo (harpsichord), but, on the contrary, are struck from below by metal pins, resembling in their action the tangents of the clavichord; secondly, the word 'd'amour' suggests the presence of separate sympathetic strings, as in the viol d'amour, whereas this instrument has but one string to each note. The name was evidently chosen by the above enthusiasts on account of the cembal d'amour blending so well



*Clavier D'Amour oder ein Doppell
Clavier, welches resonirt auf beiden Seiten
und dem Pianissimo und Fortissimo gefolgt
werden, die Herrn Liebhaber halten
es besser als ein Flügel, weil es
für Liebhaber in der Form klein ist*

with the viol d'amour and because of the sweetness of its tone. With the illustration was a slip in Mattheson's (?) handwriting (reproduced above) which states:

[Translation] Clavier d'amour, or a double clavier. It resonates on both sides; it can be played *piano* and *forte*. Amateurs consider it to be better than a 'Flügel' [harpsichord], because it sounds more sweetly in their ears.

The strings of the cembal d'amour were twice as long as those of the ordinary clavichord, and, being struck by the pins, acting as tangents, exactly in the middle, they were divided into halves, each producing the higher octave together with the fundamental note of the open string, and giving greater richness of tone than the harpsichord or clavichord possessed. So long as the finger rested on the key, the pin was held against the string, whereby the vibration of its two halves was prolonged and the tone sustained to some extent. It was probably by the quick release or holding down of the key, as well as by hitting the string sharply or touching it gently, that the dynamic modifications between *forte* and *piano* became possible without the use of stops. The importance attached to this invention at the time may be gauged by the fact that it procured for Silbermann the appointment as 'Court and Country Organ-builder to the King of Poland and Elector of Saxony.' This flattering

acknowledgment of his merit did not, however, satisfy Silbermann, who was anxious to secure the fruits of his invention, and, supported by J. B. Volumier, the master of the Royal Chapel, Joh. George Pisendel, the famous violinist, and Christ. Pezold, the organist, he obtained from the King a patent for his invention, on June 21, 1723. But he was not destined to enjoy the fruits of this protection for long. Pantaleon Hebenstreit, the virtuoso on the cymbal (dulcimer), planned an instrument similar to that of Silbermann which he called 'Cymbal royal,' and entrusted its construction to Ernest Hänel, of Meissen. Silbermann obtained an injunction against Hänel, who appealed. Hebenstreit had the effrontery to accuse Silbermann of plagiarism, and a law-suit followed which dragged on for about five years, ending, through the intrigues of his opponents, in a very unsatisfactory manner for poor Silbermann. He abandoned his experiments for the improvement of his instrument, and turned his attention to the development of the 'Hammerclavier,' which Christofori, of Florence, had constructed with a fair amount of success in 1711. According to J. S. Bach's testimony, his first attempts in that direction were not very successful. How far he succeeded afterwards cannot now be ascertained, as none of his instruments appear to have survived.

One of his apprentices, who worked with him between 1740-50, revived the cembal d'amour after

his master's death, but in a much more complicated form. Stein's cembal had three superimposed manuals, each provided with a separate set of strings. The first manual was attached to a harpsichord mechanism, the second to a hammer-clavier (pianoforte), and the third to a cembal d'amour. All three manuals could be coupled, thus combining all the existing forms of the clavier of that period. The original of our illustration bears an inscription which, Englished, is as follows:

I, Bartholom. Opperman made such [a Cembal d'amour] at Hamburg in 1748, and received 150 thalers [about £22 10s.] for it. It resonates on both sides of the bridge [he means of the tangents] as long as one holds the finger down, and can be played *piano* and *forte*.

The last attempt to revive the instrument was made by Franz Jacob Späth, of Ratisbon, about 1770, but without lasting success.

THE 17TH CENTURY ON QUARTER-TONES

By GERALD HAYES

Signor Busoni has written a new book on modern tendencies in music which has just been published in Germany. English readers who recall his former learned work, *A Sketch of Musical Esthetics*, will hope that a translation of these new essays will soon be available, in order that they may see how he now regards his earlier suggestions on Atonality, Tripartite- and Quarter-tones, and the hundred and thirteen new scales which he had worked out.

It is only natural that the more minute subdivision of the octave should have been engaging the attention of the advanced musician of to-day, but in spite of our orchestral experiments, and keyboards with four notes to a tone, we cannot claim to be altogether pioneers in this field. Some of the modern developments—such as the chord of natural over-tones, which has given us the wonderful Sonatas of Scriabin, or the use that men like Debussy, Vincent d'Indy, and others have made of the whole-tone scale—are, of course, real innovations, but the 17th century had a good deal to say about quarter-tones which had been seriously tried, and the matter is discussed in the text-books of the period, sometimes from the purely musical, and occasionally from the more mathematical point of view.

By the beginning of the 18th century it seems to have been disposed of, for we then hear no more about it; indeed, in 1724 we find William Turner in his *Sound Anatomized* stating that 'the semitone is the smallest interval in music.' Christopher Simpson, in his *Compendium of Practical Musick* (1667), gives us a good deal of information on the subject. As a composer and a player on the viola da gamba, he was one of the foremost musicians of his day. His great work on the *Division Viol* is a monument of thoroughness and sound sense and, besides his *Compendium*, he wrote part of Playford's well-known *Skill of Musick*. What he says on quarter-tones may be taken as reflecting the formed opinion of his generation.

Speaking of the different scales, he says:

The Enharmonic Scale rises gradually by Deises or Quarter-Notes; of which 24 make up the octave; and is so far out of use that we scarce know how to give an example of it.

This rather suggests that it was all a thing of the past, but from a later remark it appears there had been attempts again to use quarter-tones:

I am slow to believe [he says] that any good Music (especially in many parts) can be composed by Quarter-Tones, although I hear some talk much of it. Some do fancy, that as the Diatonic Scale is made more elegant by a mixture of the Chromatic; so likewise it might be bettered by help of the Enharmonic Scale, in such places where those little Dissonances do occur.

It must be remembered that this was written in the great days of English music before our free contrapuntal style was overwhelmed by the Italian manner, and that therefore 'musick in many parts' represented the principal form of composition. Also that the problem of the 'even-tempered' scale had not yet been completely solved, so that 'those little dissonances' were often a source of trouble.

It refers of course to the fact that the two semitones making up a whole-tone were not equal, being in the proportion 4:5, though opinion was divided as to whether the upper or lower semitone was the greater. Attempts had been made to equalise them, notably by Athanasius Kircher in his great work *Musurgia Universalis* (1650). Accepting the nine commas into which, by general consent, the tone was divided, he proposed to divide the middle comma into two 'schisms' so that each semitone should consist of four commas and a schism. But the age was nothing if not logical, and his opponents argued that this did not solve the problem, as his two schisms ought to be in the proportion of 4 to 5 also!

There are many other works in which the curious may pursue the subject. Much attention is given to it by William Holder, in his *Treatise on the Natural Grounds of Harmony* (1694), where the structure of the octave is explored in all its possibilities. The learned Mersenne, in *L'Harmonie Universelle* (1635), of course speculates a good deal on these small intervals, though his attempt to subdivide the octave into 58½ commas was a bad shot that his contemporaries were not slow to point out.

Simpson gives a diagram to show how those who used them endeavoured to indicate such degrees in scores. The sign for the semitone is the usual sharp sign of double crossed lines, and for the respective quarter-tones single and triple crossed lines were employed.

He sums up his reasons against the use of these minute sound differences as follows:

As to their use in Practical Musick, I am yet to seek. For I do not conceive how a natural voice can Ascend or Descend by such Minute degrees, and hit them right in tune. Neither do I see how Syncopes or Bindings with Discords (which are the chief ornaments of Composition) can be performed by Quarter-Notes. Or, how Concords (by them) can be removed from key to key, without much trouble or confusion.

He admits that there might possibly be a use for it in the *Tierce de Picardie* ('The Binding Cadence of the Greater 3rd'), but that, he says, is commonly covered by the trill of the voice or shake of the finger. And he concludes the whole matter with the remark:

As to my opinion concerning our common scale; taking it with its mixture of the chromatick; I think it lies not in the wit of man to frame a better, as to all intents and purposes for Practical Musick.

For the present—so far as quarter-tones are concerned, at any rate—even the genius of Signor Busoni will hardly persuade the majority of us to disagree with Simpson.

THE EASTMAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC

By A. J. WARNER

(Music-Editor of *The Times-Union*, of Rochester, N.Y.)

[Much interest has been aroused by recent appearances of prominent British musicians at the Eastman School of Music; we are glad, therefore, to be able to give a report of the institution, from the pen of one who played an important part in its organization.—EDITOR.]

Music in the provinces of the United States has received a direct challenge in the gift of George Eastman, founder of the Eastman Kodak Company, to the people of the City of Rochester, New York, of the Eastman Theatre and the Eastman School of Music, which have been 'trusted' to the University of Rochester, thus insuring their permanent administration. Although one great building houses both the theatre and the school, they are, in a sense, separate institutions, the Eastman School of Music being virtually a college of the University of Rochester, and operated as such, while the Eastman Theatre is maintained with the primary objects of supporting a symphony orchestra, training listeners—who are drawn from the general public of the city—and serving as a laboratory for the School of Music. Mr. Eastman's gift amounts to a total of approximately 8,750,000 dollars, 2,250,000 dollars of which represent an Endowment Fund, available for the School of Music only, while 1,500,000 dollars still remain in the Building Fund.

Vast in money expenditure as is this enterprise, there is back of it a purely idealistic conception on the part of its donor that gives it a world significance. Mr. Eastman has told me something of the purpose on which is based his unique and magnificent undertaking. In the midst of his notably active and philanthropic life there has gradually come to him a realisation that music, and the power to appreciate its message, is of supreme importance as a means of escape from the highly standardised existence of the present day; that music, with ever-gaining sway, has brought him relief from business pressure and a degree of pleasure so poignant that he has determined to share his experience with the public of Rochester. Moreover, Mr. Eastman is eager to have the people of his city make good use of the increase in the amount of leisure that is theirs as a result of the new systems of efficiency that govern so many of the factories and manufacturing plants in the commercial centres of America.

The Eastman School of Music building is possessed of the latest developments as regards planning and equipment. The studios are so constructed that they are sound-proof, the resonance of the various apartments being controlled by cork floors and sound absorbing 'blotters' in panels on the walls. In the way of ventilation and heating, which is under thermostatic control, the system installed is of the most modern type. The fourth floor of one wing of the building contains thirteen practice and two teaching organ studios, the organs being placed overhead in the roof trusses so that their pipes speak down through the ceiling; only the consoles are visible in the rooms. Other features of the school building are fifty-one practice rooms for students of the pianoforte, and several studios for the study of the theory of music which are equipped with lantern, pianola, phonograph, and pianoforte, to be used in illustrated lectures.

One of the significant elements in the equipment of the school plant is the Sibley Music Library, which has been collected by Hiram W. Sibley, of Rochester,

and which now ranks as the third or fourth important collection in America. In this library, by the way, is the original manuscript of *Home, sweet Home*, recently purchased by Mr. Sibley.

The largest auditorium in the School of Music is Kilbourn Hall—named in honour of Mr. Eastman's mother—which seats about five hundred. The decorations are of the most exquisite kind. This hall is particularly adapted for the giving of chamber music concerts, and is also proving highly useful as a demonstration room for pupils' recitals. There is placed in Kilbourn Hall a hundred-stop organ. Between the School of Music and the Eastman Theatre is a Grand Corridor, 25-ft. by 186-ft., which is on the second floor. In addition to serving as a corridor for the school, this splendid apartment is utilised as a foyer for both Kilbourn Hall and the Theatre. On the walls of this promenade are hung paintings by well-known modern artists. The pictures, which are obtained through the courtesy of the Memorial Art Gallery, given to the University of Rochester by Mrs. James Sibley Watson, are changed every month, or as often as the Art Gallery brings a new loan collection to Rochester.

The Eastman Theatre is an auditorium seating 3,568 people. Its acoustics are regarded as among its most notable features, for one can hear perfectly in any corner of the great structure, so carefully has it been designed. The Theatre is equally remarkable hygienically, washed air being constantly circulated through pipes under every seat, while the lighting is considered one of the marvels of the day. Experiment, long and arduous, has made it possible to have motion pictures shown with the house almost as light as during the giving of concerts. This has overcome one of the serious obstacles in film presentations. The proscenium arch of the theatre is 60-ft. wide; the stage is of ample size, and supplied with every appliance for the handling of scenery and the giving of grand opera. In the theatre is an organ of a hundred and forty speaking stops, with an Echo organ installed in the roof trusses.

One of Mr. Eastman's special aims was that all the seats should be uniformly desirable and comfortable. With this in view the grand balcony was made to lead from a foyer of great beauty and luxuriousness in the way of furniture and decoration. The balcony has proved so successful that many people resort to it who could afford more costly seats. There are no boxes in the Theatre, this form of seating being considered undemocratic in America. Instead, there is a mezzanine gallery containing four hundred and nine chairs, which are sold as reserved seats to persons willing to pay for the privilege of special luxury and ease.

The interior of the Theatre is acknowledged by the different authorities who have seen it to be the most distinguished, artistic, and elegant of any theatre in the world. On the walls are mural paintings by Mr. Ezra Winter representing a music festival, with lyric, martial, and sylvan music illustrated, and by Mr. Barry Faulner, who has suggested sacred, pastoral, and dramatic music. The entire colour scheme of the interior of Kilbourn Hall and the Eastman Theatre was chosen and supervised by Mr. Ezra Winter. The ceiling is slightly domed, and treated with coffering embroidered in colour and gold. From a gilded sunburst, in the centre, hangs one of the largest and most resplendent chandeliers in existence, from which a flood of light is thrown upon the ceiling of the Theatre.

It is, however, the vision that has led Mr. Eastman to erect this great institution, rather than its cost and beauty, that is of most interest to the world at large. He is just now chiefly concerned with creating listeners, feeling that they, at the moment, are the crying need of the average provincial city of America. In the possession of intelligent music listeners, outside of New York and Chicago, and possibly Boston and Philadelphia, the United States, seems, to the writer, to be far poorer than England. To be sure, large audiences are available for concerts given by celebrated artists, who have already been made familiar through the medium of the gramophone, but the desire to hear good music—mainly orchestral—is as yet distinctly circumscribed. The great symphony orchestras of America are, practically without exception, run at a huge deficit—from 200,000 to 250,000 dollars a year—which is made up by affluent subscribers, who pay, in excess of the admittance, considerably more than a dollar for each person who hears the various symphony concerts in most American cities.

Mr. Eastman has come to the conclusion that this system is economically and artistically wrong, and that the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, which he has founded, must largely be self-supporting. As a means toward achieving this end he has arranged that on six days a week motion picture features at fifty cents for the best seats shall be shown at the Eastman Theatre—a concert by some well-known artist or orchestra is given each Wednesday night throughout the season—and that the pictures shall be accompanied by an orchestra of symphonic proportions, the nucleus of the Rochester Philharmonic, which now numbers ninety players, and which will give as many concerts as the public will support. The programme is headed at each performance by an Overture of high grade orchestral music, and the remaining parts of the accompaniment are of excellent musical standard. Mr. Eastman, who has based his calculations on actual results, estimates that over two million people annually will hear good music well performed, and is firmly convinced that thus, quite unconsciously, these citizens will become imbued with a love for the best in orchestral composition—a circumstance which will, in the end, automatically create a large and real musical public at Rochester. To such, a symphony orchestra will become a necessity. In the meantime, the proceeds of the 'movies' will pay the expenses of the Theatre and the Theatre orchestra. The orchestra already numbers more than sixty players, and will be increased in size as conditions warrant. The fact that the Eastman Theatre is a part of the University of Rochester, and that no profits or interest on the investment are required is, of course, a vital factor in the success of the scheme.

The main object of this orchestral plan is a reduction in the expense of orchestral music from 2.50 dollars per listener—including admission fee and deficit—to twenty-five cents. This is to be attained by increasing the number of listeners ten-fold, not by reducing the cost of the orchestra, which is impossible in America at the present time. The number of listeners played to by the leading orchestras in the United States is only about 120,000 to 150,000 in a season. This total comprises not more than a tenth of the number of individuals who are potential orchestral enthusiasts. The Eastman Theatre Orchestra has already played in nine months to about 1,250,000 listeners; on several occasions to nearly

60,000 in one week—this number comprising more than a quarter of all the adults in the City of Rochester.

Another use of the Theatre is as a laboratory for the School of Music; the two are to be interchangeable as regards their use. In this way students who show sufficient talent will be offered opportunity, so often denied, for a public hearing. Among the future activities of the enterprise are performances in the Theatre each year by a visiting Opera Company, with which certain pupils are to be allowed to appear in the ballet and in minor rôles. Fortune Gallo, head of the San Carlo Opera Company, has already been in conference with Mr. Eastman concerning the practical consummation of this idea, and students in the ballet school and the opera department of the school will thus be given a chance to demonstrate publicly their fitness for an operatic career. The Metropolitan Opera Company, to the board of directors of which Mr. Eastman has recently been elected, is also likely to honour Rochester and the Eastman Theatre with an annual visit. The most recent addition to the School of Music curriculum is a department for the training of opera students, and the ultimate establishment of permanent opera organizations. This work is at present under the direction of Vladimir Rosing.

It is recognised that it will be years before this far-reaching scheme is in full operation, but many of its ramifications have this year taken coherent form. Those most deeply interested in its future are fully aware that success or failure is indissolubly intertwined with the choice of the right people to guide the destinies of the School and the Theatre. On the type of musicians connected with the enterprise depends the realisation of Mr. Eastman's plan, which is certainly without parallel in the history of music.

The Musician's Bookshelf

Music, Health, and Character. By Agnes Savill.

[London: John Lane, 7s. 6d.]

Mrs. Agnes Savill, described in *Who's Who*, as 'M.A., St. Andrews; M.D., Glasgow; M.R.C.P., Ireland; Physician to the London Skin Hospital, Member of the Council of the British Association for the advancement of Radiology and Physiotherapy,' &c., having previously published works upon X-Ray treatment, Vaccine treatment, and Electrical treatment, has suddenly appeared as the author of a very valuable book upon Musical treatment. In her *Music, Health, and Character*, she has chapters upon the 'Physical Effects' of music, and upon its 'Psychic Effects,' and her discussion of these subjects constitutes about the last third of her book. The previous two-thirds are taken up with a personal confession, and one of the highest value.

Dr. Savill was for long a music hater, and her conversion is but recent. 'It was not until the year before the war that there came the initiation into the beauty of pianoforte music; the power of the orchestra was not revealed to me till long after peace was declared.' This confession is made with a purpose:

It must be recorded because many an adult believes he or she is so unmusical by nature that it is useless to attempt to cultivate an interest in the subject. I was

(Continued on page 52.)

Come, everyone that thirsteth

January 1, 1924

ANTHEM FOR GENERAL USE

Isaiah lv. 1, 3, 12

Music by HUGH BLAIR

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO. SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

Larghetto. ♩ = 76

ORGAN *p Sic.*

*Ped. 16 & 8 ft.
Sic. coupled*

SOLO
TENOR OR SOPRANO

p

O come, ev - 'ry one that thirst - - eth, O

p *cres.*

come to the wa - ters, ev - 'ry one; in - cline your ear, and

mf

come . . to Me: . . hear, . . O hear, and your souls shall live.

mf *p Ch.*

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The Musical Times. No. 971.

(1)

p O come, ev - 'ry one that
p O come, ev - 'ry one that
p O come, ev - 'ry one that
p O come, ev - 'ry one that

p Sw.
senza Ped. *Ped.*

thirst eth, O come to the wa - ters, ev - 'ry one; in -
thirst eth, O come to the wa - ters, ev - 'ry one; in -
thirst - eth, O come to the wa - ters, ev - 'ry one; in -
thirst - eth, O come to the wa - ters, ev - 'ry one; in -

cres. - cline your ear, and come . . to Me, . . , in - cline your ear, and
cres. - cline your ear, and come to Me, . , in - cline your ear, and
cres. - cline your ear, and come . . to Me, . . , in - cline your ear, and
cres. - cline your ear, and come to Me, in - cline your ear, and
cres. *cres.*

come . . to Me, . . hear, . . and your souls shall live,
 come . . to Me, . . hear, . . and your souls shall live.
 come to Me, . . hear, . . and your souls shall live.
 come . . to Me, . . hear, . . and your souls shall live.

f Gt. Sw. coupled. *p* Ch.
 Gt. to Ped. in Gt. to Ped.

Solo
 Con anima
mf
 Ye shall go out . . with joy, and be led forth with
 Con anima
 (Ch.)
mf
 Sw. Reed *p*
 Ped. *mf* Ch. coupled.

cres.
 peace; . . the moun - tains and hills shall break forth be-fore you in - to
 cres.

f sing - ing, shall break forth be-fore you in - to sing - ing, sing - ing. . .
mf
f Gt. both hands reduce Gt. *mf* Sw.
 Gt. to Ped.

and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

f

mf Gt.

Ped.

CHORUS

f

Ye shall go out with joy, and be

f

Ye shall go out with joy, and be

f

Ye shall go out with joy, and be

f

Ye shall go out with joy, and be

f

mp *cres.*

led forth with peace; the mountains and hills shall

mp *cres.*

led forth with peace; the mountains and hills shall

mp *cres.*

led forth with peace; the mountains and hills shall

mp *cres.*

led forth with peace; the mountains and hills shall

mp *cres.*

break forth be-fore you in - to sing ing, and all the trees of the

break forth be-fore you in - to sing - ing, and all the trees of the

break forth be-fore you in - to sing ing, and all the trees of the

break forth be-fore you in - to sing - ing, and all the trees of the

field shall clap their hands, shall clap their hands.

field shall clap their hands, shall clap their hands.

field shall clap their hands, shall clap their hands.

field shall clap their hands, shall clap their hands.

Solo p rit.
O come, ev - ry one that thirst

p Str. rit.

Tempo lmo.

- eth,

O come, ev - 'ry one that thirst - eth, O come to the wa - ters,

O come, ev - 'ry one that thirst - eth, O come to the wa - ters,

O come, ev - 'ry one that thirst - eth, O come to the wa - ters,

O come, ev - 'ry one that thirst - eth, O come to the wa - ters,

Tempo lmo.

p *Sur. to Ped.*

crea.

in - cline your ear, and come . . to Me.

ev - 'ry one, in - cline your ear, and

ev - 'ry one, in - cline your ear, and

ev - 'ry one, in - cline your ear, and

ev - 'ry one, in - cline your ear, and

p Ch. crea. *mf* *Sur. to Ch.*

senza Ped. *Ped.*

hear, . . . and your souls shall live, . . .

come . . . to Me, . . . hear, . . . and your souls shall live, . . .

come to Me, hear, . . . and your souls shall live, . . .

come . . . to Me, hear, . . . and your souls shall live, . . .

come to Me, hear, . . . and your souls shall live, . . .

hear, . . . and your souls, your souls shall live. . . .

hear, . . . and your souls shall live. . . .

hear, . . . and your souls shall live. . . .

hear, . . . and your souls shall live. . . .

hear, . . . and your souls shall live. . . .

(Continued from page 44.)

one of those adults for so long that I begin to hope the majority of people in a similar position resemble me in that they have the sense of music lying dormant, not absent. There is a key which will unlock the door and allow the sleeping gift to awaken and develop. How to find the key is the problem in the individual case. If only one could persuade the unmusical that the door once opened leads to untold and undescribable joys, they would surely take some trouble to discover a method of entry.

The history of Dr. Savill's former determined 'unmusicality' is briefly this. She was brought up in a Scottish provincial home, where the sense of duty was inculcated by precept and punishment, and the sense of art received little recognition. She had pianoforte lessons, but 'teachers of music in those days seemed to regard it as a duty to instil only difficult and dull music.' The only music for which she cared, then, was that of the Scottish folk-songs:

Our father held that no music except that of the old Scotch songs was worth listening to; we agreed with him, and enjoyed a feeling of superiority over those who went to concerts.

That feeling of 'superiority' lasted thirty years, and in 1913, Dr. Savill, in passing Queen's Hall, on the way to Harley Street, would smile pityingly as she saw the audience assembling or departing, and agree with a companion that 'those who attend concert-halls belong to a degenerate class.' Whatever class they belong to, it is one of which she is now a member, for Queen's Hall has become one of her haunts.

The stages of conversion have been, roughly, this: (a) One visit each, during six years of University life, to play, concert, and opera—no result. 'Left to myself, I should never again willingly have read of music or listened to it'; (b) Marriage to a husband who, although preoccupied with scientific research, yet realised the joy of music, and consequent recognition of the fact that 'there was something lacking in me, that some unknown sense required development'; (c) A pathetically early widowhood and a cessation of this influence; (d) An interest in the dancing of Maud Allan, and, through it, in the music to which it was set; (e) Purchase of a player-piano, upon which the Maud Allan music could be played; (f) Attempts to appreciate the 1913 Russian Opera and Ballet performances—with failure; (g) Attendance at a Busoni recital, with interest in a skilfully-written programme-book, and through this in the twenty-four *Etudes* of Chopin; (h) Return home to many evenings spent in trying to reproduce the Busoni rendering on the player-piano; (i) An enthusiasm for Pachmann; (k) A decision to try whether orchestral music also had attractions; Beethoven's V., VII., VIII., and IX. found to be comparatively unmoving; (l) Tchaikovsky's *Pathetic* does the trick! (m) Gradually Tchaikovsky diminishes in attraction, whilst Beethoven steadily gains.

There the catalogue must end, so far as this review is concerned, but it is very incomplete, for much remained to be done, all of which is closely recorded in the book. Note that in the later stages of initiation, as in the earlier, the player-piano was the medium by which intimate understanding was achieved.

This is a day when the bounds of musical appreciation are rapidly widening. The circle of music-lovers grows apace. But there are still many

to whom music is an unknown kingdom, as for so many years it was to Dr. Savill. Every page of this book is interesting, not least so the pages given to consideration of the subject indicated by the title. But that title is nevertheless rather unhappy. It suggests a dull seriousness, and gives no hint of the personal intimacy of the book. A title already appropriated by another author would have suited this one; in general scope, the first part of her book much resembles Mr. Rorke's *A Musical Pilgrim's Progress*. We cannot have too many confidential accounts of personal musical growth. They are instructive documents to all who are engaged (as every professional musician should be) in the attempt to make music of greater service to a bigger proportion of the country's population. P. A. S.

Gramophone Nights. By Archibald Marshall and Compton Mackenzie.

[Heinemann, 5s.]

Up-to-Date Gramophone Tips. By Capt. H. T. Barnett.

[The Author, 12, Whittington Chambers, King's Road, Southsea, 1s.]

The first of these books contains thirty-one programmes, each author compiling half. An inevitable drawback to the plan is that only gramophonists with a comprehensive stock of records can carry out even a part of the scheme. Still, the book is useful in drawing attention to a very large number of records that should be in the library of all to whom the gramophone is more than a toy or a jazz-purveyor. The book is written in entertaining style, and contains a good deal of useful information on such matters as needles, sound-boxes, &c., in addition to more or less helpful comments on the chosen records.

Capt. Barnett's book is concerned mainly with the technical and mechanical side of the gramophone, and all who delight in experimenting with various makes of needle and sound-box will be in clover. The author gives much good advice on the care of machine and records, and writes throughout like a practical enthusiast. A testimony to the value of this little book is the fact that this is a reprint, with additions, last year's edition of three thousand having gone, evidently like hot cakes.

'DISCUS.'

Monographien zur Russischen Musik. Vol. 1. By Oskar von Riesemann.

[Munich: Drei Masken Verlag, 1923.]

This first volume contains four monographs devoted to Russian music before Glinka, Serof, and Dargomijsky, all of them substantial, accurate, and readable.

The writer has used the available sources of information—memoirs, published correspondence, and other histories—to excellent purpose; and his compilation is rendered all the more useful by the fact that Russian sources are not easily accessible. Nor are all writers on the same topics as thorough and as judicious as he is. The book is purely historical; it contains no attempt to characterise, describe, or appraise the music of the composers referred to. M.-D. C.

Claude Debussy. By Ladislaus Fabian.

[Munich: Drei Masken Verlag, 1923.]

An excellent little book. Dr. Fabian is one of the very few critics of whom it cannot be said that when confronting Debussy's music they cannot see the wood for the trees. He goes straight to the point in the matter of Debussy's idiosyncrasies of style and technique, and further in the matter of his evolution. Debussy, he tells us, broke with 'impressionism' at the time when he wrote *La Mer* and *Iberia*; the works of the later period are conceived and carried out in a spirit of neo-classicism, and represent organization after conquest:

Debussy was no mere incomplete genius. His work embodies a constant progress and shows ever-increasing mastery. His inspiration, during the last years of his life, blossomed more vigorously than ever. He was not only a pioneer, but an artist who achieved his ideals in the fullness of variety. He was no specialist; his output comprises great and lasting works in all orders of music.

Dr. Fabian's remarks on the absurd readings of Debussy's music which so often pass muster are as well worth reading as his remarks on the music itself. M.-D. C.

BOOKS FOR THE ORGANIST

A number of books dealing specially with the work of the organist and choirmaster call for notice, and must be dealt with briefly. One of the most important happens also to be one of the smallest—*The Choir-boy in the Making*, by Charles H. Moody (now 'Dr.' Moody, we are glad to be able to add). The value of this admirable treatise lies in the fact that it is written by one who has long since shown conclusively that first-rate results are to be got from the material that is at hand in the average town. Too often choirmasters take the view—natural, but mistaken and discouraging—that in order to make a good choir we must have picked boys, a choir school, and other costly paraphernalia. Yet there are not wanting cases to show that even with all these advantages the result is sometimes poor. The vital factor is not the picked material or the thousand-a-year choir school, but the trainer with tact and gumption. Here is a book by such a trainer, and it deserves to be carefully studied far and wide (Humphrey Milford, 2s. 6d.).

In John Newton's *A few Thoughts on Hymns and Tunes* (The Author, Christchurch, Hants, 1s.) are sound views badly expressed. Mr. Newton should get a literary friend to overhaul his construction and punctuation.

John Matthews is already well-known as a writer on the structural side of the organ. He has just published a capital little book, *The Organ Described*, in which he gives in simple language and condensed style an account of the early history and present condition of the instrument (*Musical Opinion Office*, 2s. 6d.).

James T. Lightwood's *Hymn-Tunes and their Story* has long been a popular book—it first appeared in 1905. The author has now issued a new and revised edition (Epworth Press, 6s.). Space allows us to discuss only a few points. Mr. Lightwood gives a version of *Luther's Hymn* set to 'Great God, what do I see and hear?' as arranged by Baumgarten about a century ago for solo voice and trumpet obbligato—futile calls, *ta-ra-ra-ta-ra-ra* between the lines. (By the way, the alto and tenor

are missing at the end of the second line as printed in the book.) Mr. Lightwood will be interested to hear of a version by T. D. Thomas with a trumpet part exactly the same as Baumgarten's. It appeared in *Sacred Harmony*, a book published at Winchester, compiled and arranged by Thomas, a lay-clerk at Winchester Cathedral. The book is not dated, but a clue is provided by the fact of Thomas having been appointed in 1804.

Has Mr. Lightwood got the right version of *Angels* on page 58? It does not agree with that of the *E. H.*, which is supposed to be the original form. Mendelssohn uses *Aus tiefer Noth* in the first, not the second, movement of his third Sonata. Among the many curiosities quoted by Mr. Lightwood nothing is better than J. B. Sale's (1837) combination of Beethoven's *Romance* in G and a phrase from the *Hallelujah Chorus* for use as an Easter hymn. How many know that *St. Helena* (*A. & M.*, 395) is really *St. Ephraim* (*E. H.*, 196), changed from long metre into short and robbed of its passing-notes—and of most of its life, too. See both tunes side by side in this book, and take off your hat to the *A. & M.* 'reformer,' who made the old tune behave itself. I wish Mr. Lightwood, when preparing this new edition, had added a chapter, so that he could have brought into the scope of the work the 1910 *A. & M.*, the *E. H.*, and other recent collections of note. Moreover, much of our old hymn-music that was neglected in 1905 has been restored to favour. During the past dozen years, for example, we have seen something like justice done to S. S. Wesley as a writer of hymn-tunes. However, there can never be any finality in matters of this sort, so we must be grateful for what Mr. Lightwood has given us—an enthusiastic, well-written, informative book on a fascinating subject.

A third edition of *The Simple Psalter and Canticles, pointed for Ancient Tunes*, by the Rev. H. Kynaston Hudson and B. Vine Westbrook, has just been issued (Faith Press, 1s.)—a very cheap and handy book. The Table of Proper Psalms from the 1917 Report to Convocation has been added. It is a pity to continue the old method of printing in heavy capitals the syllable following the recitation, but no doubt the question of cost prohibits a change. And, after all, experience shows that a good choir will chant well in spite of typographical eccentricities, whereas with a badly-taught one the boot is on the other leg.

Now that congregational singing is being taken up systematically, there is room for a manual on the subject. Such a book comes from the Faith Press (1s. 6d.), in George T. Fleming's *The Music of the Congregation*. There are some points on which most of us will not see eye to eye with the author. In discussing the relative merits of plainsong and Anglican chants in regard to flexibility, he seems to overlook the fact that the fixed harmony of the latter makes it difficult—sometimes impossible—to adapt in the case of very short verses. He says the plainsong tones are monotonous because the reciting note is the same in both halves of the verse. This may be so (though I have never been conscious of it), but the monotony is nothing compared with that induced by the constant full closes of the Anglican chant. The reciting note may be saved from monotony by the rhythmic variety of the text concerned, but nothing can redeem a string of conventional cadences. Mr. Fleming exaggerates the difficulty of free-rhythm hymn-tunes. The

average member of a congregation has little trouble in mastering the syncopation of a fox-trot or popular song. Why under-rate the intelligence, as well as the taste, of a congregation? Mr. Fleming, on page 32, speaks of 'a dominant minor seventh,' when it is clear that he means a tonic seventh, and he uses the term elsewhere when he appears to mean a dominant seventh. What *is* 'a dominant minor seventh,' anyway? He puts in a plea for an organ interlude between the verses of a hymn, and even goes so far as to say a good word for the old custom of inserting a few bars of organ music between the lines of slow tunes. I don't know whether Mr. Fleming has ever seen in print examples of the 'tiddley-bits' that were used in this way, here and in Germany. I have several old hymn-books in which they appear. Mr. Fleming doubts whether the revival of the practice 'would find acceptance with English congregations.' There need be no doubt; it wouldn't. Speaking of varied harmonies to hymn-tunes, Mr. Fleming pleads for discretion. 'It must be remembered,' he says, 'that most congregations include a certain number of members who like to sing one or other of the lower parts, and the varying of the harmonies tends to inconvenience these singers.' But if these members cannot take their cue from choir and organ, and sing an occasional verse in unison, they deserve all the inconvenience they get. In the matter of starting a hymn, Mr. Fleming suggests that after the playing-over, 'the organist must allow the congregation ample time to rise and make a firm start well together.' I fancy the experience of most organists is that an indefinite wait after the playing-over is the way to ensure anything but a firm start. Far better instruct the choir to take breath immediately the last chord of the playing-over ceases, and then go ahead. A congregation will soon realise that it has to be up and doing, whereas, no matter how 'ample' the time the organist allows them, there will always be some laggards. In a service where there is no conductor, nothing is more irritating and fatal to good attack than vague waits between verses, or after introductions of any kind. Nor can I admit that there is anything to be said in favour of a preliminary treble note on the organ, though Mr. Fleming says 'it is often necessary in the accompaniment of a congregation.' Never! It has seemed worth while to discuss the above points because, as the first book on the subject, this work will attract, as it deserves, a good deal of attention. It contains much that is excellent, but on the debit side must be set a good many statements and suggestions that seem to point to some lack of experience and musicianship on the part of the author.

In a multitude of counsellors there ought to be wisdom. Everything depends on the choice of counsellors. *A Manual of English Church Music*, edited by Archdeacon Gardner and Sydney H. Nicholson (S.P.C.K., 10s. 6d.), employs a large number whose names guarantee the wisdom that comes with long and wide experience—Dr. Fellowes, E. T. Cook, H. C. Colles, Dr. Bairstow, the late Sir J. D. McClure, Francis Burgess, Dr. Dearmer, Dr. Macpherson, Basil Johnson, Dr. Frere, &c., &c. The book covers all the ground, from organ loft to choir stalls, the Cathedral system, the Public School Chapel service, Music in the Mission Field, the Organ from an Architectural Point of View (a valuable chapter by Sir C. A. Nicholson), Carols,

Cantatas, Processions, Choral Festivals, Orchestral Accompaniments—in fact, we look in vain for the omission of any important subject. Well edited, practical, and simple in style, it is a book for all parsons, organists, and choirmasters, as well as for keen laymen. H. G.

From the Drei Masken Verlag, of Munich (English agents, Le Livre Français, 20, Brompton Road, S.W.7.), come further examples of their facsimile reproductions of composers' manuscripts—the *Siegfried Idyll*, Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonata in F sharp, Brahms's *Four Serious Songs*, and the *Meistersinger* Overture. It is impossible to over-praise these wonderful reproductions. One seems almost to be looking over the composer's shoulder and watching his pen at work. Perhaps the chief marvel is the beauty and neatness of Wagner's manuscript. Here indeed was a genius for taking pains! Bach, Brahms, and Beethoven wrote like men with an eye on the clock, but Wagner would seem to have had ample time, and to have enjoyed the task that most composers hate above all others. H. G.

Every musician's bookshelf should find a corner for Arthur and E. Ewart Fieldhouse's *Income Tax Simplified* (the Authors, Trinity Street, Huddersfield, and Simpkin, Marshall & Co., 1s. 6d.). It shows him how to prepare the return for assessment, and tells him how to obtain repayment of tax, besides giving him a lot of useful information in regard to death duties, land tax, corporation profits tax, &c.

BOOKS RECEIVED

[Mention in this column neither implies nor precludes review in a future issue.]

A Student's Hymnal. Edited by Sir Walford Davies. Oxford Press.

Byzantine Music and Hymnography. By H. J. W. Tillyard. The Faith Press. 4s. 6d.

Saint-Saëns. By George Servières. *Schubert*. By Th. Gérold. Librairie Félix Alcan, 108, Boulevard Saint-Germain, vi^e. Paris. 7.50 fr. each.

Handbuch der Orgelliteratur ein Wegweiser für organisten. By Franz Sauer. Wiener Philharmonischer Verlag.

Sussex Church Music in the Past. By K. H. Macdermott, Rector of Selsey. Second edition. The Author. 5s. 6d.

Favourite Musical Performers. By Sydney Grew. Foulis. 6s.

New Music

EASY PIANOFORTE MUSIC

For beginners M. E. Marshall's *Melodious Pianoforte Duets for Teacher and Pupil* (Bosworth) will be found useful. They do not go beyond the five-finger position, and are graded in four groups increasing in difficulty. They are published in two books.

F. J. Liftl's *Jays of Youth* (Bosworth)—a set of ten easy pieces in the compass of five notes—will interest young people just out of the preliminary stage. They are well varied in style, the left hand is not neglected, and they provide good practice in rhythm and phrasing.

The same composer's *Musical Pastime* (Bosworth) consists of five easy pieces of rather greater difficulty. They are mostly in dance form, and would doubtless be regarded by many youngsters—particularly, perhaps, the average schoolboy—as a welcome change from more severe fare.

Edgar L. Bainton's *The White Pathway* (Elkin) is a collection of three easy pieces which may be recommended. They are well written, and might usefully be given to pupils of about elementary standard.

Little Sea Pictures, by Nicolas d'Averil (Elkin), are admirable. They consist of twelve five-finger pieces, and are more difficult than the five-finger pieces referred to above. The composer is considerably more enterprising in the matter of keys than is usual in music of this type. Two pieces bear the signature of four flats, one is in C sharp major, and accidentals are freely introduced in the later numbers.

The third book of E. Newton's *Theory of Music Copy Books* (Paxton) exercises the student in the writing of triads and inversions, simple progressions in four-part harmony as far as the dominant seventh and its inversions, musical abbreviations, transposition, modulation, &c.

G. G.

ORGAN MUSIC

Of unusual variety and interest is a set of *Twenty Short and Easy Pieces* (Novello). It contains works by Bach (the early and beautiful Prelude on *Erbarm' Dich mein*), Blair, Best, Gray, Handel, Mozart (an arrangement of the well-known *Ave Verum*), Stanford (Intermezzo on the *Londonderry Air*), Rheinberger (Prelude in C and Monologue No. 9), Schumann (the first of the *Four Sketches* and a transcription of the charming *Chanson Orientale*), S. S. Wesley, Merkel, West (an expressive *Lament*), Wolstenholme, Dubois, &c. The collection should be no less popular than the four preceding albums.

Lucien Mawet is a composer new to most English players. He is organist at St. Jacques, Liège, and professor at the Conservatoire of that city. Judging from his *Collection of Pieces for Organ and Harmonium* (Hérelle, Fortemps, Paris; Novello), he is a composer with high ideals. There are thirty-six pieces in the book, and all are based on ecclesiastical themes, many of them plainsong. Some are for manuals only, but the majority call for pedals, so the set is one for the organist rather than the harmoniumist. As a whole they demand, too, considerable technical skill, though few are very difficult. The music is contrapuntal in style, and not slavishly modal. In a few cases—e.g., the group of *Pieces in Free Style*—M. Mawet shows the true French feeling for piquant harmony. A drawback from the English point of view is the frequent use of two staves in cases where the pedal is obligatory. Organists on this side of the Channel like the pedal on a separate staff. Moreover, a composer who limits himself to two staves and attempts to lay out his music so that a harmonium player can at a pinch manage the whole thing, almost invariably ends by getting his texture all top and bottom; the real bass is either too far away from the rest of the harmony or is in octaves. These drawbacks apart, I have very much enjoyed playing these pieces.

Several numbers in the Steingraber Edition have been received (Steingraber, Leipzig; Bosworth). A Fugue in E minor by Pachelbel, edited by Kurt Erbe, has little beyond antiquarian interest. Pachelbel did far better work as a choral prelude writer. Three works by Alfred Grundmann are of greater value than most organ music received from Germany during the past few years. *Aus grosser, ernster Zeit* is a set of eleven choral preludes, well written rather than original. We miss the glow that Karg

Elert's *Choral Improvisations* have led us to look for; on the other hand, there is none of the turpidity that Reger could rarely keep out of his choral preludes, even the simplest. Grundmann's *Three Preludes in Fugal Form* are well-made, sturdy stuff, with no surprises and no subtleties. His *Three Pastorales on Christmas Carols—In dulci jubilo, Vom Himmel hoch, and Quem pastores laudavere*—are more immediately attractive, especially the first two. The third is too much like an ordinary vigorous postlude. It has an industrious pedal part, and is the only one that will give an average player much trouble.

Thomas Wood's Fantasy in A, *The Hill Country* (Stainer & Bell), strikes me as being too consistently discordant in an uncouth way, and the numerous short cuts from one remote key to another are not convincing. For example, on page 7 six consecutive bars open with a six-four in B flat, A, C, A flat, E, and D flat respectively, and the same thing is done a little later. A couple of plunges of the sort are enough at a time; to make six is to overwork a device that is nowadays fairly obvious. A good deal of Dr. Wood's dissonant harmony could be scored effectively for the orchestra, but the organ, with its unyielding tone, makes much of it seem crude. In fairness, I ought to add that I am judging merely from the copy and the pianoforte. Perhaps if I heard the work played on the organ by Dr. Ley (to whom it is dedicated) I might be converted.

A. T. Lee Ashton's *Scherzo-Fantasia* in D minor (Stainer & Bell) is straightforward and animated—an attractive piece for recital purposes, though by the time the player has got it up to the right slickness he will probably be tired of the over-used main theme.

Arthur M. Goodhart's *Sympathy* (Augener) is an emotional—even sentimental—little piece with a clarinet solo that in style suggests the genuine instrument rather than the organ-stop of that name. Players who have a good specimen (enclosed, of course) will be able to show it off to great advantage in this piece.

H. G.

NEW AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS

To command success is not within anyone's power, but it is certain that American music-lovers are doing much to deserve it. They support generously opera and concerts; they have endowed their orchestras; native composers have the support of a Society whose publications as regards neatness of appearance and clearness of print are equal to the best that we can do in Europe. Sooner or later no doubt these efforts are bound to meet with the reward they so richly deserve. In the meantime, while applauding their enterprise, we can only mark each step of the *Gradus ad Parnassum*. The latest publications of Messrs. G. Schirmer, of New York (for the Society for the Publication of American Music), consist of the score (1.50 dollars) and parts (2.50 dollars) of a Quartet by L. M. Loeffler, of three pieces for flute, harp, and string instruments by Daniel Gregory Mason, and of a Trio for pianoforte, violin, and 'cello by William Clifford Heilman. Although naturally differing in some ways (Mr. Mason's work is more modern in texture than Mr. Heilman's and less artificial than Mr. Loeffler's), these compositions have certain qualities in common. They are the work of men who know their mind (and their work) but too well—who, having hitched their wagon to a certain star, do not intend to stray very far from it. To the casual observer such music might appear

shallow and superficial. And undoubtedly if we are to insist on depth and originality of expression it will be found wanting. But we are apt just now to appraise originality and depth perhaps at more than their real value. Certainly here exist composers who base their claims to consideration on the simple fact that they do not hesitate to do what no one thought worth while doing before. Great music has been written also for the modest purpose of giving pleasure to a few friends, by men who had no thought of immortality. And considered from a more modest and also more generous point of view this American music reveals some pleasing features. If it does not evoke deep emotion, the ingenuity of its even course will interest both performers and listeners.

F. B.

Occasional Notes

On January 1 the firm of Messrs. Elkin & Co. comes of age, having been founded twenty-one years ago. During that time the house has played no small part in the development of British music of the best class, having brought forward many admirable works by Elgar, Cyril Scott, Bantock, Quilter, Baines, &c. It has also to its credit a very large share in the popularity of MacDowell, not only in this country but throughout the world. A publishing business so securely built up on a combination of good taste and sound methods is something more than a mere commercial affair: it is an asset to the artistic life of the community, and our readers, we are sure, will join us in congratulations and good wishes to Mr. and Mrs. W. W. A. Elkin and their son, Mr. Robert S. Elkin.

In Dr. Agnes Savill's *Music, Health, and Character* (a review of which appears on page 44) occurs a paragraph that cries out for comment. Speaking of the concert-notices that appear in the daily press (and which strike her as inadequate), she says:

There may be journals, reserved exclusively for musical news, which do more justice to these events. I do not know them, and certainly they can take no place in the reading of the general public whose support is so desired and so necessary for the success of music in Britain.

Let us enlighten Dr. Savill. There are journals reserved exclusively for musical news, though they necessarily concern themselves with so many other things besides concert-notices that they cannot perhaps claim to do more justice to those events than do the daily papers. But they exist, and they certainly do take a place in the reading of a good many thousands of the general public. Dr. Savill may be surprised to hear that in this country there is one musical weekly, one fortnightly, ten monthlies, and two quarterlies. In addition, there are two American weeklies, one monthly, and one quarterly, that are easily obtainable, and that, we believe, have a considerable circulation on this side.

Now suppose Dr. Savill had been suddenly converted to the drama, pictorial art, or literature, as her book tells us she was converted to music. Is it conceivable that she would have made no effort to discover what journals, if any, were devoted to those arts? It is not. The more we read her enthusiastic book the more we are astonished that she somehow managed to dodge every one of these

eighteen journals. We intend to send her a copy of this issue of the *Musical Times*, and we suggest to our fellow-editors that they join us in showing the Doctor what a lot of us there are, and how much she has missed all these years.

We are asked to draw attention to the fact that in connection with the Olympic Games to be held at Paris next year, there will be a contest open to composers of the nations represented in the Games. The works submitted must be unpublished, and may be in practically any form and for any medium. They must, however, deal with some aspect of sport, and no work must take more than an hour in performance. Manuscripts must be received at the Offices of the French Olympic Committee not later than February 1, 1924. Orchestral works should be sent also in a pianoforte arrangement (two-handed or four-handed). If the work submitted be a song, a French translation of the text must also be sent. All indications of *tempo*, &c., must be in Italian. There seems to be no rule as to anonymity; the regulations merely state that composers must send name in full, nationality, and address. An international jury (quaintly described in the regulations as 'of artistic and sportive personalities'), with a majority of musical composers, will act as judges. The three prizes consist of Olympic medals and diplomas. Readers who wish for fuller particulars should write to the Executive Committee for the book of regulations, 30, Rue de Grammont, Paris.

We note that the 'Jury of Music' consists of over forty well-known European composers, conductors, &c., with Widor as president. The only English name in the list is that of Mr. Cyril Scott. How is it that these alleged international affairs somehow manage to give this country a large portion of cold shoulder? . . .

Except when money is wanted.

It is high time the compilers of the *Daily Mail Year-Book* took some expert advice about the biographical section of that work. We should naturally complain if music and musicians were excluded, but on the whole that course would be better than the half-baked method that has so far obtained. The *Year-Book* for 1924, under its heading 'People of To-day,' makes a considerable flourish about giving a 'Thousand Biographies of Men and Women of Our Time.' But it treats music very casually, and so far as we can see (after a pretty thorough examination) the musical side of the 1924 edition consists of last year's biographies brought up-to-date by the simple expedient of adding one year to the ages of the subjects. The result is sometimes curious. Richard Strauss, for example, is spoken of in 1924, as in 1923 (and probably in 1900), as 'the most discussed musician of the day'—which is manifest nonsense. Nor is it true to say that 'By some his work is looked upon as "the music of the future," others seeing in it cacophony and noise.' A good deal has happened since the days when folk regarded Strauss's music as being of the future, and a canvass to-day would probably lead to a substitution of the word 'past.' We look in vain for such names as Bax, Vaughan Williams, Ireland, Goossens, Frank Bridge, Holst, Bliss, Stravinsky, Bartók, Pizzetti, Ravel, or any other of the dozen or so composers whose music really is being discussed to-day. It is a poor recompense to read instead that Dame Clara Butt 'started on another long tour, September, 1923.'

or that Tetrizzini 'published her autobiography, 1921.' Incidentally we wonder why space is found for a note on the retired organist of Westminster Abbey, when none can be spared for his successor or for the organist of St. Paul's Cathedral.

A section is devoted to the 'Drama in 1923,' to cricket and other sports during the past year, as is right, but there is nothing about music in 1923. Stay! A further search brings to light one tiny reference, which, however, happens to be out of its place. In Mr. S. R. Littlewood's pages on 'The Year's Drama' we find this: 'In opera, Mr. Gustav Holst's *The Perfect Fool*, produced by the British National Opera Company (Covent Garden, May, 1914), was the chief event, but appealed doubtfully.' As a fact there was abundant material in the B.N.O.C. efforts alone for an article on 'Opera in 1923,' instead of this poked-away reference in a corner of an article written not by a music critic. We suggest that before the *Daily Mail* gets to work on its 1925 *Year-Book* it should call in the aid of its excellent music critic, and so make the work as good on the musical side as it is on such matters as sport, politics, the Bolshevik Navy, the Trade Union slump, Peeresses in their Own Right, the Chiltern Hundreds, and the Defeat of Joe Beckett.

One or two developments in the educational side of music ought to be recorded. Elsewhere in this issue will be seen reference to the performances of Bach's B minor *Mass* and *Christmas Oratorio*, at Oundle and Mill Hill Schools respectively, and to an orchestral concert given at Aberdeen to 2,500 school children. Similar concerts have been given with like success at Edinburgh and Bradford. In London, children's concerts have for some time been well established, but a new direction was taken on December 15, when, at Central Hall, the Philharmonic Choir sang the B minor *Mass* to 2,500 children drawn from Secondary schools. We hear that the Choir hopes to give a similar concert at the end of the next school term, when it will sing, among other works, Holst's *Hymn of Jesus*. There is surely no musical activity of the present day more full of encouragement for the future than such efforts as these. The splendid work now done in schools of all kinds, and the steady growth and wide appeal of the Competition Festival movement, leave the pessimists without a leg to stand on.

The record for attendance at *The Beggar's Opera* is even higher than we thought, one patron having been present over three hundred times. Some wealthy amateur? No; a pianoforte tuner. How many professionals who merely play the pianoforte can afford to be so lavish as this lucky man who tunes it?

We read in the *Musical Courier* of 'The English Trio, comprising Messrs. Melzak, Manucci, and Krish.' The old country's stock is rising! A few years ago musicians bearing such typical, good old English names as these would not have flouted their nationality in this reckless way.

Von Bulow's crusher on tenors has now a worthy companion. Mr. Deems Taylor, an American critic, has just told his readers that Fleta 'has a tenor but pleasing voice.'

The Title-page and Contents of Volume 64 (January to December, 1923) of the *Musical Times* will be ready shortly. Subscribers can obtain it post free on application to the Publishers.

Competition Festival Record

AN AUSTRALIAN CHORAL COMPETITION

By W. G. WHITTAKER

Ballarat, Victoria, is well known as a once-famous gold-mining region. It is now renowned for three things. One is the variability of its climate, which staggers even an Englishman. Another is that owing to numerous bequests it has the finest collection of statuary in Australia: it is a great pleasure to visit its fine gardens and noble lake, and to see the many splendid pieces of sculpture. The third is the renowned South Street Eisteddfod. This runs for five weeks. Its length is partially due to the fact that only one session exists at a time; most large British festivals need to have three or four running simultaneously to keep the proportions within bounds. An analysis of the guide-book shows that there is a larger proportion of non-musical classes than is usual with us. Fifty-four classes are occupied with music other than brass. There are eight brass band and an equal number of brass solo competitions. There are six bagpipe and one drum and bugle band sections. Folk-dancing—English, Scottish, Irish—account for ten; elocution and reading (including 'humorous recital,' 'musical monologue,' 'story without words,' 'twelve original tongue-twisters'), sixty-seven; and calisthenics and gymnastic displays, twenty-three.

I was fortunate enough to be present at the 'Champion Choral Contest,' which is considered the principal event of this sort in Australasia. We in the Old Country reserve the term 'champion' (speaking musically) for brass bands. Here it is applied to everything. A singer will advertise as 'champion soloist.'

The audience was fascinating. Six thousand people assembled in a large hall built by the committee. Considering that Ballarat numbers only thirty-five thousand inhabitants, this is remarkable. The attitude of the great crowd was vastly different from that at similar gatherings at home. The Australian is a contented, happy person under most circumstances, an ideal holiday-maker, well-satisfied with himself, his country, and his amusements. A keen observer said to me, 'For a picture of perfect enjoyment, give me an Aussie with his best girl and a bag of peanuts at the cinema.' And this crowd sat through the enormously long session with evident enjoyment, and without a sign of disapproval at the unduly-protracted proceedings. Sessions have been known to last until 1 a.m., with the audience unwearied and attentive. Then, again, the Aussie is a born sportsman and gambler. The open-air life, the free-and-easy manner of living, and the quick rise and fall of fortunes, probably depending upon a chance shower of rain or an unusually long drought, all contribute to this national characteristic. Race-meetings exist everywhere, and with a frequency which surprises the visitor. The chief topics of conversation in the train are the weather, the crops, and horse-racing. Men will wager as to which of two flies rises earlier from the table, or which of two drops of rain reaches the bottom of the window-pane before the other. This sporting instinct showed itself markedly during the competition. One sweet child, scarcely in her teens, asked my fellow-examiner, Mr. Percival Driver, and myself, if we would like a copy of 'the list of the choirs in the order in which they run.' The

excitement at the announcement of the decision was tremendous. Roaring, waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and swaying of bodies, revealed the tenseness of feeling. It was all the more so that the win was a popular one. For five successive years conductor and choir had been placed second, and had shown fine spirit in defeat. This cheery tenacity appealed to the sport-loving crowd. Probably there was also a cause for pride in the fact that the conductor, who carried off the Prince of Wales's cup, was an amateur, a milkman by trade.

Each of the six choirs had to present three numbers—unaccompanied pieces by Bantock and Jenkins, and the impossibly-dull final chorus from Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, made still more intolerable by being accompanied on a badly-tuned upright pianoforte, utterly inadequate for the needs of the great building. Four of the choirs I had had the privilege of conducting in combined rehearsals and performance at Melbourne some time previously, and I had been delighted with their fine voices, their alertness, and their keen responsiveness. The climate seems to produce splendidly rich sopranos and contraltos, but unfortunately leaves tenors and basses unaltered. This handicaps choirs from the start, and all six suffered from lack of power in the bass line. No choir sang all three tests with anything like an equal degree of excellence; the standard varied greatly from piece to piece. Only one conductor managed to make the Mendelssohn work sound at all interesting, and his reading was condemned by the adjudicator. To my friend and myself the debarred interpretation was 'grateful and comforting.' Although the competition did not reveal any really superlatively fine singing the general level was high, and there were many moments when we were lifted above the merely sound and good. It certainly promised well for the development of choral singing in the Commonwealth. It must be remembered that difficulties exist that we wot not of in the Old Country. Towns lie far apart, railway travelling is slow. Some of the choirs came distances which would be represented by a journey from Land's End to John o' Groats by slow train. All honour to their enthusiasm!

My many Australian friends will pardon me for saying (for they have whispered the same thing in my ear in strict confidence) that the average Aussie has a difficulty in seeing things in correct proportion. Separated by huge distances from the centre of the world's activity, with a magnificent country, boundless possibilities, a nation and a civilization created by the enterprise of little more than a century, without traditions, without a heritage of things ancient, he is apt to assume that little of worth exists outside of Australia. It is a pardonable and virtue-like failing. It is patriotism rather than pride. This was exhibited in a speech by a young Ballarat musician just returned from a long sojourn in Europe. He told the audience that the tone of the best choirs in England and Germany was inferior to that of that evening. Newspapers came out with head-lines about London and Berlin being second-place. We cannot help regretting this habit; when art becomes self-satisfied it withers and dies. One priceless stimulus in the Old Country is the knowledge that if progress is not made continually the sceptre will pass from our hands to those of our neighbours.

One surprising feature was the amount of time spent over the competition. The adjudicator kept

each choir standing five or six minutes before ringing on the next number, and generally ten minutes elapsed before the new choir was signalled into the arena. To any experienced adjudicator these long breathing spaces seemed quite unnecessary—decisions were not difficult to make. To us the issues seemed clear enough. We cannot imagine how long the crowded festivals of the Motherland would last were this leisurely procedure adopted. Certainly the audience would become impatient or vanish altogether. The singing and intervals lasted from 7.30 until after 11.0, and adjudications were not completed until after 11.30. Even then there was no detailed comment. That was reserved for the press.

One serious need of the South Street Eisteddfod is a higher standard of music. Numbers by Scarlatti, Chopin, Liszt, Brahms, and John Ireland, are counter-balanced by pianoforte pieces by Chaminade, Zilcher, and Gurliitt, and by dreadful shop-ballads by names too puerile to mention. Thanks to the splendid children's music being produced by British composers to-day, there is no need to seek material in obscure Continental writers. With all the wealth of modern British song, there is no occasion to perpetuate the insipid inanities by caterers to the worst popular taste. Moreover, there are too many classes in which the selection is left to the competitor. The requirements of one class were 'oratorio or operatic selection and a ballad,' and of another, 'ballad.' Not only is any standard of judgment impossible in such cases, but the most important duty of an Eisteddfod—that of cultivation of taste of competitors and audience—is not being fulfilled.

The Australian is ready for the right lead in music. The audience was keenly alive to the merits of the best performances; at the hotel we found that most of the visitors, commercials and the like, had been in the audience, and were ready to discuss the event enthusiastically. On examining visits to small country places we found many more people interested than would be the case in an English market-town. The possibilities are great. This splendid Festival should see that its choice of music is immaculate. It can do untold good.

One point of unconscious humour in conclusion—not actually musical, but indirectly connected with the subject. The guide-book contained an advertisement of the City Tramways, giving particulars of points of interest for visitors. The first route called attention to the Municipal Abattoirs and—the Hospital for the Insane!

THE ADOLESCENT SINGER

I have just read with great interest a verbatim report of the Annual Conference of the British Federation of Musical Competition Festivals (which, by the way, really ought to lie awake o' nights and worry out a shorter handle). In the December *Musical Times* Mr. Harry Cooper discussed one or two of the points raised, concerning himself specially with the question of money prizes.

The chief debate, however, had to do with the singing of young girls, and the subject is so important that no one who has had much experience of festival work ought to be backward in expressing his views. The discussion at the Conference could of course lead to no action, because the Federation has no power to prohibit classes for young girl soloists. Nor was the debate conclusive. On one side were authoritative voices saying that singing during the adolescent period was bad for both voice and singer, and on the other side were speakers with no less authority holding that it was not bad, but even good. The subject was opened by Dr. Somervell, who brought forward the motion:

'That owing to the damage often done to the voices of adolescent girls by too early specialising in solo work, this Conference of the British Federation of Musical Competition Festivals is of the opinion that solo classes for girls between the ages of fourteen and eighteen should be discouraged.'

Dr. Somervell had strong support from Mr. Plunket Greene, and against him were Mr. Robertson, Mr. W. S. Nesbitt, Mr. R. H. Wilson, and Mr. Granville Humphries. Sir Walford Davies was evidently torn between his desire to sympathise with what he called the 'paternal care' of Mr. Plunket Greene, and his feeling that Mr. Robertson was right in his view that as young girls *will* sing it is important that as many as possible shall come under the influence of the festivals and be helped to sing aright. Sir Walford suggested a way out, viz., the appointment of a small committee to consider the matter fully; but as it soon became evident that the feeling of the Conference was in favour of a vote on the subject, he put one leg over the fence on the Robertson side:

'If I had to vote at this minute [he said], I should plump for keeping the girls singing continuously, with the proviso that the test-pieces should be suitably chosen, and another proviso which Mr. Edward Lloyd gave me when I was blamed for being about to ruin a boy's voice. I wrote to him, and he said, "Let the boy sing as often and when he likes, but he is never to sing unless he wants to, or if he feels a strain."'

Finally the Conference, with two dissentients, adopted the amendment of Mr. F. H. Bisset:

'That this Conference is unable to accept Dr. Somervell's motion, but remits to a Committee to be appointed by the Central Board to report how adolescent solo singing in the festival movement can be best guided.'

This was surely the only solution, seeing that the Federation is merely an advisory body so far as the local working of festivals is concerned. It is to be hoped that when the Committee gets to work it will concentrate on some practical points that were passed over or merely touched on at the Conference. Findings on psychological and physiological data will carry little conviction, because the weight of evidence at the Conference showed that classes for young singers are not only popular but valuable. The real need now is for strong recommendations on practical points of a type that stand a good chance of being carried out by local committees.

SUITABLE TEST-PIECES

First, and most important of all, there is the question of test-pieces. It is all too common an experience to hear a string of young girls struggling with a song that is far beyond their powers in range and vocal technique, and that, on the expressive side, calls for emotion and mentality of a type that only the adult can experience. The songs for such classes should have the simplicity and directness of a folk-song. A perfect example occurs to me at once—Stanford's *The City Child*, wherein is a pretty thought set forth verbally and musically in such a way that the youngest of singers can grasp and express it, and the oldest of hearers appreciate it. If there is a dearth of the right kind of song, a demand will soon create the supply. We have a group of British composers doing admirable work in giving the festival movement what it needs in the way of unison and part-songs for children's choirs. Publishers and composers are now well aware of the valuable market opened up by the festivals, and a hint as to the need for good songs for young soloists will not be lost on them.

ADOLESCENTS IN OPEN CLASSES

The Committee might well give a thought to the advisability of an age limit in the open classes for female soloists. At present one often finds young girls competing, overweighted by the test-piece, and increasing the difficulties of the judge, rent between his duty to give the award to the best and his natural desire to encourage to the utmost a young singer of special promise. There is need for a systematic age classification. Too often the

sixteen-years-old is roped in with the adults. The Committee should urge the general adoption of the commonsense method followed at Glasgow and other large festivals, of dividing the women soloists into three classes: (a) Girls (age under fifteen); (b) juniors (age fifteen to eighteen); and (c) general (age over eighteen), with test-pieces carefully chosen in accordance with this division.

YOUNG SINGERS IN BIG HALLS

In the matter of halls, local committees have to cut their coat according to their cloth. Nevertheless, I am sure there is rarely any need for the painful and too-frequent sight of a very young girl with a small voice singing in a vast hall to an audience of thousands. If she sings as she should, her efforts are practically lost; if she tries to overcome the vast area, she does so at the expense of a strain on voice, physique, and nervous system. Almost invariably the preliminary rounds of these junior solo classes take place in a small hall attached to the large one, and it is to be hoped that the time will soon come when the finals will take place there too.

LONG WAITS BEFORE FINALS

This raises another point that seems to have been passed over at the Conference. The preliminary rounds of these junior classes take place in the day-time—often in the morning. Yet in order to give the evening audience in the big hall the opportunity of hearing the final, the unhappy selected ones have to wait for anything between five and ten hours, with the ordeal hanging over their heads, often too nervous to eat a proper meal, exposed to draughts if they wait in the hall, to bad weather if they go out, and to fatigue anyway. All finals in junior classes, whether in singing, playing, or elocution, should be decided at the end of the preliminary session, and in the small hall. Whether the winners be asked to sing at the prize-giving concerts should be left to the discretion of the committee. If they are satisfied that the winning singer has a voice and style suitable for a large hall and a big audience, they may well let her sing. There is far less strain at a performance of this kind than at a final in the same hall, because the singer has no competitive side to worry about, and, moreover, she can come to the concert fresh, whereas the evening final has to be waited for. If it is not convenient to hold finals at the close of the preliminary contests, they should take place on the following morning or afternoon. In the case of very large classes of young singers, it might be advisable to divide them into groups. Each group would have its prize-winner, and the group winners might compete again on another day for a kind of special award—with a different test-piece, of course. In fact, it would be like the Blackpool 'Rose Bowl' Competition in miniature, and could be made into a popular and useful event.

THE ADJUDICATOR'S PART

But in the long run perhaps as much depends on adjudicators as upon anybody. In the smaller festivals, where everybody knows everybody, a judge has to screw himself up to do his duty when he hears youthful singing of the type that Mr. Plunket Greene truly described as 'appalling.' The judge sees it is the result of downright bad teaching, but he sees, too, that everybody present knows who taught the bad singer. If he tells the truth about the teaching the teacher's living will be jeopardised. What is he to do? Well, if the festival is to fulfil its objects he has to tell the truth—kindly, if possible, but unmistakably. If, as a result, an incompetent teacher retires from the profession in which he/she ought never to have got a footing, so much the better for the festival, for the young singers in the district, and, in the long run, for the incompetent teacher too. I mention this point because nobody can see much of the festival movement without becoming uncomfortably aware that local officials, although they want nothing but the truth, are apt to shy at the whole of it when it is liable to upset a few local teachers or parents who are strong supporters of the festival.

The Committee set up by the Federation might well draw the attention of adjudicators to their responsibilities in the

matter of bad teachers of young singers. No tenderness to teachers or local supporters should weigh when bad methods have to be condemned. When the judge gives the right consideration to the young voices concerned, there will be none left over for the 'dud' teacher, nor need there be.

H. G.

NORTH LONDON

Marked progress in every way was shown at this now well-established Festival. Eight string orchestras, over sixty choirs, and sixteen hundred soloists competed. Very promising new classes were those for Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, the singing of eleven choirs in the latter being an outstanding feature. The Festival seems to have tapped a new and rich vein in these organizations.

Gramophone Notes

BY 'DISCUS'

This month's output is of unusual interest. First and foremost is the remarkable set of *Meistersinger* records issued by H.M.V.—twelve double-sided. The chief soloists are Florence Austral, Doris Lemon, Robert Radford, Tudor Davies, and William Michael, with full orchestra, Albert Coates conducting. This is a good deal more than a mere series of 'Gems from the Opera'; it is the opera in tabloid form—if one can apply the word 'tabloid' to a version that takes well over an hour to work off. The cutting and piecing together has been done with such skill that, hearing the records with the score on my knee, I found it easy to skip from point to point and pick up the thread. I shouldn't like to say that a gramophonist ignorant of the opera, or unhelped by a score, would get a very clear idea of the work. But then how many hearers can grasp it even in the opera-house without some preliminary priming? And, after all, does it matter very much in the case of an opera with such a wealth of transparently beautiful music as this? Anyhow, the H.M.V. issues a booklet which is the next best thing to a score. After repeated hearings, this batch of records strikes me as being the finest achievement in the gramophone world so far. A particularly strong point is the ensemble. Records in which the crowd sings or cheers are unexpectedly stirring. The palm in this respect must go to the record of the hurly-burly that follows Beckmesser's song at the end of Act 2. The soloists generally distinguish themselves, though at times—a good many times, in fact—the pace and orchestra combined kill their words. Tudor Davies's singing of the 'Prize Song' strikes me as being over-strenuous, and there is at times a suspicion of hustle. The only two real blemishes in the series, however, are Mr. Michael's clowning in the above-mentioned Beckmesser's song, and the playing and recording of the Introduction to Act 3. Mr. Michael sings so well in the earlier parts of the opera that we are astonished to find him overdoing things later on. After all, the comic side of Beckmesser is all there in the music and words, and there is no need for the singer to turn on a grotesque tone and hash the florid passages. Moreover, we cannot believe in a Beckmesser who is at one moment an accomplished singer and at the next a bleating, incompetent nincompoop. I can't make up my mind as to whether the playing or the recording is at fault in the Introduction to Act 3. There is a want of clearness in the high string-passages, and the ensemble is poor, especially at the end. This is more notable as the orchestral playing in the other records is so good. I add that the Overture is not included in this set, as it was recorded under Mr. Coates a few years ago. (By the by, despite the progress now being made, this record of the Overture still stands as one of the finest reproductions of a big orchestral work.)

One hears a good bit about the wireless telegraph as a rival to the gramophone, but it will have to make a mighty step forward in every respect before it can make us put these *Meistersinger* records on the top shelf. Congratulations to H.M.V. and all concerned.

The Columbia Company follows up its policy of backing up living British composers by giving us a third number of *The Planets*—'Uranus the Magician,' a capital reproduction of a good performance under the composer's direction (12-in. d.-s.). An even more daring step is the recording of

Vaughan Williams's *London Symphony*—or rather a portion of it—on two 12-in. d.-s. The label untruthfully says, 'A *London Symphony*, in four parts,' leading the uninitiated to suppose that the whole work is recorded, whereas only the first movement and the *Scherzo* are done. The orchestra is the L.S.O., conducted by Sir Dan Godfrey. Both performance and recording are worthy of this fine work. I hope the Company will not stop short at these two movements.

Another first-rate orchestral record issued by the Columbia Company is that of Delius's *Dance Rhapsody*, played by the Queen's Hall Orchestra, under Sir Henry Wood. A delightful feature in this is the wood-wind playing. The record is on three sides 12-in., the remaining side being filled with a piquant orchestral version of Rameau's well-known *Tambourin*.

Not to be backward where modern music is concerned the Eolian Vocalion Company has made successful records of Ravel's *Suite, Le Tombe de Couperin*, conducted by Cuthbert Whitmore (two 12-in. d.-s.).

One light orchestral record should be noted at this season—a Col. 12-in. d.-s., *A Musical Jigsaw*, wherein a few dozens of old friends are dovetailed with amusing effect. The Company issues a leaflet giving a list of the tunes maltreated, but gramophonists who turn on the medley at a festive gathering will be well advised to keep the list out of sight and let the hearers compete as to who can 'spot' the most. This record is both ingenious and amusing. Few musicians will keep a straight face when Tchaikovsky's *Chanson Triste* gradually fades into the hymn-tune *Now the day is over*, and still less when they are launched from *Who killed Cock Robin?* into the 'Venusberg' section of the *Tannhäuser* Overture.

Two good chamber music records call for mention—the Léner Quartet in the *Scherzo* from Tchaikovsky's D major Quartet, and the *Notturmo* from Borodin's Quartet in D (H.M.V. 12-in. d.-s.) (Why these snippets? Now that it is possible to give complete records of orchestral works, surely chamber music need no longer be doled out in isolated movements); and the London String Quartet in the *Minuet* and *Finale* of Brahms's Op. 51, No. 2, the first two movements of which were reviewed last month (E.-Voc. 12-in. d.-s.). The Brahms is the better-wearing of these three works, chiefly because of its development: the Tchaikovsky and Borodin, attractive though they be (especially the former), are concerned overmuch with repetition.

Lamond is recorded by H.M.V. playing the *Appassionata* Sonata (two 12-in. d.-s.), and the same Company sends a 10-in. of Paderewski in Chopin's G sharp minor *Etude*—a delightful record this latter, with pianoforte tone of more than average purity.

Among the vocal records, outstanding examples are a set of four 12-in. d.-s. Columbia of Stanford's *Songs of the Fleet*, sung by Harold Williams and a male-voice quartet, accompanied by the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by the composer. The ensemble is occasionally bad, and the orchestral part often lacks clearness, but the songs are so fine that these records will, I feel sure, give more pleasure than the average operatic aria, especially to gramophonists who know the songs, and so are able mentally to supply such deficiencies as occur. There is a real thrill in the 'Stand by' refrain of *The Little Admiral*, the 'Lead the line' in *Sailing at Dawn*, and little is lost of the stirring endings of the verses in *The Song of the South-Wester*.

The Columbia Company is to be congratulated on this step towards bringing the vocal repertory of the gramophone up to the level of the orchestral. (Last month, it will be remembered, the Company recorded a complete song-cycle of Roger Quilter.) Already the stock of operatic arias is running low. Sooner or later the output of our best British song composers will of necessity be drawn upon. Now that the recording of the best modern orchestral and chamber music has proved to be a sound business proposition, there is no excuse for fighting shy of the best songs.

Only two more vocal records in this month's lot call for mention. Frank Titterton's performance of 'The Prize Song' from the *Meistersinger* (E.-Voc. 12-in. d.-s.) inevitably leads to comparison with that of Tudor Davies

in the H.M.V. set discussed above. Comparison, however, proves to be another example of the swings and roundabouts. Titterton is better so far as voice is concerned; his tone is fuller, and free from the frequent squeezed reediness that shows itself in Tudor Davies (I hasten to add that I am judging entirely from the gramophone, which, like the camera, may alternately lie and flatter); moreover, Titterton's slightly steadier pace in the first two verses is an improvement. On the other hand, the orchestral accompaniment is poor compared with that of the H.M.V. record. It seems to have been rather badly re-arranged, and is sketchily played, the result being a loss of warmth and richness in the record as a whole. On the other side Mr. Titterton is recorded in the 'Flower Song' from *Carmen*, again singing with a manly tone that, to my mind, is streets ahead of the snivelling, sobbing, and suffering sounds produced by most of the foreign operatic tenor 'stars.' The remaining record is that of Malcolm McEachern, whose fine voice is unusually well suited in 'The Calf of Gold' from *Faust* and *The Hundred Pipers*. Mr. McEachern will do well to follow up this vein of Scots folk-song. He has the dialect, of course, and can be relied on for the right touch of humour, whether grim or pawky.

Finally, here is something quite new from H.M.V.—a set of 10-in. d.s. records giving spoken instructions and band accompaniment to a series of twelve physical exercises. The directions are clear, and the band helps you along with well-played extracts from familiar sources. The results are sufficiently telling for use with a class. The exercises are of the now familiar and generally approved Swedish drill type. So now, as a change from singing in the bath-room, you may turn on these records and body-bend in time to the 'Bridal Chorus' from *Lohengrin* and other old friends. ♪

Church and Organ Music

ROYAL COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS

The distribution of diplomas by the President, Dr. Alan Gray, to the successful candidates for Fellowship and Associateship will take place on Saturday, January 19, 1924, at 11 o'clock. During the proceedings Dr. Gray will play upon the College organ the following organ pieces selected for the July examination, 1924:

| <i>Fellowship</i> | | |
|---|--------------|--|
| Prelude and Fugue in E minor ('Wedge')... | J. S. Bach | |
| (Novello, Bk. 8, p. 98.) | | |
| Canon in B minor | Schumann | |
| <i>Associateship</i> | | |
| Psalm xii. No. 1 of Three Preludes, from | | |
| the Geneva Psalter | Charles Wood | |
| Cantabile in G | Jongen | |
| Sonata No. 4 (1st movement) | Mendelssohn | |

Members and friends are cordially invited. No tickets are required.

The Regulations for the Choir-Training Examinations (Diploma and Certificate) are now ready, and can be obtained on application to the Registrar.

H. A. HARDING, *Hon. Secretary.*

LOUIS VIERNE: RECITALS IN ENGLAND

Organists will hear with pleasure that Louis Vierne is to pay this country a visit early in the New Year. No French organ composer of to-day—perhaps of yesterday as well—has more admirers here than Vierne. He owes much of his popularity to the fact that he has catered for players and organs both great and small. His Symphonies tax the powers of the finest player and exploit the resources of the biggest organ; yet his admirable set of *Twenty-four Short Pieces in Free Style* and his *Messe Basse* may be played by an average performer on a harmonium with good effect. But Vierne is not only a composer of

unusual skill and originality. During the past twenty years his playing at Notre Dame has been one of the features of musical life at Paris. Both as player—especially of Bach and Franck—and improviser he has long been prominent among the group of brilliant French organists.

He will be heard at Westminster Cathedral on January 3, at 6.30; at Trinity College, Cambridge, in the morning (11.30) of the same day. He will play also at York Minster (January 5), Leeds Parish Church (January 7), Manchester Town Hall (January 8), St. Anne's, Edge Hill, Liverpool (January 10), and at Renfield Street U.F. Church, Glasgow (January 12). We understand that Vierne will be staying in England for a short time after the last of these recitals, and so will be available for a few vacant dates. Mr. Henry Willis, jun., of Henry Willis & Sons and Lewis & Co., Ferndale Road, Brixton, is acting as his honorary agent in the matter, and inquiries should therefore be sent to him.

We make a special point of drawing attention to the matter, because, as our readers know, Vierne has since 1914 passed through experiences that without exaggeration may be called tragic. His friends and admirers in this country will welcome this opportunity of showing their sympathy, and their pleasure at his improved health.

A HYMN SIXTEEN HUNDRED YEARS OLD

A correspondent writes:—The excavations in Egypt have yielded many treasures, but few of them can be used to-day. One of these few was put to good use on Sunday, November 11, at the morning service at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Upper Norwood. Among the papyri discovered at Oxyrhynchus during the past few years, was found a fragment on which was written part of a Christian hymn, music as well as words, which was judged to date from about the year 300 A.D. Dr. Witherow, the minister of St. Andrew's, obtained a copy of this very ancient hymn, and his son, Mr. Mervyn Witherow, in collaboration with Miss E. M. Lucas, the organist of the Church, translated it into a form of words and music which could be produced by a 20th-century choir and instrument. The following is the translation:

'Of the light of the dawn let nought be silent,
Nor let the bright stars be wanting in praise.
Let all the fountains of the rivers lift up their song
To the Father and Son and to the Holy Spirit.
So let all powers on earth cry aloud, cry aloud
Amen, Amen,
Might and honour, glory and praise to God,
Only Giver of all that is good.
Amen, Amen.'

At St. Andrew's, the melody was first sung in unison unaccompanied, and then repeated with a harmonized organ part. Probably this hymn had not been sung for sixteen hundred years, and almost certainly had never before been sung in a church in this country. It provided a unique experience for those who took part and for those who heard.

ST. MICHAEL'S, CHESTER SQUARE

The organ originally built by the late Robert Hope Jones for this Church has been rebuilt, enlarged, and entirely revoiced by Messrs. Henry Willis & Sons and Lewis & Co., to the specification of Mr. Reginald Goss Custard. The Echo organ has been moved from its original position on the west wall of the North Aisle to the west gallery of the War Memorial Chapel. The acoustic properties of this chapel are so good that the Echo organ will be far more effective than hitherto. The organ now consists of four manuals, with forty-two speaking stops—eleven on the Great, eleven on the Swell, six on the Choir, five on the Echo, with a Solo organ of one stop, Tuba 8-ft. Eight stops are new, and there are twenty-eight combination pistons and pedals. The opening recital by Mr. Goss Custard was announced for December 8.

The Newcastle Bach Choir gave a recital of Bach Church Cantatas in the Cathedral on November 24, the programme consisting of No. 6 (*Bide with us*), No. 150 (*Behold, we go up to Jerusalem*), No. 87 (*As yet have ye asked nothing in My Name*), and No. 95 (*Since Christ is all my being*). The soloists were Miss J. W. Fleming, Miss Etta Scott, Mr. Frank Aikens, Mr. J. Webster, Mr. A. I. Lewis, and Mr. E. G. Robinson. There was an orchestra of strings, oboes, and bassoons, with Mr. Alfred M. Wall as leader, Mr. Edgar L. Bainton conducted, and Mr. William Ellis was at the organ. The recital, by the way, was the fifty-first of a series of Saturday afternoon music-makings at the Cathedral. They take various forms, from oratorio performances to organ recitals. Apropos of the latter, a correspondent tells us that it is heartening to see the increasing number of men who attend from the surrounding districts, some coming even twenty miles. A large proportion are young organists. We think it is worth while drawing attention to the latter point. Recitalists can hardly fail to realise their responsibilities in the choice and performance of their programmes if they remind themselves that among their hearers are invariably some who come to learn. It depends on the recitalist whether they learn something good or bad in regard to taste, style, &c.

New organs have recently been erected by Messrs. Rushworth & Dreaper, at Merton College, Oxford—a two-manual of seventeen stops; and at Sefton Park Presbyterian Church, Liverpool—a four-manual of thirty-nine stops. Perhaps the latter may claim to be described as a five-manual organ, seeing that one of the four in the specification is described as 'Choir and Solo organs,' with five stops enclosed (Giegen diapason 8-ft., Claribel Flute 8-ft., Dulciana 8-ft., Flauto Traverso 4-ft., and Piccolo 2-ft.), and three unenclosed (Harmonic Flute 8-ft., Gamba 8-ft., and Tromba 8-ft.). One of the remaining manuals is an orchestral organ of seven stops, in a separate Swell box. There is a liberal supply of accessories, including thirteen combination pistons.

Church choirmasters who have as yet taken no part in the revival of Tudor music are reminded that a convenient opening is offered in the Elizabethan Competitive Festival (Kingsway Hall, February 28, and following days). There are classes for choirs of men and boys, and for mixed-voice choirs, the test-pieces being more or less familiar works by Gibbons, Byrd, and Farnaby. The fact of a whole choir being unavailable need be no bar, for experience shows that the best results in most music of this kind can be obtained by a few capable voices to each part. The syllabus may be had from the hon. secretary, Mr. Alan May, 31, Bonham Road, S.W.2. (Stamp.)

In connection with the Norwich Bach Study Circle, Mr. Noel Ponsonby gave a Bach organ recital at St. Andrew's, Norwich, on November 28, playing the D minor Trio-Sonata, the 'Great' Prelude and Fugue in C, the Prelude and Fugue in B minor, the Fantasia in C minor, and a string of Chorale Preludes, including the complex and rarely-heard canonic treatment of *Vater unser*. Somebody in the Circle deserves praise for the programme-notes with musical examples—eight foolscap pages very clearly cyclostyled. Where there's a will there's a way out of the printing difficulty!

The restored and rebuilt organ at St John-the-Divine, Fairfield, Liverpool, was dedicated on November 30, Mr. Paul Rochard giving a recital, and playing among other works Bonnet's *Variations*, Julius Harrison's *Tonus Pergerinus*, the first movement of Widor's fifth Symphony, and Boellmann's *Gothic Suite*. The rebuilding has been carried out by Messrs. Charles Whiteley, of Chester, and the instrument is now a three-manual with thirty-four stops.

Brahms's *Requiem* had a fine performance at Ripon Cathedral on December 5, by the Cathedral and Oratorio choirs combined, augmented by a contingent of singers from Leeds. Dr. C. H. Moody conducted, and an excellent accompaniment was provided by Mr. Percy Richardson (organ), Mr. G. F. Gyll (pianoforte), and Mr. George Dearlove (timpani).

An oratorio choir has been formed in connection with St. Matthias's Church, Richmond Hill, and gave its first performance on December 16, when it sang excellently in Brahms's *Requiem*. The soloists were Miss Evelyn Kendall and Mr. Herbert Heyner, and Mr. Ambrose P. Porter was at the organ. The choir is rehearsing Dvorák's *Stabat Mater* for a performance in Lent.

A Bach concert was given at St. Paul's (Deutsche Kirche), Goulston Street, Aldgate, on December 2, when the choir, directed by Mr. Eric A. Seymour, sang the cantata, *Bleib bei uns*, and other choral works, with Miss Bertha Seymour, Mr. Norman M. Stone, and Mr. George R. Hughes as soloists. Violin and organ pieces were played by Mr. Douglas Crittenden and Mr. R. W. Edmunds.

Brahms's *Requiem* was admirably sung at Faversham Parish Church on December 10 by the choir, augmented by some members of the Philharmonic Society. Mr. W. J. Keech conducted, and the accompaniments were in the able hands of Mr. Arthur Keech (organ), Miss J. Ougham and Mr. F. A. Poulteney (pianofortes), and Mr. E. Honey (timpani).

At a meeting of the Council of the London Society of Organists, Mr. Herbert Westerby raised the question of the need for organization in the musical profession, and the Council unanimously resolved to give sympathetic consideration to any practical scheme brought forward with that end in view.

Bach's *Sleepers, wake!* was well sung at Clapham Congregational Church, on November 25, by the choir. The soloists were Master Harold Ware, Mr. Alec Leman, and Mr. Martin Attwater. Mr. Henry F. Hall was at the organ.

The ninety-third anthem and organ recital at Brighton Parish Church, on November 13, was of an *In Memoriam* character, the programme including Elgar's *To Women and For the Fallen*, sung by the choir, and organ solos (Stanford's *Verdun*, &c.), played by Dr. Chastey Hector.

Brahms's *Requiem* was sung in Exeter Cathedral on December 10 by the Augmented Choir. Dr. Ernest Bullock conducted, and obtained a fine performance. Mr. F. G. Bradford was at the organ, Mrs. Bullock at the pianoforte, and Mr. Hibbins, of Bristol, was the timpanist.

At a dinner held in celebration of the fiftieth Annual Festival of the London Church Choir Association, Dr. Charles Macpherson was presented with a gold watch and chain in appreciation of his services as honorary conductor during the past fifteen years.

A new organ has been built for the Chapel of the Harrogate College for girls, by Messrs. Abbott & Smith—a three-manual of twenty stops. Mr. C. L. Naylor gave the opening recital on November 11.

ORGAN RECITALS

Dr. H. G. Ley, Exeter Cathedral—Sonata No. 5, *Rheinberger*; Adagio in E, *Frank Bridge*; Fantasia and Fugue, *Parry*; Two Trumpet Tunes and Air, *Purcell*.
Mr. Alfred H. Allen, St. Clement's, Great Ilford—Rhapsody No. 2, *Saint-Saëns*; Sonata No. 2, *Mendelssohn*; Suite, *Purcell*; Toccata and Fugue in D minor, Choral Preludes, &c., *Bach*.
Rev. L. G. Dark, Christ Church, Penrith—Introduction and Fugue (Sonata No. 8), *Rheinberger*; Largo (Sonata No. 5), *Bach*; Christmas Rhapsody, *Gigout*.
Mr. C. J. Wood, St. Barnabas, Wellingborough—Sonata No. 6, *Mendelssohn*; Prelude on 'St. Thomas,' *Parry*.
Mr. A. E. H. Nickson, St. Paul's Cathedral, Melbourne—A *Karg-Elert* programme: Sonatina; Sequence in C minor; Canzona; Aria Serioso; Funerale, &c.
Master George Stone, All Saints', Southampton—Prelude and Fugue in D minor, *Bach*; Fantasia, *Alcock*; Fantasia on 'By Babylon's Streams,' *Harris*; Improvisation, *Saint-Saëns*.

Mr. Alban Hamer, St. Andrew's, Pretoria—*Pean, Harwood*; Cradle Song and Réverie on 'University,' *Grace*; Fugue, *Reubke*; Fantasy-Prelude, *Macpherson*.
Mr. W. Greenhouse Allt, St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh—*'St. Francis preaching to the birds,' List*; Dithyramb, *Harwood*; Noel, *Balfour Gardiner*; Fantasia on two Christmas Carols, *West*.

Mr. William Ellis, Newcastle Cathedral—Phantasia from Sonata No. 11, *Rheinberger*; Fugue in E flat, *Bach*; Concerto No. 8, *Avison*; Caprice Héroïque, *Bonnet*.

Mr. W. W. Thompson, St. Margaret Pattens—Sonata No. 4, *Rheinberger*; Triumph Song, *Rowley*; Choral Prelude on 'St. Peter,' *Darke*; Réverie on 'University,' *Grace*.

Mr. A. T. Batts, Christ Church, Isle of Dogs—Two Pedal Studies, *Karg-Elert*; March on a Theme of Handel, *Guilman*; Choral Preludes, *Bach*. (Violin solos by *Purcell* and *Loillet*, Mr. G. Austin Plank.)

Mr. Purcell J. Mansfield, Newcastle Cathedral—Fantaisie in D flat, *Saint-Saëns*; Prelude in B minor, *Bach*; Fugue, *Reubke*; Prelude on 'Abridge,' *Charlton Palmer*; Toccatina on King's Lynn, *Grace*.

Dr. Gordon Slater, St. Michael-on-the-Mount, Lincoln—Concerto in F, *Handel*; Elegy, *Bairdow*; Two Preludes, *Stanford*.

Mr. J. T. Horne, St. Fin Barre's Cathedral, Cork—Imperial March, *Elgar*; Choral No. 3, *Franck*; Idyll No. 6, *Gray*; Prelude and Fugue in E, *Saint-Saëns*; Psalm-Prelude No. 2, *Howells*; Passacaglia, *Bach*.

Dr. Harold W. Rhodes, Exeter Cathedral—Prelude and Fugue in B minor, *Bach*; Fantasia and Toccata in D minor, *Stanford*; Allegro (Sonata in G), *Elgar*; Prelude in B, *Saint-Saëns*.

Dr. M. P. Conway, St. John the Evangelist, Upper Norwood—Fugue on B A C H, No. 6, *Schumann*; Four Versets on Magnificat, *Dupré*; Symphony in E flat, *Maquaire*; Choral Preludes, *Bach*.

Mr. H. C. J. Churchill, St. Lawrence Jewry—Prelude and Fugue in D, *Bach*; Two Choral Improvisations, *Karg-Elert*; Sonata No. 12, *Rheinberger*.

Mr. H. Vincent Batts, St. Mary Magdalene, St. Leonards-on-Sea—Sonata No. 5, *Rheinberger*; Pastorale, *Franck*; Prelude and Fugue in B minor, *Bach*.

Mr. Bertram Hollins, St. Lawrence Jewry—Toccata in F, *Bach*; Fugue in G, *Bertram Hollins*; Meditation, *Grace*; Finale (Symphony No. 1), *Vierne*.

Mr. William Robson, Parish Church, Eggescliffe—Fantasia and Fugue in G minor and three Choral Preludes, *Bach*; Scherzo, *Bairdow*; Fantasia 'In Festo Omnium Sanctorum,' *Stanford*.

Mr. John Pulein, St. Mary's Cathedral, Glasgow—Canzona, *Boellmann*; Improvisation-Caprice, *Jongen*; Three Preludes from the 'Little Organ Book,' (Franck's Psalm 150, sung by the Cathedral Choir.)

Mr. Henry F. Hall, Clapham Congregational Church—Sonata No. 1, *Mendelssohn*; Three Choral Improvisations, *Karg-Elert*; Sonata No. 6, *Rheinberger*.

Mr. Stainton de B. Taylor, Temple of Humanity, Liverpool—A Bach programme.

Mr. Cyril Pearce, St. Mary's Baptist Church, Norwich—Concerto in E flat, *Felton*; Introduction and Fugue, *Reubke*; 'Evening Rest,' *Rheinberger*; Fantasia in E minor, *Silas*.

Mr. G. W. Harris Sellick, St. Mary Magdalene, Ashton-upon-Mersey—Marche Héroïque and Fantaisie in E flat, *Saint-Saëns*; Two Preludes on Welsh Hymn-Tunes, *Vaughan Williams*; March on a Ground Bass, *Dohnányi*.

Mr. S. Thorne, Mint Chapel, Exeter—Prelude and Fugue in C, *Bach*; Choral Preludes by *Bach*, *Brahms*, *Darke*, and *Vaughan Williams*.

APPOINTMENTS

Mr. Allanson G. V. Brown, organist and choirmaster, Tadcaster Parish Church.

Mr. Stephen C. Chantler, organist, St. Luke's, Bermondsey, to be choirmaster also.

Mr. Leonard Dorsett, organist and choirmaster, St. Peter's Presbyterian Church, Upper Tooting.

Mr. Alfred Mann, organist and choirmaster, Trinity Church, Cambuslang, Glasgow.

Mr. Ernest F. Mather, organist and choirmaster, Stepney Parish Church.

Mr. Henry Poole, organist and choirmaster, Littleton Parish Church, Shepperton.

The Amateurs' Exchange

Under this heading we insert, free of charge, announcements by amateur musicians who wish to co-operate with others.

'Cellist (gentleman), good amateur, required to join violinist, pianist, and singer.—Write, KAY, 105, Highbury New Park, N.5.

'Cellist (gentleman) wishes to meet pianist (lady or gentleman) for mutual practice. Kensington district.—M. R. H., c/o Musical Times.

Overseas Club Orchestra. 'Cellos, violas, and bass urgently needed.—Apply, Miss HANSLEY-SMITH, 'Vernon House,' Park Place, S.W.1.

Pianist wishes to meet violinist, 'cellist, or singer for mutual practice, or another pianist for duets.—Call or write, Miss SENNETT, 238, Richmond Road, Hackney, E. 8.

Pianist (lady) would like to meet violinist or vocalist for mutual practice of accompaniments. South Birmingham.—King's Norton, Moseley, or Selly Oak districts.—X. Y. Z., c/o Musical Times.

Chiswick and Gunnersbury Philharmonic has vacancies in Orchestra and Choir. Practices resumed at Chiswick Town Hall, January 7 and 10.—Mr. E. LESLIE SIKES, 223a, Hammersmith Road, W.6.

Young pianist would like to meet string players for study of chamber music.—Write, D. R. LANGDON, 87, Meadowpark Street, Dennistown, Glasgow.

Accompanist (gentleman) wishes to meet 'cellist or other instrumentalists for mutual practice. Good music only. Keen amateurs, also able vocalists interested, please write. Croydon district preferred.—C. P. COCKS, 'Trenance,' Morland Road, Croydon.

Tollington Orchestra resumes practices on January 7, and Tollington Choir on January 9. New members, especially contraltos, will be welcomed.—Apply, CONDUCTOR, 19, Heathville Road, Crouch Hill, N.19.

Young lady vocalist (trained) wishes to meet pianist and 'cellist for mutual practice, and with a view to forming a trio. Crouch End district.—L. G., c/o Musical Times.

Good amateur instrumentalists (all instruments) are required in the orchestra of the West Middlesex Musical Society.—Mr. J. H. CUDDINGTON, 21, Selby Road, Ealing, W.5.

'Cellist and pianist wish to meet violinist for mutual practice. Tuesday or Thursday, 7.30 to 9.30 p.m. Good library of orchestral music.—PIANIST, 66, Patshull Road, Kentish Town, N.W.5.

Gentleman (organist and pianist) wishes to meet singer for study of good class song accompaniments.—S. W. EMBREY, 112, Hunloke Avenue, Boythorpe, Chesterfield.

Madrigals.—Wanted, enthusiastic amateurs—S.A.T.B.—to join existent party of madrigal singers meeting Saturday afternoons at Victoria. Good reading and regularity essential. Morley, Byrd, Wilbye, and moderns.—R. P. TANSLEY, 10, Colville Gardens, Talbot Road, W.11.

Organist would like to meet violinist or 'cellist for mutual practice of chamber music. Bradford (Yorks) or Shipley districts.—ORGANIST, 39, Woodview, Manningham, Bradford.

Lady flautist wishes to join amateur orchestra.—B., c/o Musical Times.

Pianist desires practice with violinist or 'cellist, or both. Best music only.—D. JOHNSON, 18, Compton Road, Wimbledon, S.W.19.

Letters to the Editor

THE DOH-MINOR: A WARNING

SIR,—The Tonic Sol-fa College desires to warn school teachers and others that in a certain series of songs, duets, and trios now being published, what at first sight appears to be a Tonic Sol-fa translation is, so far as the minor mode is concerned, nothing more than a travesty of that notation.

For instance, in one of the songs of this series, the following simple phrase:



is translated into what is termed the *Doh*-minor notation, thus:

{ : d | t a : s | f : n a . r | d : t a . h | s , ||

instead of:

{ : l | s : n | r : d . t | l : s . f | n , ||

Thus out of this simple phrase of ten notes, not one of which is out of the key, no less than four are chromatically altered in the *Doh*-minor version. The effect is to make simplicity itself grotesque and difficult.

The Tonic Sol-fa College does not recognise this *Doh*-minor notation, and is glad to find that all the leading music publishing firms in this country adhere to the rational *Lah*-minor notation in translating the numerous oratorios, cantatas, Masses, anthems, part-songs, school-songs, &c., into the Tonic Sol-fa notation.

It should appear obvious that, as the minor notation is the same in principle both in Tonic Sol-fa and Staff, if any alteration is necessary in the one, it is equally necessary in the other. Hence to be consistent the Staff notation version of the above extract should have likewise appeared in the *Doh*-minor notation, thus:



But the publishers of the series of songs, &c., above referred to have taken good care not to alter the Staff, for they know that if they did so they would have the whole of the musical world against them.

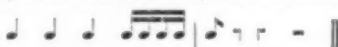
On behalf of the Tonic Sol-fa College.—Yours, &c.,
WALTER HARRISON (*Secretary*).
26, Bloomsbury Square,
London, W.C.1.

THE CONDUCTOR AND THE 'BEAT'

SIR,—In your December issue a correspondent refers to a part-song from the September number of your journal. As this was a composition of mine, I would ask your permission to answer his question regarding the final chord, which ends thus:



He asks: 'Why the half-beat extra? What is the use of the quaver?' The use of the quaver tied to the semiquaver is to show that the composer desires the sound to be continued to the length of one quaver into the final bar. If I had desired the chord to be held for one bar only, I should not have troubled to write this extra quaver. The prolongation of sound and the beating of the time will be exactly the same as if the composition had ended thus:



Regarding his further query as to the absolute position of the baton at the finish, I may say that I really do not mind where it is, provided the choir finishes at the place indicated in the score.

I agree there may be confusion among amateurs in the matter of the technique of the baton, but many composers have considerable experience of conducting and are not likely, as your correspondent suggests, to write 'useless adjuncts' as a result of any misconception on their part of the principles of time-beating.—Yours, &c.,

His Majesty's Theatre,
London, S.W. PERCY E. FLETCHER.

'THE CONDUCTOR AND HIS FORE-RUNNERS'

SIR,—In his interesting articles it is a pity that Mr. Wallace does not make it quite clear what kind of music he is speaking about. He refers to the Ecclesiastical music down to A.D. 1200. This was plainsong, *i.e.*, melodic, unharmonized music. His principal quotations, however, refer to organ playing and to harmonized music. But this was only in its infancy then, and had not deserved nor won an established position in Ecclesiastical music. There is no question of any need for a beat in the modern sense in the performance of plainsong. I do not see any justification for Mr. Wallace's statement that 'the singing during the Offices must often have been a hopeless scramble,' at least in the palmy days of plainsong, but no doubt it is true of the early efforts at harmonized singing. And Mr. Wallace's misunderstanding of this point is made still more evident by his further statement that 'the character of the singing can be gathered from the description of the organ music given above,' which is a complete *non sequitur*. Plainsong was originally sung without any accompaniment whatever, and when in later times organs began to be used for this purpose it was only for some kinds of plainsong, *e.g.*, the sequences, and with ruinous effect on the rhythm.

As to the pneumas (not neumes, or neums, which means a single note) on the A after the Alleluia, these were a later addition, and were very long, and no doubt hard to remember without words attached to them. They were different in character from the classical plainsong, and became more different still when a syllable was attached to each note, as this necessarily made the performance heavier.

The distinction which Mr. Wallace draws between the sequence and the prose is not correct: these names were applied to the same thing in different countries.—Yours, &c.,

E. G. P. WYATT.

Rustington, nr. Littlehampton.

SIR,—I welcome Mr. F. T. Arnold's criticism of my translation, but he does not make any comment on the punctuation, which is as given in my authority for the sentence. The passage evidently puzzled one commentator of the 18th century, who in paraphrasing it, still in Latin, made it more obscure by a multiplicity of genitives and commas. My version was deliberately free. How else would Mr. Arnold render without offence the sentence next but one after my quotation?—Yours, &c.,

11, Ladbroke Road, W.11.

W. WALLACE.

December 8, 1923.

BRITISH PIANISTS AND PIANOFORTE MUSIC

SIR,—Your remarks on Pachmann express publicly what a good many musical people have long been saying.

But the Pachmann craze is only one out of many crazes that flourish at the present time. During my years at Cairo, where every decent European family has a good pianoforte—it was rare to find an ancient rattle-trap such as many a well-to-do English household is content with—I was struck by the tremendous circulation of pianoforte music by Chopin and Grieg. That circulation is equally extensive on the Continent, or indeed all over the civilized world. Yet we look in vain for a British pianoforte piece in Continental homes and music-shops. Meanwhile our publishers go on pouring out claptrap of the 'Golliwog' or 'Children's Hour' type by the thousand, month after month, to the exclusion of better and finer examples. It is time that this 'youth' craze, which has proved so profitable to several inferior musicians, was put in its proper place.

The publication of a book of really first-class English pianoforte music would be an artistic event of the first magnitude; for whereas even the great choral works of Elgar, set to English words, can only naturally be circulated chiefly in English-speaking countries, pianofortes are played in most decent homes throughout the world, and pianoforte music is independent of any question of language or nationality.

It is absurd to say that we have no fine pianists, or no composers who, given encouragement, could create fine music for the instrument. The subject is treated, whenever it is mentioned at all, inartistically and unintellectually. Any long-haired, foreign madman can go through his monkey-tricks here and get the maximum of money and applause, whereas if an Englishman were to cut the same capers he would most likely be sent to an asylum.

To any budding Chopin or Schumann (if such exist) we might say: Give us fine pianoforte music, but let it be fine without being too difficult for the moderately advanced pianist to play. There's the rub! How many players could tackle the Dale Sonata, for example, fine thing that it is? But commonsense is notoriously a rare quality.—Yours, &c.,

FREDERICK KITCHENER.

Manchester.

NEGLECT OF HANDEL

SIR,—I should be glad if any of your readers could tell me the reason of the systematic neglect of Handel's Pianoforte Fugues, some of which seem to be very fine indeed. Those of Bach are constantly before the public, and quite rightly so, but surely room might also be found for some examples of his great contemporary, whose sole claim to fame, one might almost think, is that he wrote a number of noble oratorios—and of these only about a couple seem to be known to-day.—Yours, &c.,

Thame, Oxon.

W. HAROLD PEARCE.

MUSIC IN WORSHIP

SIR,—All honour to those good people who are trying to teach us how to sing hymns; but surely they would be well advised not to select their words and tunes solely from the *English Hymnal*, but to distribute their favours equally between this book and *Hymns Ancient and Modern*! As it is, their efforts seem to me to be an advertisement of the *E. H.* and the party in the Church allied with it.

And is it not time they gave up condemning poor old Barnby's tune to *For all the Saints*? The false accents are in the words, and I doubt if it is worth while varying the music to fit the words, as doing so simply puzzles both choir and congregation.—Yours, &c.,

Far Greengate,

H. A. MARRINER.

Keighley.

December 11, 1923.

'AN APPEAL AND A PROTEST'

SIR,—Mr. Benjamin Beeton's letter in your December issue came like a friendly handshake from another world. I have always respected the stand taken by Mr. Ashton, and I hope he will join with Mr. Beeton and myself in an energetic fight for recognition of the forgotten masters.

I am well over eighty years of age, and can still recollect the delightful renderings an aunt of mine used to give of the compositions of Scotson Clark (a very fine March) and Brinley Richards (*Warblings at Eve*), as well as a moving battle-piece, the name of which, unfortunately, has escaped my memory.

A musical friend tells me that Mr. Ashton alone has carried the traditions of those masters into an age which accepts the wicked cacophonies of Brahms, Wagner, and Cowen.

May I add that I have written seventeen pianoforte pieces (including three 'marches' and two 'warblings'), a trio for violin, violoncello, and pianoforte, a reapers' dance for orchestra, and a number of much admired songs. The state of the musical world to-day may be judged by the fact that these are *not yet published*, although they were composed between 1862 and 1894.

E

Two of the songs were performed at a charity concert in 1867. I am surprised that neither Mr. Ashton nor Mr. Beeton has mentioned them.—Yours, &c.,

Crimea Lodge,

Pitchcombe, Glos.

December 6, 1923.

JACOB COOK.

[We have received several letters on this subject. It seems incredible, but it is a fact, that all the writers save Mr. 'Cook' failed to perceive that Mr. 'Beeton' was gently chaffing Mr. Ashton.—EDITOR.]

Sixty Years Ago

From the *Musical Times* of January, 1864:

ST. ANDREW'S (Wells Street).—The Dedication Festival of the Church of St. Andrew's, Wells Street, was observed, as usual, on St. Andrew's Day. The most conspicuous feature in the music selected for use, was an adaptation of the Communion Service from Gounod's *Mass* in G, generally known as the *St. Cecilia Mass*. The fine unison passages in the Creed were well delivered by the highly-trained choir, and the solo singing, much abridged from the original, was all that could have been desired. So far as we have heard, this is the first occasion on which the music of Gounod has been introduced into the Service of the English Church. The *Mass* itself was performed with full orchestra, about four years ago, at St. Martin's Hall, under the direction of Mr. Hullah.

CHELTEMHAM.—Mr. Von Holst gave a grand musical soirée on Wednesday, December 9, at Hale's Music Room, Clarence Parade.

Sharps and Flats

One single egg banged in the middle of a bad picture would be heard in the heart of Los Angeles.—*Mr. James Agate.*

Among the new gramophone records there is one named 'Yes, I've got the "Yes, we have no bananas Blues to-day," to-day.' There is the sad case of a lady enthusiast who had not this gem in her collection. She tried to say to the shop assistant: 'No! I haven't got the "Yes, I've got the we have no bananas Blues to-day, to-day," record.' She failed, of course, miserably, but there is some talk of patenting the phrase as a new parlour game for Christmas.—*Daily News.*

Le riviste serie straniere non ne parlano od ebbero accenni talvolta molto duri, come quello del *Musical Times*, di alcuni mesi or sono, a firma del suo direttore Harvey Grace, organista dell' Abbazia di Westminster.—*Musica d' Oggi.*

I have never won a prize.—*John Coate.*

I think my ideals are as high as those of any man in the profession, but my business instinct has convinced me that it is fatal to give nothing else except highbrow music. What does it matter to me if I give a jazz programme and even include 'rubbish' occasionally in order to provide funds for our symphony concerts?—*Sir Dan Goffrey.*

I should like to protest against the tendency of some organists to extemporise at all possible moments of silence, as if silence was an evil which needed musical exorcism.—*Bishop of Southwell.*

I was playing Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata* last night, and had just reached that seductive slow movement in C sharp minor, which you will, of course, remember well, when in rushed my landlord, roaring like a bull and shouting, 'Look what it's done to my poor wife!'—*Woman Applicant at Police Court.*

The Amen at the end of hymns is an offensive redundancy, and should be abolished.—*Bishop of Manchester.*

Instead of abolishing the Amen at the end of hymns, it would be better if we could abolish some of the hymns themselves.—*Canon Charles.*

The programme was composed entirely of the works of Chopin. Among the several pieces was a sonata with Chopin's Funeral March, which was magnificently played.—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*.

The choir distinguished itself greatly in the rendering of the anthem.—*Parish Magazine*.

As the vicar remarked, 'That's torn it!'—*Punch*.

WELSH MUSIC

FIRST WELSH ORCHESTRAL FESTIVAL

The first festival concert of the Welsh Orchestral Music Festival took place at University Hall, Aberystwyth, on Thursday, November 15. It was decided to inaugurate this venture after the Aberystwyth Festival of last June, in which no works by native composers appeared. A guarantee fund was formed, to which Sir Walford Davies himself contributed generously, and the festival concert was the result. As it is not unlikely that it may be an important date in the development of Welsh music, it will be well, for purposes of record, to print Sir Walford Davies's Foreword to the programme; the full programme should also, for the same reason, be reproduced:

'It is not difficult to imagine that though this festival concert seems little more than one of a series of happy College concerts, it is possibly an event of even greater importance to us all than the June Festival. It is a beginning; and so far as is known it is an unique event, but it must obviously not remain so. Those specially concerned with the progress of the art of painting in Wales would probably hail a first University Exhibition of the work of Welsh artists with delight and hope. We are intimately and greatly concerned here with the progress of Music in Wales, so that an exhibition of a series of orchestral pictures by living Welsh composers should be welcomed with delight by all. The scores of the works to be performed one and all show vitality and inspiration. But there is more than these qualities in them. The suggestion may be ventured here that if any group of gifted composers consistently write that which delights them, and write with fearless directness, alertly imaginative, and without affectation, then a ringing native note must emerge. All fine music, as it seems to me, is like fine form depicted to perfection in the world of sound. Just as a self-conscious effort to be a gentleman is not favourable to gentle manners, so a self-conscious effort to be national is not favourable to national art. But the diligent and unself-conscious pursuit of beauty must bring about the desired result; and this Festival will manifest both diligence and natural beauty enough to encourage all who look for healthy advance in the music of our loved land. Whatever the result of our efforts this year may be, it is greatly hoped that this will prove to be the first of a series of annual "Autumn Exhibitions" of native orchestral works.'

The programme was as follows:

| | |
|---|-------------------|
| Brythonic Overture | T. Hopkin Evans |
| Caneuon (songs) | D. J. de Lloyd |
| Miss Dilys Jones. | |
| Welsh Fantasy | Hughes Clarke |
| 'Saith O Ganeuon' (six songs) ... | D. Vaughan Thomas |
| Mr. T. J. Pickering. | |
| Fantasy—'The Ramblers' | W. T. David |
| 'Happy Breezes' (Air from Cantata, 'A Hymn to the Sea') | J. Owen Jones |
| Symphonic Allegro in D | Hubert Davies |
| Welsh Folk-Songs | — |
| Miss Dilys Jones. | |
| Prelude | Kenneth Harding |
| Suite in D minor | D. C. Williams |
| Choral Song—'The Heavens declare the Glory of God' | Beethoven |
| (Scored for Orchestra by Haydn Jones.) | |

Welsh national orchestral music has to contend against many difficulties of an economic nature, but there are others which are not concerned with questions of pounds, shillings, and pence. We are loth to refer to the violent controversies which rage around the subject, but, as a matter of historical

accuracy they have to be mentioned. It should be emphasised also that there are in the programme the names of some composers who hitherto have been in opposition to Sir Walford Davies rather than numbered with his allies. This is a point of no little importance. We cannot help also seeing that there is a certain amount of irony in the situation—for here we have a raging, tearing campaign against Sir Walford, who is denounced as the enemy of national music, and we find him making what is perhaps the most significant gesture that has hitherto been made on its behalf. If the hatchet is buried, things will surely go on much quicker.

In another manifesto regarding this concert, Sir Walford Davies said that there must be a generous intake of music before there could be a liberal output. The chief point at issue seems to be that the Chauvinists—wrongly, to my thinking—would prefer to place the output first. Others protest that the intake at the present moment is too limited, and confined to the classics. On closer examination this will be found to be rather a question of what is financially possible. It is not at all unlikely that concerts of modern music would, as things are at present, find no audiences in Wales. Lastly, to put the question in other words, Has Wales at present absorbed enough of the classics to be able to appreciate modernity?

It is naturally too much to hope that Welsh national music can and will emerge as a distinct entity from one day to the other. At present there is no sort of unity. Without going into details as to the nine composers represented in the programme, it will be found that their musical antecedents are of a most varied kind. One at least is completely self-taught; there are others who have been trained at the Royal Academy of Music in London; one other had his education in the North of England; yet another is a product of the Leipsic Conservatoire; and there is at least one who was educated at the University of Wales. A generation at least must elapse before such different elements can be welded into one whole.

In conversation after the concert with Sir Walford, I heard that it had been a most valuable experience, because for the first time it enabled Welsh musicians to know where they are and where they stand. Taken as a whole the concert may be said to prove that Welsh musicians are themselves striking off the shackles of mid-Victorian Mendelssohnian sentimentalism. Another little fact, sufficiently surprising to close observers, is that one of the compositions shows the strongest possible traces of Debussy- and Stravinsky-ism. Still more remarkable is it, however, that this particular composer has been educated exclusively in Wales. This tends to show that the conservatism of Welsh musicians is not wholly due to innate characteristics, but clearly is partly the result of circumstances.

Such general considerations in the circumstances seem to be more instructive than detailed criticism of the individual works. Personally I was most struck by the songs of Dr. Vaughan Thomas, accompanied by strings and harp. They are truly national in character, and the texts are by Welsh poets of various epochs dating from the 14th century, two being by Dafydd ap Gwilym, who is known as the Welsh Chaucer, and was practically a contemporary of the English poet of the same name. Though the songs are national, they are not archaic. They are contemporary in spirit, and are a genuine attempt to exhaust the musical possibilities of the Welsh language in modern musical idiom. The songs of Dr. de Lloyd were also admirable in the sympathy they show for the language, but foreign influences are more noticeable. The *Brythonic Overture* of Mr. T. Hopkin Evans has a good martial swing. The *Symphonic Allegro* of Mr. Hubert Davies is very well knit and has a fine healthy feeling about it, but is not very original, and reveals Wagnerian influences. Mr. David's *Rambler* is pleasing, and has a certain psychological interest because the music seems to represent things totally different from what is suggested in the composer's programme. Mr. Kenneth Harding's *Debussyish Prelude* is an extraordinarily promising work for a youth of nineteen.

Under Sir Walford Davies and the various composers, the performances were capable, especially if we realise that the orchestra, led by Mr. Hubert Davies, included a good many amateurs.

A. K.

THE BALANCE OF EXPRESSION AND DESIGN
IN MUSIC

The second meeting of the Musical Association, on December 4, was devoted to the first of a course of three lectures by Sir Henry Hadow on 'The Balance of Expression and Design in Music,' in which he dealt with the philosophical basis and the æsthetics. Subsequently Sir Henry will discuss the relation of form and content in the past of musical history, and also present conditions and outlook, the balance between the two, what use we are making of them, and what the younger generation seems likely to make of them.

Sir Henry Hadow said it was no new subject, but even if it were threadbare it was not transparent, and it was desirable to get at its basis. In his *World as Will and Idea*, Schopenhauer, speaking of the platonic idea of art, contended that music differed from all other arts because they copied, whereas music expressed the will of which the idea was the justification. Plato was struck by the transitoriness of things; but behind them was an ideal world, a world of form and ideas. These ideas were the basis and substratum of each thing we felt, tasted, touched, in this world. If we took the ideas of wisdom, humanity, integrity, they all crossed each another. The whole of the phenomenal world was simply one continuous interplay of those principles or laws or ultimate ideas of something or another which was real and behind them. This had more to do with music than appeared at first sight. All our practical apprehension of the world, just so far as it was practical, dealt with the particular phenomenon in front of us, not so much because we wanted to apprehend it, as because we wanted to use it, to bring it under the control of our will and make it serve our will.

So far as the ordinary sensuous appreciation of the everyday man was concerned, ideas did not come into consideration. In natural science, the whole business was to discover the laws latent in the manifestations of nature. This was done by a process of building up stage by stage, by observing instance after instance, then forming deductions and generalising until at length we got the law, whatever it might be. But the pictorial artist, said Schopenhauer, went straight to the idea; he saw something behind the phenomena which made those phenomena real, but which the ordinary man did not see at all. If three men painted the same landscape, we should have three different pictures, each truer than the landscape appeared to the sight of the ordinary man, because the artists had penetrated the phenomenon and saw the reality behind.

Had we any of us in the course of our life come across a Falstaff, a Cleopatra, or an Iago? Not one. Shakespeare did not take his characters from human beings. They were real because he got behind individual phenomena to the idea of which those phenomena were only the transitory embodiment. The realistic method was bound to be a failure, bound to be out of scale. It was the negation of art, not because art ought to be more beautiful than life, but it ought to be more real than life. In every pictorial art there must be a certain fidelity to the idea of which the art was the embodiment, which implied a model outside which the artist saw; but in music this fidelity was not required. There was only emotion, and there was the pattern, the design through which that emotion was expressed. The object of the great Spanish painters was to get at the ultimate reality in a painting. The object of the Venetian painters was to make a beautiful design or a beautiful combination of line and colour. That was found also in music. Some musicians were more intent on presenting the immediate emotion they felt. Others were more intent on expressing that emotion in the most beautiful possible curves and combinations of sound. One could not be had without the other, but they could be had in varying perspective and in varying degree. Of all the arts music was unquestionably that which made the keenest emotional and sensuous appeal. We could not imagine anybody being affected by the sight of a picture in any way comparable to the effect produced by hearing for the first time Beethoven's Violin Concerto or any other great masterpiece. It gripped our emotions in a way which even the greatest literature does not wholly do.

It was sometimes said that the technical study of a piece of music, a knowledge of what it was all about, impaired the enjoyment of it, and detracted attention from what it meant, and that it was better to listen with unsophisticated ears. Such a statement was very foolish. The entirely amateur critic was all very well when dealing with the emotional side of music, but was in great difficulties when he came to technicalities. All the representative arts—painting, sculpture, even literature, so far as it was representative—had got to see in front of them the phenomenal world, but they did not copy it; they copied the idea behind it. If there was not this phenomenal world to give them a transitory perception of the ideal behind, they would not have faculties to see the idea at all. But in music there was no representation. We did not see the ideas as God made them through the manifestation of phenomena, but went behind the idea to the central mind itself. That was what Schopenhauer meant when he said that the representative arts copied the ideas and that music went straight back to the will of which these ideas were the representation.

When we really gave ourselves up to the appreciation of a great work of art, and especially of a great work of music, we were, in a way, identified for a moment with the composer. When we loved Beethoven we were for a moment Beethoven himself. Our souls came into communion with his, and we got a divine moment of experience, something of the same nature that must have inspired him when he conceived the idea. The artist let us see nature through his eyes. The composer let us hear, not nature, but something behind nature, through his ears. And he had two vehicles by which to do it. He could raise us up through the emotional nature of which love, beauty, goodness, were the highest point; or he could lead us along the path which led through truth up to beauty, because the basis of all art was truth.

It had been said that music was mathematics become self-conscious, but it might be said rather that music was the body of which mathematics was the skeleton. Music was very different from mathematics; it added to it the emotions of beauty and of wonder. It was because of its completeness, because of the exact balance which in ultimate perfection it held between emotion and design, between content and form, between line and colour, with which that emotion was expressed, that it seemed to be the most divine of all the arts. The pure music in a Beethoven Quartet was Beethoven's vision of divine reality, the aspect of that reality he wished to put forward, and was the medium of appealing to us, of making us Beethoven for the moment. Intertwined with this was the wonder and delight which he gave in watching the unfolding of his scheme of musical design. Where we get the highest and most perfect form of music we get that at the apex.

PRESENTATION TO
MR. ARTHUR COLLINGWOOD

The Aberdeen Male-Voice Choir has just completed twenty-one years of successful work. The conductor during this period has been Mr. Arthur Collingwood, who since his arrival at Aberdeen twenty-five years ago has played a prominent part in the musical life of the city. The Male-Voice Choir marked its coming of age by presenting Mr. Collingwood with a revolving book-case, and his Choir at West U.F. Church and friends in the congregation gave him a solid silver salver and a gold pencil-case. Among Mr. Collingwood's recent achievements was an orchestral concert for children, which was so successful that it ought to prove merely the first of a series. The hall was packed, six thousand applications having been received for the two thousand five hundred seats. Children of the Secondary School paid 1s., those of the Primary Schools, 6d. All the youngsters had been primed for the occasion by 'talks,' with pianoforte and gramophone illustrations. At the beginning of the concert each instrument was put through its paces, members of the orchestra and children alike entering into the spirit of the show. The programme included *Finlandia*, Handel's *Largo*, the *Pizzicato* from Delibes's *Sylvia* Ballet, the Overture to *William Tell*, the *Peer Gynt* Suite, and *Pomp and Circumstance* in D.

Mr. Collingwood conducted, and also contributed some excellent notes to the programme. It should be added that the orchestra was the Scottish, who on the evening of the same day (November 21) gave a concert conducted by M. Kussewitzky. The arrangements of these orchestral concerts are also in Mr. Collingwood's hands, with the support of a number of guarantors—who, however, during the five years in which the concerts have been run have not been called on. Aberdeen is to be congratulated, first, on the presence of so live and all-round a musician as Mr. Collingwood, and, secondly, on making such good use of him.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC

The second half of the Michaelmas term has been a busy one in connection with public performances. The chamber concert on November 21 was specially interesting on account of the modern English chamber music included in the programme. This comprised Dale's Sextet for violas and the first movement of his Violin and Piano Sonata in E, the first movement of Frank Bridge's String Sextet, and a set of Three Dances, founded on French, Japanese, and Scottish melodies, for string quartet, by J. B. McEwen.

On December 7 and 8, two performances of Shakespeare's *Much Ado about Nothing* were given by the members of the Dramatic Class, under the direction of Mr. Acton Bond.

The terminal orchestral concert took place at Queen's Hall on Tuesday afternoon, December 11, Sir Henry Wood being the conductor. The concert opened with a good performance of Brahms's *Tragic Overture*, but the outstanding item of the programme was the very fine performance of three movements of Beethoven's *Eroica* Symphony—the first movement under the direction of a student (Mr. W. Ifor Jones) and the last two under Sir Henry Wood. The playing of the *Scherzo* was evidence of the fine training which the orchestra had received during the past term under Sir Henry Wood. In César Franck's *Variations Symphoniques*, for pianoforte and orchestra, the solo part was played with intelligence and refinement by Miss Madeleine Windsor; while later in the programme Mr. Harry Isaacs gave a brilliant interpretation of the first movement of Rachmaninov's Pianoforte Concerto in C minor. In Weber's exacting *Scena*, Miss Doris Hemingway showed the possession of a voice of pleasing quality and considerable power, and Mr. Eric Greene sang a Handel air with much refinement.

Boellmann's *Fantaisie-Dialogue*, for organ and orchestra (organ, Mr. Bertram Orsman), brought an excellent and interesting concert to a close.

An extra chamber concert took place on December 12, when a selection of pianoforte and string quartets was played by the pianoforte ensemble class (under the direction of Mr. Charles Woodhouse). These included Quartets by Schumann, Friskin, César Franck, Brahms, and Schubert. Palestrina's *Stabat Mater*, a Motet by Bach, and madrigals by Byrd, Weelkes, and Holst were sung by the *a cappella* choir, conducted by Mr. Ernest Read.

The Fred. Walker Prize (sopranos) has been awarded to Evelyn M. Hedgecock (a native of Faversham), Jennie West being highly commended, and M. Cicely Chapman commended. The adjudicator was Miss Margaret Hoare.

The Westmorland Scholarship (female voices) has been awarded to Anita Edwards (a native of Llanelli), Margaret Hale and Stella Browne being very highly commended, and Vera Kneebone, Lilian Otman, and Doris Sheppard highly commended. The adjudicators were Miss Nina Rose, Miss Adelaide Rind, and Dr. Mary Davies (in the chair).

The Potter Exhibition (male pianists) has been awarded to Clifford M. Curzon (a native of London). The adjudicators were Messrs. Egerton Tidmarsh and W. J. Kipps.

The Hubert Kiver Prize (organists) has been awarded to Owen Le P. Franklin (a native of London), Bertram J. Orsman being highly commended. The adjudicator was Mr. Fred. Gostelow.

The R.A.M. Club Prize (vocal quartets) has been awarded to Doris Sheppard, Laura Turner, Denys Erlam, and Roy G. Henderson. The adjudicator was Mr. William Wallace.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC

If one may judge from the programmes of the concerts, composers and conductors would seem to have enjoyed an unusually good time this term. Works by more than a dozen students have been performed, and not only have students appeared as conductors of opera on four occasions, but at one orchestral concert no less than five students took charge of various works.

At one of the three Patron's Fund Rehearsals opportunity was taken to make use of the Parry Opera Theatre, and scenes from *Walküre* and *Aida* were given, with full orchestra. This enabled young conductors and artists to do scenes with a short preliminary band and stage rehearsal, that is, about as much rehearsal as they could reasonably hope for in professional life. Mr. Leonard Willmore and Miss Odette de Foras showed conspicuous merit and stage aptitude in the closing scene of *Walküre*, and students from the London School of Opera made an excellent impression in the third Act of *Aida*. Mr. A. Davies-Adams and Mr. Guy Warrack proved themselves to be possessed of many of the qualities that go to make a first-rate conductor.

The Cobbett prizes for a short chamber work are now announced; the first prize goes to Mr. A. Davies-Adams, for a *Keltic Fantasy* for string quartet, and the second prize to Mr. H. Strickland-Constable for a *Fantaisie* for the same combination of instruments. The competition for performances of these works will take place in February next.

The term's awards are as follow:

Grove Exhibitions.—Alice M. Nixon (singing), Dorothy M. Ansell (pianoforte), Gwynedd M. Corry-Smith (pianoforte). *Council Exhibitions*.—W. Carlowitz Ames (harp), Marjorie T. Renton (organ), D. Keith Falkner (singing), Simone Cohen (pianoforte), Flora K. Young (singing), Leonard Rooker (pianoforte), Philip B. Warde (singing), Eleanor Gregorson ('cello), Andrew Fenner (organ), Gwendoline Higham (violin), Ethel M. Pearce (pianoforte). Special grants were made to Winifred Burton and Richard B. Kyle.

TRINITY COLLEGE OF MUSIC

Following the usual culmination of the special work of the term, the students of the College gave, in addition to a 'house' concert, an orchestral and a chamber music concert at Queen's Hall and Steinway Hall respectively. At Queen's Hall the solo playing of Miss Macpherson, in the first movement of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, aroused particular enthusiasm. The Steinway Hall concert was made notable by the first performance of a Quintet by William Lovelock, and a String Quartet by Eric Cundell, both of which composers were until recently scholarship holders at the College.

At a recent meeting of the Senate of Durham University, Dr. E. F. Horner, Director of Examinations of the College, was appointed an examiner for degrees in music at that University.

At the Grand Welsh Eistedfodd held at Central Hall, Westminster, Elga Collins, a College scholar, won the three-guinea prize offered for the best performance of Brahms's *Capriccio*. This competition, it will be remembered, is open to all comers, amateur and professional.

MUSIC IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

The usual end-of-the-term activity has to be recorded. Unfortunately the early press-day brought about by Christmas makes us close up the column while programmes are still arriving.

OUNDE surpassed even its own past achievements in its second performance of the B minor Mass, on December 16, with a choir of two hundred and forty, a 'non-choir' of two hundred and eighty-eight boys (whose alertness made them worthy of a less negative label), and an orchestra mainly drawn from the boys and staff (twenty-five boys played strings, and boys were also in charge of four flutes, two oboes, one bassoon, one Bach trumpet, and the drums), stiffened by fourteen members of the London

Symphony Orchestra. The soloists were Mesdames Carrie Tubb and Margaret Balfour, Messrs. John Adams and Topliss Green. The *Morning Post* of December 18 well describes the performance as 'an example of corporate effort without a parallel in the history of English education.'

At BEDFORD the chief work was Holst's *King Estmere*, which had a capital performance. (This early work of Holst's, by the bye, has been performed at other public schools during the past few years. It is well suited to this purpose, not only on account of its character, but also because the accompaniment is to be had for small as well as large orchestra.) The Bedford programme included also the first movement of the *Unfinished Symphony* and the *Minuet and Trio* from Mozart's Symphony in B flat, and a well-chosen list of miscellaneous items, vocal and instrumental.

The ALDENHAM concert led off breezily with a couple of Stanford's *Songs of the Fleet*, with Glee Society and orchestra taking part. The orchestra played also Schubert's *Marche Militaire* and two movements from Eric Coates's *Miniature Suite*. Among the remaining items in a capital programme stood out the first movement of Schumann's *Pianoforte Quintet* in E flat.

At CHIGWELL the choral side was strong, with a choir of about seventy singing Holst's *Autumn Song*, Balfour Gardiner's *Sir Eglamore*, Vaughan Williams's *Wassail Song*, Elgar's *The Snow*, and 'A Regular Royal Queen' from *The Gondoliers*. The orchestra played some Schubert.

The musical society at CANFORD gave a very diverse scheme that embraced a couple of Handel movements by the orchestra, sea shanties and folk-songs by the 'folk-song branch,' carols and part-songs by the choir (Pearsall, Shaw, Parry, and Wood), and some capital solos of various kinds.

MILL HILL boldly attacked Bach, giving an excellent performance of Parts 1 and 2 of the *Christmas Oratorio*.

At HAILEYBURY the term wound up with a Carol service, the House Competitions (solo and choral), and spirited performances of *Box and Cox* and *Trial by Jury*.

The Madrigal Society of LANCING COLLEGE gave a programme of carol music by Holst, Praetorius, and Byrd, in addition to Brahms's six-part song *Vineta*, Holst's *Festive Chime*, and Berlioz's 'Shepherds' Farewell,' from *The Childhood of Christ*. There were also miscellaneous vocal and instrumental works by Bach, Campion, Stanford, Schumann, and Ley.

Two concerts were given at WINCHESTER. The Night-jars Madrigal Society sang, in Chapel, Mendelssohn's *Judge me, O God*, anthems by Byrd and Weekes, No. 2 of Holst's *Two Psalms*, and carols. The Glee Club, over seventy strong, gave at the School concert an attractive programme of small choral works, old and new, relieved by pianoforte solos.

At ST. PAUL'S GIRLS' SCHOOL Bach's *Sleepers, wake*, was sung, the tenor and bass parts being supplied by fathers, uncles, and friends of the girls.

PURCELL'S 'DIOCLESIAN'

PERFORMANCE AT THE ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE

On Saturday, December 1, a performance of the Masque from Purcell's *Dioclesian* was given by forty-five students of the Royal Holloway College, University of London, assisted by an orchestra of about twelve students, and members of the staff (pianoforte and strings only). Some of the more beautiful numbers from the opera had been introduced, and, thanks to skilful stage-management, the whole performance approximated rather to a pastoral than to the somewhat mechanical Masque of the late 17th century. Unlike *Dido and Aeneas*, which was produced at this College in 1919, the Masque in *Dioclesian* has no big solo parts: the all-round excellence shown by these amateur soloists and choralists was the more remarkable. Their singing of Purcell's music, often pitched very high, had all the freshness and simplicity which it demands. Miss Nicol's Faun was especially charming. The dances, arranged by three of the performers, included country dances, fitted to Purcell's own music, as well as the less familiar 'Canaries,' 'Paspé,'

and 'Ritornellos' of the 17th century, and an early Gavotte and Minuet. Here again it is scarcely fair to select one performer for mention, but Amor (Miss Willis), in her grace and spontaneity, was the very genius of the music no less than of the scene. The conductor and stage-manager, Miss Sybil Barker, Director of Music at the Royal Holloway College, is to be congratulated on a finished performance of a delightful work.

London Concerts

QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS

Ernest Ansermet conducted the Royal Philharmonic Society's concert on November 22. The demeanour of the audience showed how many still are the friends he made in the heyday of the Russian Ballet. For some reason the Symphony, Mozart's in G minor, which was played by a reduced orchestra, was a disappointment. The strings were scratchy. But, worse than that, the spontaneous grace of the music was not allowed free play, and we became restive. M. Ansermet is either no Mozartian or else has not mastered the peculiar art of making the most of the scantiness of rehearsals which is nowadays such a drag on London musical doings.

The work on which he had evidently concentrated was the second Suite from Ravel's Ballet of *Daphnis and Chloé*. This music clearly is Ravel's high-water mark. It is a fairland of orchestral colouring, and the concluding dance is irresistible. The performance went capitally, and sustained the conductor's fame. The novelty was a short but uncommonly strident *Song of Joy*, by Arthur Honegger. The form and matter were obvious to the last degree, but were given a strong flavour by brazen scoring and the fierceness of the discords. The impression remained that Honegger had not adequately explained his grounds for such uncouthness. There is the uncouthness of a giant—and also that of a cheeky boy.

Miss Dorothy Silk was the soloist. She contributed Bach's aria, *Comfort sweet, my Jesus comes*, and floated us into a region beyond cavilling or any disquietude. Liszt's *Battle of the Huns*, with which the concert ended, had never before figured on the Society's programmes—and no wonder! It will, we imagine, almost certainly never figure there again.

The next Philharmonic concert was on the day of the General Election, and of a fog. Nevertheless, the hall was full. A great favourite of Londoners, Alfred Cortôt, the pianist, was to receive the Society's gold medal. Before this interesting act of homage, M. Cortôt played in the E flat Concerto of Beethoven—not the best choice in the circumstances. M. Cortôt is a moody and variable player, who on his best days can enchant us with the music of the romantic period. We prefer in Beethoven an austerer mind and, particularly, a more solid technical assurance. This performance, had it been given by a new-comer, could hardly have won a compliment. Sir Landon Ronald conducted. The Symphony was Elgar's in E flat, a work which is a virtual novelty to the quite young people, but to some of us brings back the essence of our 'pre-war' life, and the days of some twelve years ago. The performance was tremendously competent, but we felt it to be coarse. An opinion which on this head is most assuredly not negligible paid it the highest possible homage. It was declared to be superior to the composer's own reading. For our part, we were offended in each of the first three movements by too broad an emphasis. It was a reading *à la* Tchaikovsky. But in Elgar the big, devastating gestures are not the all-in-all, and it is not quite the thing to approach them impatiently to the disadvantage of the beautiful, general interest. We should have said, if it had not been for the above-mentioned considerable opinion, that it was a performance calculated principally to strike the non-Elgarians. The last movement, possibly because it is inherently somewhat less than a match to the rest, seemed to answer better to this treatment, which certainly gave to it a new importance in the scheme.

The second of Sir Thomas Beecham's concerts, given immediately after his recovery from indisposition, touched at hardly any point the perfection of the first. The first had seemed to promise for the series a singular degree of finish. The second was inclined to be sketchy, except at moments in a Mozart Symphony (C major, K. 425), wherein the *Trio* of the Minuet and the *Finale* disclosed again a matchless Mozartian interpreter, a master of fineness and grace who could teach, as they say, 'a thing or two' to both the eminent visiting conductors who had just been playing Mozart to us. It was a night of unpleasant weather, and Sir Thomas may have felt offended at the sight of many empty seats. There was a complete break-down in Madame Selma Kurz's Handelian aria (the 'Nightingale Song' from *Il Penseroso*—Milton sung in German!), and in Beethoven's third Pianoforte Concerto conductor and soloist (W. Backhaus) were not at one.

There was likewise a Beethoven Concerto (No. 4, soloist, Eugène d'Albert) at the Beecham concert of December 13, when the *Alpine* Symphony of Richard Strauss was played here for the second time this autumn. The work—or possibly the performance, over which great pains were spent—was applauded. Yet it seems inevitable that this inflated music must lapse. The processes of its rhetoric are all to be known in other works of Strauss which have the advantage of more substance and sense.

Felix Weingartner is very welcome—except when he smuggles one of his tiresome compositions into the programme. On November 26 he conducted the London Symphony Orchestra. The C minor Symphony of Brahms had not sounded so well for long, and the performance spoke for Weingartner's cool judgment and finely cultivated feeling. Mozart's E flat Symphony was well played, but a thought on the over-serious side. At this concert, Pablo Casals was the soloist, and created a diversion by breaking off early in Dvorák's 'Cello Concerto with a complaint of cramp. It was, however, so slight a visitation, that he was able to return later on and play the Concerto unsurpassably. Such an incident, and also that of the Beecham-Kurz mishap, was naturally grasped at by newspapers which begrudge the scantiest space for merely musical intelligence.

Serge Koussevitzky conducted the next concert of the L.S.O. It began with a Suite of *Ancient Airs and Dances*, modernised by Respighi. Perhaps it was because of Koussevitzky's extremely forcible manner of conducting that these 16th- and 17th-century measures appeared ill at ease. The Suite certainly seemed to fall between stools—neither really old nor really new. Berlioz's *Roman Carnival Overture* was excitingly played, and Debussy's *Faun*, taken extra-slowly and very carefully, sounded beautiful. There followed Elgar's *Introduction and Allegro* for strings. Koussevitzky's extraordinary vitality and prestige worked on the players to produce a strength and solidity of tone we do not always get. He seemed at the same time to be a stranger to Elgar, seeking in the work some critical decision which is absent from this passionate meditation. The Symphony was the *Eroica*. The public was at Koussevitzky's feet.

The programme of Sir Henry Wood's fourth Saturday afternoon symphony concert was Humperdinck's *Hänsel and Gretel* Overture, Elgar's second Symphony, Prokofiev's third Pianoforte Concerto (C), and three Dances from M. de Falla's *Three-Cornered Hat*. Was the hall over-heated on that grey winter afternoon, or was one's particular stall ill-placed, that the Symphony's great and familiar beauty seemed somewhat dim and overcast? If the Concerto were new, we certainly had heard M. Prokofiev do something uncommonly like it before. It is a queer thing to see and hear a Prokofiev Concerto. None but the composer has yet been known to play one. In a way it is infantile. You think of a singularly ugly baby solemnly shaking a rattle. But, no; it is not so human as that. It is curiously inhuman, and, at the same time, clever. You have it—it is marionette music. Prokofiev's art takes all the natural warmth out of the pianoforte and the orchestra, but inspires them with a sort of jerky, elfin nimbleness. You are as amusingly surprised at these five-finger exercises and the like, as at the unexpected feats of the rather dreadful little creatures of the Roman Teatro dei Piccoli. M. Prokofiev

is a *pince-sans-rire*. We quite like him at a symphony concert once in a way. As for the de Falla Dances, how we all delight in them! Here is an exception among our great contemporaries—and reckoned great even by the *Revue Musicale*. He writes what quite a simple sense of hearing recognises as unmistakable music. He is like Holst in this—that he does not compose only for those initiates who have been passed through all the possible ordeals of a musical life.

Mr. Robert Newman's concert a fortnight later began in stately fashion with that Handel Overture (from one of the *Chandos* Anthems), as scored by Elgar, which brightened up a dull Sunday afternoon at the last Worcester Festival. The scoring is handsome without being so audaciously gay as that of Bach's C minor Fugue. Pablo Casals played Haydn and Bach at this concert. Casals's playing of the unaccompanied 'Cello Suites of Bach is a considerable compensation to us for living in this rather uncomfortable age. Let grumblers think of this when they wish they had lived under Nero, Julius II., or Queen Anne. C.

ILDEBRANDO PIZZETTI

Among the events of major interest this season must be reckoned the first visit to this country of Ildebrando Pizzetti (da Parma), who has taken part in several performances of his own works, besides devoting to them a special concert, at Wigmore Hall, on December 10. This provided the opportunity for the first hearing of his Sonata for 'cello and pianoforte, dated 1921, a worthy pendant to the Violin Sonata of two years earlier. Both works were included in the programme, the composer having for partner Mr. Arnold Trowell in the new work and M. Arrigo Serato in the Violin Sonata. The performances were, in the circumstances, authoritative. At this stage of his career, interest in Pizzetti's music centres upon the solution he will provide for the equation in which one factor is his own personality and the other the linear beauty of the old-new cantilena which has such attraction for him. He is not alone in presenting problems of this kind. They confront every composer who is at the same time a romantic in thought and modern in manner. Such men retain a sense of beauty that seeks a vehicle of expression reconcilable with the current vernacular. Pizzetti has found such a vehicle in a melodic line of plainsong-like character, whose new connotations give it an appearance of novelty—or, rather, rejuvenation. It is a fascinating medium, for to its charm it adds the precious quality of plasticity. It can be moulded to good purpose by a composer of Pizzetti's idiosyncrasies. But such modes of expression, like certain modes of verbal eloquence, carry their own danger. In the Violin Sonata this form of cantilena was used sparingly with considerable effect. In the Violoncello Sonata, Pizzetti uses it more freely, and the effect is sensibly lessened. Not that the work stands much below its predecessor—it runs it very close—but the mere fact that it is not its equal awakens doubts as to the durability of a beauty thus expressed. The *Finale* of the new work, in the form of a dialogue, is the best of its three movements, in the sense that it conveys the most vivid feeling of personality; but the second, *molto concitato e angoscioso*, is, perhaps, more satisfactory in the formal and technical sense.

The programme also included two groups of Pizzetti's songs, admirably sung by Mrs. Anne Thursfield, save that one could easily tell which were old friends and which new acquaintances. The composer is one of the best song-writers of the day. That much has long been established by such examples as *San Basilio* and the well-known *I Pastori*. The latter, in particular, emphasises the romantic beauty of his style. In the Petrarchian sonnets this quality is less pronounced. It is present, but not paraded. This may make them less acceptable to some, but there is compensation in the texture. The aria from *La Pisanello* obviously belongs to a different order of ideas. The impression left by the programme as a whole is that Pizzetti is a somewhat isolated figure in modern music, a musician who is haunted by dreams, not all of which are completely realisable in the nervous atmosphere of to-day, but for that reason he contributes an element without which modern music would be appreciably the poorer.

JELLY D'ARANYI AND BAKTÓK

Of the sharp contrasts presented by the plan of Gerald Cooper's chamber concerts at Æolian Hall, none was more pronounced than that on November 30, which brought Béla Bartók into the centre of a scheme much occupied with gentle retrospection. Bartók stands for a mode of speech much less reticent. One of the greatest of his qualities is the absence of evasion. Musically, he calls a spade a spade without preparing his hearers for the truth or apologising for it afterwards. In his pianoforte writing and playing, he does not shirk the obvious truth that the pianoforte is an instrument of percussion. He accepts it, and plays and writes accordingly. Many of his most striking passages suggest a xylophone, except that in some curious, inexplicable, personal way he contrives to make percussive effects, sound lyrical in significance. In the *Bagatelles*, of which he played five, there are many such passages, and still more in his numerous arrangements of folk-songs. I confess that I prefer the pieces written in this manner to those in which he is lyrical by the use of lyrical means, as in the *Dirges*.

Miss Jelly d'Aranyi was his associate in his own second Sonata, and in Beethoven's G major. The second of Bartók's two Sonatas is more concise than the first, but for that reason, also less self-explanatory and perhaps less accessible—unless we are prepared to meet the composer more than half way. In this the playing of Miss d'Aranyi is invaluable. In the last year or two she has developed not only a breadth of expression, but a depth of insight that rank her among the elect of interpretative artists. I have heard other readings of this Sonata which provided an excuse for those who are not receptive to it, but as played by her with the composer it triumphs over its own sparseness of conciliatory blandishments. But when it comes to Beethoven, give me some other pianist than Bartók! The programme concluded with Szymanowski's *Notturmo* and *Tarantella*—effective show-pieces, though rather tawdry in some respects.

E. E.

SOME SINGERS OF THE MONTH

Madame Selma Kurz sang twice, the first time at Sir Thomas Beecham's concert, the second time at the Albert Hall, where her 'Mad Scene' from *Lucia* was applauded. Apparently there is a chance of a new vogue for music of this old, formal, artificial style. After all, it is a fair equivalent of the concertos of the instrumentalists. It is a sort of snobbishness that rules out feats of vocal gymnastics, while there is never any discouragement for the concerto-mongers. Of course, a piece like the 'Mad Scene' is in point of emotion entirely null, but I for one feel inclined to claim some merit for its decorative effect. Our heart-strings are not plucked—Donizetti certainly is not the composer for those who, as the saying goes, have hearts bigger than their bodies. But there are music-lovers not averse to giving their heart-strings a rest; and there must be some æsthetic grounds for the pleasure we feel in the faultless execution by such a singer. Madame Selma Kurz was not at her best at the Beecham concert—a concert which had far too many signs of hastiness in preparation. You may give an improvised performance of the music of the tumultuously emotional fellows like Wagner, Strauss, or Scriabin, and no one may notice the difference. But the older music which Madame Kurz sang (Handel and Mozart), makes quite precise demands, and there is no way of evading them by eleven-hour raids of brilliance. At her Albert Hall concert, where the lady was monarch of all she surveyed, she proved herself to be, so far as we know, the best living exponent of the arts and graces of the high soprano.

Mr. Robert Maitland, whom we had not heard for years, gave a recital entirely of Schubert at Wigmore Hall. He possesses an altogether uncommon baritone voice, which at once strikes invigoratingly on the ear. It is a manly voice, and although very considerable in volume, it avoids being ponderous. Throughout a wide range, its quality gave us unharassed pleasure, and, more than that, Mr. Maitland was heart and soul in the music. The pity was that he did not believe that the rest of us felt Schubert's natural spell. From first to last on this evening, which might

have been such a distinguished pleasure, Mr. Maitland insisted on furiously battering at the gates of our attention. It was quite unnecessary. We would have let him in with a single knock. Music of this order does not, after all, require so much conscious interpretation and dramatisation. Frankly, Mr. Maitland spoilt nearly every song by excess of stresses, of word-painting, of contrasts and explosions.

The excellence of Mr. Brabazon Lowther's diction in itself makes his singing worth hearing. At his recital at Wigmore Hall, this cultivated singer again showed us that proper speech is the beginning and pretty well the end, too, of the singer's art. We noted that here and there, where Mr. Lowther was inclined to sacrifice diction for the sake of dramatic effects, tone too departed and the sense of the song was largely lost. To correct the natural heaviness of his voice he has a telling way of floating his soft tones. Always when he did not strain for effects his quality was consistent and agreeable. The *Wie bist du, meine Königin* of Brahms was wholly beautiful. He did not sing the *Am Meer* of Schubert with all the fineness of *legato* style that was wanted, and there was not enough contrast of colour in the *Erl King*.

Madame Marya Freund, who came to London to offer us the peculiar treat of Schönberg's *Pierrot Lunaire*, also sang some Schumann songs at her concerts, and on the strength of this we wished she would stay here longer and sing more. We heartily admired both the beauty of her voice and the elegance of her technique. The *Frühlingsnacht* and the *Du bist wie eine Blume* were model singing. They were calculated to the last fineness of shade. Based on this solid vocal accomplishment, Madame Freund attacked the quasi-impossible *Pierrot*, and made of its exorbitant melody a musical thing, whereas any singer less securely grounded could have been only intolerable.

Mr. Cecil Sherwood, a tenor, sang at the Albert Hall one Sunday afternoon in precisely the music and the manner which we expect from tenors at the Albert Hall on Sundays. He has thoroughly acquired an Italian manner. It is not a great voice. It was sweetly lyric, and in some ways well managed. He preserved a good cantilena, and could 'spread' his tones without losing his breath control. But he has not yet got the knack of 'spinning' his voice, and his singing in English was not distinguished.

Miss Stella Murray, contralto, sang at Æolian Hall. She inspired her listeners with a sense of security. We felt assured after a couple of songs that she would not make a mistake either of technique or taste. There was an uncommon dignity in Miss Murray's singing, a natural dignity, not rigid or affected. Hugo Wolf's *Come, Mary, take comfort*, from the Spanish book, could hardly have been better sung, and generally in songs of a contemplative type she showed a delicate earnestness, and sang with a sympathetic vision quite different from the average contralto. Miss Murray did not exactly stir the pulses of her audience. Her art was rather honorably careful than vivid, but this sculptural style had its own beauty. She sang in English throughout—real English, a language we very much like to hear, though it is one of the most uncommon in our concert-rooms.

Mrs. Anne Thursfield gave a recital at Wigmore Hall of songs having reference to 'birds, beasts, and fishes.' She is a singer with technical merits to which we have often gladly paid homage. Yet in recent months her voice has not in all ways been giving us so much pleasure. We detect a new inclination—when the text calls for anything like intensity—for her tones to become harsh. At her best, Mrs. Thursfield commands a very beautiful fineness. It is a great mistake to condemn such singing as 'small.' It is easily ruined, without anything much taking its place, by a mistaken attempt to increase mere volume. We have heard too little lately of those exquisite soft tones, with which she can rival anyone. Singing some Pizzetti the other day, she was at times positively hard. Four pleasant songs by Gordon Bryan were on her programme, and the other English composers were Arthur Bliss, Herbert Howells, Graham Peel, and Armstrong Gibbs.

Miss Dorothy Moulton gave a concert at Wigmore Hall—with Mr. Anthony Bernard and the strings of the London Chamber Orchestra—which showed artistic intelligence in its making. Miss Moulton sang, among

other sings, some arias of Rameau and a series of *Lark Songs* from the 17th to the 20th century. Miss Moulton's ambition has for the moment out-run her power. Her voice gave indications of some brightness and charm, but she has not yet learned to use it with freedom or spontaneity. We felt too much the impression of a timid and ill-prepared candidate undergoing a severe examination. It was not that Miss Moulton was particularly nervous, but her lack of a flowing tone naturally made her ill at ease. It was difficult to catch a single word, no matter in what language she sang, and Mr. Bernard had to perform lightning tricks to fit in the accompaniment. Certain faults in the singer's intonation were like the rest of her execution, assuredly not to be attributed to any lack of musical feeling—for we, indeed, had the impression that Miss Moulton possessed uncommon keenness of intelligence which at some later date may render her a considerable acquisition to our concert life. But she simply has as yet not conquered the means of its expression.

M. Ulysses Lappas, a tenor from Greece—of all places—sang at the Albert Hall in what we had always imagined to be a typically Italian manner. Perhaps it ought now to be called Mediterranean. This visitor from the Near East proved himself to have gifts which must seriously rival those of the Martinellis, the Giglis, and the like. He indicated, too, that he was profoundly aware of this fact. There is no need to enumerate the items of this Sunday afternoon concert. M. Lappas is purely a singer. He has a wonderful voice and an astonishingly glib way of using it. It is a little darker than that of the average lyric tenor, yet hardly verging on actual robustness. Of course, the typical tenor music of Mascagni and Puccini is made, as it were, for him. He began an English song with the words, 'Aw, laavly naight'!

H. J. K.

CHORAL CONCERTS

Haydn's *The Creation*, which floated out of sight in old-fashioned simplicity, might almost sail in again on the reaction against new fashions and complications. Mr. Arthur Fagge and the London Choral Society are apparently willing that it should, for they performed it at Queen's Hall on November 28. Both the performance and the work were quite enjoyable, and one can confess now—at this safe distance—that the best part was the descriptive catalogue of birds, beasts, and fishes. It was so delightfully amusing.

Ealing Philharmonic Society again covered itself with credit on November 23, when Mr. E. Victor Williams conducted Elgar's *The Black Knight* and Parry's *Blest Pair of Sirens*. On the part of the South-West Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Arthur Saunders, there is a performance of *Elijah* to record in November. The Civil Service Choir, which Mr. Rutland Boughton conducts, showed a keen sense of expression in an Elgar programme on November 28; on the same evening the Civil Service Orchestra, under Mr. Patterson Parker, was playing Tchaikovsky's fifth Symphony at Queen's Hall. Westminster Choral Society has been brought to high capacity by Mr. Vincent Thomas, as was well proved throughout a performance of *The Messiah* at Central Hall on December 4. Alexandra Palace Choral Society and Mr. Allen Gill, still rejoicing to be back under their native roof (now a safe and effective covering), gave Edward German's *Tom Jones* and Hubert Bath's *The Wedding of Shou Maclean* on December 8. In our natural desire to encourage the practice of the gentle, allaying art of music among the employees of banks, we praise the singing of the National Provident and Union Bank Musical Society, under Mr. Herbert J. Bagges, on December 7, and of Barclay's Bank Musical Society, under Mr. Herbert Pierce, on December 12—both at Queen's Hall. Each of these Societies has an efficient amateur orchestra, that of Barclay's being conducted by Mr. H. J. Rouse.

THE NOVELLO CHOIR

The Novello Choir gave a concert of Bach and of old and new English music at Bishopsgate Institute on December 13, Mr. Harold Brooke conducting. The programme was such a delightful example of what can be done by a small choir, with a few good instrumentalists and three soloists, that it may be quoted in full:

Purcell, chorus, *Soul of the World*; Bach, Cantata No. 21, *My spirit was in heaviness* (soloists, Miss Maryan Elmar, Messrs. Roland Jackson and Joseph Farrington); Holst, Fugal Concerto for flute, oboe, and strings (soloists, Messrs. D. S. Wood and W. S. Hinchliff); Vaughan Williams, Walford Davies, R. Quilter, and J. Ireland, songs, sung by Mr. Farrington; part-songs, Elgar, *After many a dusty mile*; Vaughan Williams, *Sound Sleep*; Bax, *The Boar's Head* and *Now is the Time of Christinas*; Arthur Bliss, Rhapsody; choral songs, Weekes, *Gloria*; Byrd, *Cast off all doubtful care* and *This day Christ was born*; Holst, *Alleluia*.

The Cantata is of course one of the more particularly famous. It contains the surprising dramatic duet between the Soul and the Saviour, and a very splendid chorus, 'Now again be thou joyful.' For all Bach's magnificence, the great Christmas Motet of Byrd did not appear diminished at all. It was the crown of the evening's music. The charming orchestral pieces of Holst and Bliss fitted into the scheme well. The choral singing, while not by any means faultless, fairly gave us the gist of the music. Miss Elmar's sweet and musicianly singing pleased. Mr. Farrington's voice is a bass of great resonance, admirably managed. C.

Music in the Provinces

ABERYSTWYTH.—At the College concert, on November 24, Bach's Overture in D, Dvorák's *Nigger Quartet*, Bantock's vocal octet, *Arranmore*, and songs by Vaughan Thomas and Vaughan Williams were performed. Dr. de Lloyd conducted, and the orchestra played Handel's *Largo* in memory of W. J. Cross, ex-service student and member of the orchestra.

—M. Louis Fleury, the well-known flautist, played at the College concert on November 29, his programme including Bach's Sonata in F, one of the six Sonatas for clavier and flute (with Sir Walford Davies), and he joined a College trio in Mozart's Quartet in A for flute and strings. The Choral Union sang Bach's *Jesu, Joy of man's desiring*, Byrd's *Iustorum Anima*, and two old Carols, and Sir Walford and Mr. Clements played the Bach G minor Organ Fugue as a pianoforte duet. —On December 6, the first and second parts of the *Christmas Oratorio* were performed in St. Michael's Church by the College Choral and Orchestral Union, Dr. de Lloyd conducting in the absence through illness of Sir Walford Davies. —The oratorio was repeated on the following day at the College concert, when Mr. Léon Goossens played a Handel Sonata for oboe and pianoforte with Mr. Charles McLean.

BATH.—The Choral Society performed *King Olaf* on November 27, conducted by Mr. H. T. Sims. The soloists were Miss Fifiene de la Côte, Mr. Hardy Williamson, and Mr. Frederick Taylor.

BIDEFORD.—The Choral Society performed *Hiawatha* on November 29, the principal singers being Madame Delines, Mr. Charles Keywood, and Mr. Henry Turnpenney.

BIRMINGHAM AND DISTRICT.—A novel feature of the City Orchestra Sunday concert on November 25 was the appearance of a trio of Elizabethan singers. The Misses Maisie Southall, Ruby Taylor, and Gwen Washbourne attained a delightful ensemble in madrigals by Weekes, Wilbye, and Morley. At the same concert Hadyn's *Surprise* Symphony was given, and Mr. Leonard Dennis played Boellmann's *Variations* for violoncello with taste and care.

—On the following Sunday, Mr. Appleby Matthews drew from the Orchestra a good performance of Beethoven's fourth Symphony. The *Egmont* Overture was magnificently played; in the Debussy *Dances* for harp and strings Miss Winifred Cockerill was the soloist. Arias from *The Marriage of Figaro* were sung by Miss Claire Davis, a singer with a voice of beautiful quality and admirable interpretative ability. —The Philharmonic Quartet — a Birmingham combination—gave a superb reading of Elgar's Quintet at a Mid-day concert on November 22. Miss Elsie Stell played the second violin part. —A song recital by Dr. Tom Goodey found the singer in rather poor voice, but no whit

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less fascinating than usual on the interpretative side of his art.—Madame Grace Digby and M. Cluytens (of Brussels) combined in a violin and pianoforte recital on November 22.—For her pianoforte recital on November 27, Miss Mary Abbott had a rather hackneyed programme. In Schumann's *Symphonic Studies* she had a difficult task for a young player, and her interpretation did not reveal the inner power of the work. Some Chopin Studies and a group of modern pieces were given with the deft technique and brilliance characteristic of the player. In the Four Serious Songs of Brahms, Mr. Karl Melene, a rapidly improving baritone, sang with great intelligence and fine management of voice.—Among 'celebrities' recently heard in the city are Backhaus, Rosina Buckman, and Maurice d'Oisy.—Dr. Adrian C. Boulton conducted a fine performance of Berlioz's *Faust*, with the Festival Choral Society and the City Orchestra. Miss Doris Vane and Messrs. Robert Parker and Webster Millar were in the solo parts.—Holst's *Spring and Summer*, with Byrd's *Justorum Anima*, were among the vocal works given by the Walsall Madrigal Society at a Walsall Civic Board concert on November 29.—The New Concerts Society's activities have included a pianoforte recital by Wilfred Ridgway, with Miss Florence Hale as vocalist, and a programme by the English Trio, which included works by Ravel and Schumann.—A first Birmingham performance of Delius's 'Cello Sonata was given by Mr. Frederick Bye and Mr. Ridgway.—Dr. Boulton conducted the City Orchestra's third symphony concert, giving finely prepared performances of Stanford's D minor Symphony and Parry's Symphonic Variations. Mr. Zacharewitsch was a temperamental, rather than a technically ideal, soloist in the Elgar Violin Concerto.

BOGNOR.—The programme announced by the Bognor Philharmonic Society for its concert on January 24, under the direction of Mr. A. G. Whitehead, consists of Coleridge-Taylor's *A Tale of Old Japan* and Bridge's *The Flag of England*.

BOURNEMOUTH.—There was nothing tentative in the first concert of the Bournemouth Municipal Choir on November 28. The work was no less than Berlioz's *Faust*, and the performance was in every way to be admired. For soloists there were Miss Doris Vane, Mr. Richard Ripley, Mr. Charles Tree, and Mr. Richard Attridge. The choir—which of course Sir Dan Godfrey conducts—is about two hundred and fifty strong.

BRISTOL.—Pagliacci and Max Bruch's setting of Schiller's *The Lay of the Bell* were given by the Choral Society on November 17, with Miss Carrie Tubbs, Miss May Keene, Mr. Arthur Jordan, and Mr. Robert Parker as principals, and Mr. George Risleley conducting.—At the eighty-eighth annual Ladies' Night concert on November 27, the Madrigal Society included in its programme two Fantasias for string sextet by Byrd, the instrumentalists also accompanying the madrigals *Who made thee, Hob, forsake the plough*, and *My little sweet darling*, both by Byrd. Several other pieces by Weelkes, Byrd, Pearsall, Parry, Wood, and Savile were sung. Mr. Herbert W. Hunt conducted.—On December 1, the Cecilia Choral Society sang the choral march from Berlioz's *Faust* and a choral fantasia from *La Reine de Saba*. The choir, under Mr. Charles Read, numbered about two hundred.

CARDIFF.—Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Ware have organized a series of concert-lectures, at which Beethoven's nine Symphonies will be presented. The first Symphony was played by Mr. Ware's Orchestra of fifty performers on November 24; Sir Walford Davies gave textual notes.—On the same day Sir Walford lectured before school teachers on 'Music in Elementary Schools.'—On December 1, Backhaus played pianoforte music by Palmgren (*Bird Song*) and Scriabin (*Study in D flat*).—Mr. Lionel Falkman's Symphony Orchestra played Beethoven's fifth Symphony and Glinka's Polacca from *Life for the Czar*, on December 2.

CHATHAM.—On November 20, at the concert given by the R.E. Orchestra, Lieut. Neville Flux conducting, the programme included Schubert's first Symphony, Borodin's *On the Steppes of Central Asia*, and Raff's *Die Fischerinnen von Proclia*.—Smetana's *Vltava* and Raff's *Im Walde*

Symphony were played by the R.E. Orchestra on December 4. Lieut. Neville Flux conducted the above, and also his own *Festival March*.—On November 28, the Rochester, Strood, Chatham, and Gillingham Choral Society, which has removed from Rochester to Chatham, was associated with the London Symphony Orchestra in the performance of Bach's *Christmas Oratorio*. Mr. Hylton Stewart conducted, and the soloists were Miss Flora Mann, Miss Sybil Cropper, Mr. John Adams, and Mr. Stuart Robertson.

EDINBURGH.—M. Kussewitzky was the conductor at the Paterson orchestral concert on November 26, and the programme included a Concerto by Vivaldi, orchestrated by Siloti, with Mr. Herbert Walton at the organ, Tchaikovsky's *Francesca da Rimini*, Liadov's *Five Russian Folk-songs for Orchestra*, and Rimsky-Korsakov's *Dobynoushka and Flight of the Bumble-bee*.—A new departure in the development of a taste for music among school-children was inaugurated by Messrs. Paterson on November 30, when an orchestra of twenty-six performers, conducted by Mr. Herbert Wiseman, Director of Music to the City Education Authority, played orchestral music to an audience of school children.—At the Reid orchestral concert on December 2, Mr. Ernst von Dohnányi was the pianist in Beethoven's *Emperor Concerto*, and the orchestra also played Mozart's *Impresario Overture* and the *Scherzo* from Mendelssohn's *Octet* for strings.—At the Paterson orchestral concert on December 3, conducted by M. Kussewitzky, the Scottish Orchestra played a Haydn Symphony and music by Scriabin, Debussy, and Wagner.—At the annual Highland and Scottish concert in Usher Hall, on December 5, the Gaelic Choir, conducted by Mr. Neil Orr, sang *A Raasay Lament* (arranged by Granville Bantock) and Hebrides and other Gaelic melodies. The Gaelic Choir Quartet sang *Ork nan Och* (a lament).

EXETER.—At the November formal concert of the Chamber Music Society, the principal numbers were a Suite in A minor for string quartet, by Martin Shaw, *Three Pastoral Songs* by Quilter with pianoforte, violin, and 'cello accompaniment, and part-songs by Charles Wood (*To music bent*) and Stanford (*Shadow Dancers and Allen-a-Dale*), with string accompaniment.—On November 18, the Male-Voice Choir was conducted by Mr. W. J. Cotton in a programme including *How merrily we live* (Este), *Spring's Delight* (Muller), and Mendelssohn's *The Hunter's Farewell*.—The Oratorio Society, having been re-formed to great advantage under the sole conductorship of Mr. Allan Allen, performed *Hiawatha* on November 28, with orchestra. The choral work reached a high level, and the principal singers were Miss Olive Jenkins, Mr. Walter Widdop, and Mr. Frederick Taylor.—Incidental music was composed by Mr. E. R. Holligan, for performances of *Richard II.*, at St. Luke's College, on December 4 and 5. It was scored for pianoforte and strings, Mr. Holligan being at the pianoforte, and the College orchestra being assisted by friends. Mr. W. Bird conducted.

EXMOUTH.—The head-mistress of Southlands School has arranged a series of concerts to be given by visiting artists and open to the public. At the first of these, on December 3, Miss Jean Sterling Mackinlay, assisted by Mr. Kenneth Mackinlay at the pianoforte, gave a folk-song recital.

GLASGOW.—A very large audience attended the first concert of the season of the Orchestral Society, on November 17. M. Kussewitzky conducted, and will also conduct the succeeding three concerts. The programme comprised Mozart's *Kleine Nachtmusik*, the *Pathetic Symphony*, and *Till Eulenspiegel*.—On December 1, M. Kussewitzky conducted the Scottish Orchestra in *Le Poème de l'Extase* of Scriabin, Haydn's Symphony in G, Debussy's *L'après-midi d'un faune*, and some Wagner music.—The Choral Union joined the Orchestral Union on December 4 for a performance of Berlioz's *Faust*, conducted by Mr. Wilfrid Senior.

GUILDFORD.—The special programme of the Symphony Orchestra's concert, on the afternoon of November 28, was put to the service of Mr. J. B. McEwen, who conducted his *Solway Symphony* and *Overture to a Comedy*, and Mr. Roger Quilter, who conducted his *Children's Overture* and

accompanied some of his songs. Mr. Claud Powell, the regular conductor of the Orchestra, took charge of the *Casse-Noisette* Suite.—In the evening Mr. Powell and the Orchestra gave a 'promenade' concert.

KEIGHLEY.—Sullivan's *In Memoriam* Overture was played by the Keighley and District Orchestral Society, under Mr. Arthur Lloyd, in memory of the late J. Summerscales, who was honorary conductor of the Society from 1898 to 1923. Songs were given by Miss Florence Austral and Mr. Robert Radford.

LEEDS.—The first movement of Asger Hamerik's *Symphonic Spirituelle*, Op. 38, was played on November 30 by Mr. Edward Maude's String Orchestra. Other items in an exceptionally good programme were a Serenade by Wolf-Ferrari, Percy Grainger's *Molly on the Shore*, a six-part Fantasia by Byrd, and a piece from Dunhill's *Chiddingfold* Suite. Miss Etty Ferguson chose her songs well.—Two-pianoforte music was played by Miss Lucy Pierce and Mr. Charles Kelly, at the University on December 4. The items included a Bach Concerto, Arnold Bax's *Moy Mell*, and Arensky's *Silhouettes*.—Mr. Arthur J. Dobson lectured on 'Brahms and his *Requiem*' at the Y.M.C.A. on December 8.

LEICESTER.—Nearly three thousand people listened to the concert of the Leicester Symphony Orchestra last month. The programme, conducted by Dr. Malcolm Sargent, contained Herbert Howells's *Procession*, Schubert's C major Symphony, Chabrier's *España*, Elgar's *Bavarian Dances*, and, with Madame Suggia as soloist, Haydn's D major 'Cello Concerto.

LINCOLN.—The annual concert of the Lincoln Musical Society, conducted by Dr. J. G. Bennett, was notable for a fine performance of *The Mystic Trumpeter*. The choir also gave Balfour Gardiner's *News from Whydah*, and joined Mr. Harold Williams in Stanford's *Songs of the Fleet*. Brahms's Violin Concerto was played by Miss Isolde Menges.

LIVERPOOL.—The Bon Marché concerts, directed by Dr. J. E. Wallace, have become very popular. On November 21, a programme of Borodin, Mozart, and Ravel was played by the Philharmonic Quartet in commemoration of the Weelkes Tercentenary.—Miss E. Levin lectured on November 26, before members of the Literary and Philosophical Society, on Elizabethan music. Illustrations sung included madrigals and ballets by Weelkes and Morley, and pieces by Byrd, Gibbons, and Wilbye.—At Crane Hall, on November 28, Mr. Anderson Tyrer gave a pianoforte recital, playing a Sonata Op. 10 (MS.), by Alisebrooke Hinds, and music by Scriabin and Albeniz. Mr. J. E. Matthews played a Violin Sonata in E minor by Veracini.—At the second concert of the classical series, on December 1, a pianoforte recital was given by d'Albert.—Mr. Albert Sammons gave a recital at Crane Hall on December 4, and Miss Doreen Kendal sang.—Mr. Josef Holbrooke gave an address at the second of Mr. John Tobin's informal chamber concerts on December 4. Several of his compositions were performed, including a Horn Trio, a Ballade for horn and pianoforte, a group of songs, and a Violin Sonata.—The Tobin Trio, at Crane Hall on December 5, repeated the Delius Triple Concerto which they played last year, and also performed Casella's *Siciliana and Burlesca* and John Ireland's second Trio.—At the Bon Marché recital, on December 6, Miss Dorothy Silk sang Old English songs, with Dr. Wallace at the pianoforte.—The meeting of the British Music Society on December 6 was occupied by chamber music played by the McCullagh String Quartet. Armstrong Gibbs's third Quartet in E minor and two pieces by Alfano and Casella were included.

MANCHESTER.—The two finest orchestral programmes in the closing weeks of the year were well-nigh ruined—i.e., by fog in the case of Weingartner's first appearance here on November 24, at the Brand Lane series; and by a combination of fog and election excitement on the night of December 6, when Casals appeared at Hallé's and played in Strauss's *Don Quixote*. My personal concern that day was with the fate of Free Trade rather than with Don Quixote's absorption in chivalrous romance, and I can give only second-hand impressions. No such artist has been iden-

tified with this work since Becker, of Frankfort, used to play it in the late 'nineties. A few more opportunities for joint preparation between Hamilton Harty, Casals, and the Hallé band would make this work one of the most memorable things in contemporary executive art. There is an immeasurable gulf fixed between this Strauss poem and the puerilities of the *Alpine* Symphony, done also under Mr. Hamilton Harty on November 22. There was no inordinately swollen orchestra, and there is nothing 'Uebermensch-ian' in the work. I chanced to hear it twice in one day, but was hardly prepared to find its superficialities wear quite so thin as they did by the time of the second hearing. For sheer grandeur of conception the few opening bars in *Zarathustra*, suggestive of the Evocation of Sunrise, are worth more than all this *Alpine* score. The place for such music is in a gargantuan D. W. Griffiths cinema production, where the card-index method of thematic indication might have some appropriateness. No work at Manchester in recent years has had so much time spent on its preparation, and Mr. Hamilton Harty and his men have rarely toiled so unweariedly for such meagre æsthetic reward.—The Weingartner concert was abundantly worth while for the joy of hearing the *Eroica* done with such calm and effortless ease—the structure rose before your gaze, mass upon mass, in all the grandeur and simplicity of its symmetry, like some glorified St. George's Hall of Liverpool. Nothing quite so impressive in this kind has been heard here since Richter laid down his baton. I know some who travelled many miles to hear the concert, and found in Walter Rummel's playing of two Bach Chorale Preludes more than ample compensation for their pains.—The Brahms *Requiem* at Hallé's, on November 29, caught the choir on an 'off night'—those closing days of November played sad havoc with choral singing all through the North. Miss Suddaby and Mr. Harold Williams were the soloists. Luckily the *Hymn of Jesus*, originally intended as a complementary work in this programme, had been postponed to a later date.—Berlioz's *Symphonic Funèbre et Triomphale* is Hamilton Harty's latest idea in his course of Berlioz propaganda. The Hallé band was reinforced by a full military band. The string players are not utilized until the closing 'Deification' movement, and then are inaudible in the surge of brass and wood-wind tone. Berlioz's orchestration of the *Rákoczy March* has given us the musical symbol of *La Gloire*, but the *Triomphale* section of the Symphony falls immeasurably short of the inspiration to be found in the *Hungarian March*. In much perplexity one attempts, however unsuccessfully, to put himself at the point of view of those who took part in this tenth anniversary of the 1830 Revolution, and wonder whether this music meant as much to them as Elgar's *Carillon* does to-day to us, and whether eighty years hence the *Carillon* or *Polonia*, which move as so intensely, will then carry as little meaning as does this Berlioz Symphony.—The Hallé performances of *The Messiah*, on December 20 and 21, were the ninety-ninth and hundredth renderings under the Hallé auspices. On December 21 four singers from twenty choral societies in the Manchester sphere of influence were invited to take part—two quartets came from Liverpool, one from Leeds, one from Bradford, and one from the Potteries. The Centenary solo quartet was Agnes Nicholls, Isobel Maclaren, Arthur Jordan, and Norman Allin.—The Co-operative Wholesale Society Male-Voice Choir at its December concert engaged a small section of Hallé players who accompanied them in Schubert's *Song of the Spirits*, Mendelssohn's *To the Sons of Art*, and a chorus from Elgar's *Coronation Ode*, and, under Mr. Harry Mortimer's direction, played half-a-dozen miscellaneous orchestral miniatures. This is the first time in the history of this Society that orchestral work or accompaniment has been employed. It is a promising start, and capable of considerable extension.—The outstanding features in chamber music have been the Catterall Quartet readings of the Ravel in F (November 21) and the César Franck Quartet (December 4), in which Mr. R. J. Forbes participated. These are two works in which the Catterall group excel.—The third Hamilton Harty chamber concert (December 3) brought Esposito's A major Sonata, played for the first time here by Miss Isolde Menges and Mr. Harty; this was followed

by a strongly romantic reading of the *Kreutzer* Sonata.—Among the noteworthy recitals must be named that of Mr. Robert Gregory, on December 4, in connection with the Tuesday Noon-tide Beethoven Sonata series, and Mr. Charles Neville's recital, on November 30, of about a score of songs (mostly in MS.) by Mr. George Whittaker, of Rochdale.

H. C.

MONKSEATON.—The Monkseaton Musical Society gave a concert at Whitley Bay on December 11. The choir, conducted by Mr. A. J. Milner, sang madrigals and part-songs by Marenzio, Byrd, Vaughan Williams, Rutland Boughton, and others.

MOUNTAIN ASH.—Aberpennar Orchestral Society played the *Unfinished* Symphony, Tchaikovsky's *Ballet Egyptian*, and Quilter's *Children's Overture*, on November 25, Sir Walford Davies conducting.

NEWCASTLE.—The Philharmonic Orchestra played Holst's *St. Paul's Suite*, Schumann's Piano-forte Concerto (with Miss Olive Tomlinson as soloist), and Elgar's *Enigma* Variations on November 17. Mr. Edgar L. Bainton conducted.—Newcastle and Gateshead Choral Union opened its new season on November 21, performing Vaughan Williams's *Sea Symphony* and Elgar's *Bazarian Highlands*, with Miss Dorothy Silk and Mr. Stuart Robinson as soloists. The Orchestra played the Overture to *Die Meistersinger*, and Mr. Edgar L. Bainton conducted.—At his recital on November 21, M. Cortôt played Vivaldi's *Concert da Camera*, all the Chopin Preludes, and Schumann's *Etudes Symphoniques*.

NEWPORT.—The Chamber Music Orchestra from the University of Wales, at Aberystwith, illustrated a lecture given by Sir Walford Davies on November 20, and played the lecturer's *Peter Pan Suite*, a Quartet by Kenneth Harding, Schumann's Piano-forte Quintet, Op. 44, and Dvorák's Op. 96.

OXFORD.—The Léner Quartet played Ravel's Quartet in F, Brahms's in A minor, and Haydn's in D, on November 17.—On November 18, the Countess Helena Morsztyn gave a piano-forte recital, assisted by Mr. Loris Blofield (violin).—At a song recital on November 22, Miss Una Bates sang a Christmas Carol by Arnold Bax, and some of Parry's *English Lyrics*.—On November 25, the Swindon Male Choir gave a concert at this town, under the direction of Mr. A. Wilson.—On November 27, Casals and Miss Fanny Davies played Sonatas by Sammartini (G major) and Brahms (Op. 99). Madame Susan Metcalfe-Casals sang, with her husband at the piano-forte, several French 15th-century songs. The occasion was one of the subscription concerts.—At the City Police concert, on November 28, the Oxford Gleemen sang part-songs, under Mr. H. L. Wilsdon.—On November 30, at a chamber concert in the Assembly Room, Miss Marjorie McTavish played 18th-century piano-forte music, and other pieces by Balfour Gardiner and Dohnányi (*Rhapsody*).—At his recital on December 1, in the Town Hall, Cortôt played the Schumann *Etudes Symphoniques*, including the five posthumous variations, Debussy's *Children's Corner*, and a Liszt group.

PLYMOUTH.—On November 28, at the first of two concerts to be given that evening, the Orchestral Society played Glazounov's sixth Symphony and Tchaikovsky's *Suite, The Sleeping Beauty*, under Mr. Walter Weekes. Mr. Robert Chignell sang a song of his own, *An Old Warrior*.

PORTSMOUTH.—Emsworth Musical Society performed *The Erl-King's Daughter* on December 5, conducted by Mr. Alfred Agate. Sundry pieces followed, including a part-song with orchestra, *In Cawsand Bay*, by Mr. Robert Chignell, who was the baritone soloist of the concert and who conducted his own work.

SCARBOROUGH.—The Musical Society opened its winter session on November 21 with a performance of *Carmen*, the choir, numbering two hundred, being augmented by members of the Scalby Choral Society. Mr. A. C. Keeton conducted.—With the assistance of the Hallé Orchestra the Philharmonic Society performed Gounod's *Faust* on November 27.

SHEFFIELD.—The Five o'clock concert on November 28 was a recital by Mr. Stanley Kaye (piano-forte), with Miss Mabel Baker and Mr. Max Lewis (vocalists).—The subscription concert brought Miss Dorothy Silk, Miss Jelly d'Aranyi, and Mr. York Bowen on November 29. Miss Silk sang operatic airs from Handel, and modern English songs.—The Amateur Musical Society gave Dvorák's *The Spectre's Bride* and the *Finale of the New World Symphony*, under Dr. Staton, on December 5.

SIDMOUTH.—On December 7, Misses Jelly d'Aranyi and Adila d'Aranyi gave a two-violin recital, assisted at the piano-forte by Mr. Bertram Harrison. The programme included Bach's Double Concerto, a Duo by Spohr, and Brahms's Sonata in G.

SWANSEA.—An excellent series of 'Swansea Chamber Music Concerts' is in progress. The November concert brought the Philharmonic String Quartet in Mozart, Schubert, and Debussy.—On December 13, the programme was in the hands of Mr. John Buckley (vocalist), Mr. Reginald Paul (piano-forte), and Mr. Morgan Lloyd (violin).

WAKEFIELD.—At the 'Wakefield Musical Evening' on December 7, Mr. Anderson Tyrer played a new Piano-forte Sonata by Mr. Allsebrook Hinds, a student at the Royal College of Music.

MUSIC IN IRELAND

The Belfast Philharmonic Society gave its second concert for the season on November 16, to which Miss Elsie Suddaby and Madame Fachiri notably contributed. Parry's *Blest Pair of Sirens* and other items were adequately interpreted by choir and orchestra, under Mr. E. Godfrey Brown.

Belfast audiences enjoyed a three weeks' season of opera by the Carl Rosa Company, commencing on November 10. *The première of Bubbles*, by Hubert Bath, on November 20, was well received. The composer conducted.

The Royal Dublin Society's piano-forte and strings (Esposito, Bridge, and Twelveteens) recital on November 19, drew a large audience. Nothing could have been better than the playing of the Brahms Trio. On December 3, under the same auspices, Solomon gave a piano-forte recital. It proved to be interesting, but not convincing.

German musicians are re-appearing in Ireland. The latest importations are Herr Reuter, organist of St. Mel's R.C. Cathedral, Langford, and Herr Franz Born, organist of Carlow R.C. Cathedral.

Cortôt's piano-forte recitals at Ulster Hall, Belfast, (November 23), and at the Theatre Royal, Dublin (November 24), attracted large and appreciative audiences.

Mr. Tudor Davies, at La Scala Theatre, Dublin, on November 25, delighted a large audience, and Mr. Harry Dearth drew large houses on December 2.

On November 26 the Philharmonic Quartet gave a chamber recital at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, under the auspices of the Royal Dublin Society. Much interest centred in the Bax Quartet, especially the charming treatment of an Irish air in the last movement.

The Civic Guard Band (Dublin) is offering a generous scale of pay to bandsmen, viz., £3 10s. a week, increasing by annual increments to £4 10s.

Gilbert and Sullivan operas (*The Mikado*, *Patience*, *The Yeomen of the Guard*, and *The Gondoliers*) were capably given at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, during the fortnight December 3-15, by the Rathmines and Rathgar Musical Society, under the baton of Mr. Thomas H. Weaving.

Among those Corporations which have contributed to the Free State Loan is the Royal Irish Academy of Music.

The Free State Army School of Music, with a total personnel of two hundred and ninety-four, is now established at Beggar's Bush Barracks, Dublin, with Mr. J. Coughlan as Commandant.

At the second symphony concert in Wellington Hall, Belfast, on December 2, Miss Carrie Tubb was the vocalist, and was rapturously applauded. The orchestra, under Mr. Godfrey Brown, played a selection including Elgar's *Dream Children* and Foulds's *Celtic Suite*.

On December 8, Backhaus, Rosina Buckman, and Maurice d'Oisly gave a 'celebrity' concert at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, repeating their programme of the previous evening at Ulster Hall, Belfast. Mr. Percy Kahn was a good accompanist.

Dublin University Choral Society, now in its eighty-seventh year, gave a really fine performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, in the Examination Hall, on December 7, under the baton of the Rev. George H. P. Hewson.

A Polish pianist, M. Adolphe Borschke, gave a recital at La Scala, Dublin, on December 9, and made a favourable impression, especially in Debussy's *Claire de Lune*. At the Theatre Royal, on December 10, M. Maaskoff and Mr. R. J. Forbes gave a pianoforte and violin recital under the auspices of the R.D.S. Altogether it proved a tame performance.

The death of Mr. Edward Martyn removes a great patron of music and the drama. He gave £10,000 to endow the Palestrina Choir in the R.C. pro-Cathedral, Dublin, and subsidised orchestral and classical concerts.

Messiah performances have been given at Belfast, Lisburn, Waterford, and other Irish towns with considerable success, during the week December 10-14.

Musical Notes from Abroad

GERMANY

A SOLEMN PERFORMANCE OF BEETHOVEN'S

'MISSA SOLEMNIS'

A performance of Beethoven's Mass in D just now means more than a simple concert. It is a solemnity. This was what everybody felt when this gigantic work, after some years' interval, was given by Siegfried Ochs with the Academy Choir. Probably no other work of Beethoven's reveals the same measure of spiritual struggle against depressing forces. All technical difficulties, so much the greater the more the composer lived in isolation from the external world, are here victoriously overcome. Beethoven's work typifies the national situation to-day, in which may be discerned a latent development defying all the difficulties of the present economic crisis, and along with this we may sense the real devotion of the greater part of the German people to all that is great and true in music.

It is worthy of mention here that the ultimate, lonely Beethoven, the composer of the Mass and the Ninth Symphony, has been made clearer by the recent publication, by Walter Nohl, of the hundred and thirty-seven *Conversation Books*, once sold by Anton Schindler, the strange friend of the composer, to the Berlin State Library. Though the value of these 'conversations' is not great, yet the personality standing behind them gives them higher importance. Persons and things represented in these books are, indeed, on the whole, little interesting. Schindler gives an arresting description of Beethoven's deafness which, after 1818, forced him to resort to the written word in communicating with visitors. We may guess what hard struggles were fought between ear and imagination, when we read that Beethoven, having lost all connection with real sound could, at the pianoforte, no longer distinguish between true and false accord, and so on. In these pages we may learn somewhat of an artistic tragedy that is among the greatest that can befall a man.

'CARMEN' EXPERIMENTS

A *Carmen* infection has broken out at Berlin, where every Kapellmeister seems impelled to give a new interpretation of an opera which hitherto has seemed so very clear. Three opera houses have discovered *Carmen* as a novelty, and Berlin alone counts three entirely different styles of performance. The best of these representations is that of Leo Blech, at the Deutsches Opernhaus, because, relatively, it is the most simple, although it is vividly given.

ADOLF WRISSMANN.

NEW YORK

Undoubtedly the finest production during the opening weeks of the Metropolitan Opera House was that of *Die Meistersinger*, not heard in this theatre since the spring of 1917. Hans Sachs was fully portrayed by Clarence Whitehill. No German singer who has appeared at New York during my musical life of over fifty years has ever approached Mr. Whitehill in his conception of the rôle. Moreover it was an exceptionally fine performance throughout, the new Walther, Rudolf Laubenthal, from Berlin, proving himself vastly superior to any of the Walthers we have had from Germany for many years. Already we have had two Evas, Florence Easton singing at the opening performance and Elizabeth Rethberg at the second. Both are remarkably fine artists, but on the whole we prefer Miss Easton, and the question continually rises in our mind—Why is it that Anglo-Saxons so frequently portray German characters so much better than do performers of Teutonic birth?

The new German tenor has also appeared as Tannhäuser and as Parsifal. Though he is not an ideal Tannhäuser, he is, again, greatly the superior of his recent predecessors, and as Parsifal he scored a distinct success. He looks the part, with his boyish, slim figure, and he both acts and sings it well. Mr. Whitehill's inimitable Amfortas, Mr. Bender's gentle Gurnemanz, and Madame Matzenauer's Kundry are well known.

Other important operas produced in the opening weeks of the season were *Die Rosenkavalier* and *Boris Godunov*. The former, with its charming music and its wealth of first-class artists to sing it, is a never-failing source of delight. No less than fourteen of the foremost members of the Company appear in this enchanting comedy, and not one is mis-cast.

Chaliapin in *Boris* has become an institution. The house is always sold out, and so packed with standees that breathing is difficult. And yet the performances may not be compared with those given under the direction of Toscanini ten years ago. It is merely a question of Chaliapin's overpowering personality, which attracts the crowds and makes them oblivious to shortcomings which the great Italian conductor would never have permitted.

The first concert of the regular series of the Society of the Friends of Music was devoted entirely to Bach. As usual, orchestra, choir and soloists all came from the Metropolitan Opera House. A Cantata No. 52, for soprano and chorus, was the opening number, Elizabeth Rethberg appearing as soloist. This was followed by the fifth *Brandenburg* Concerto, in D major. These Bach Concertos were really the precursors of the symphony, and the last-named was also a precursor of the modern pianoforte concerto, a most important part of it having been written for the clavier. The last number on the programme was Cantata No. 184, for orchestra, chorus, and four soloists, among whom George Meade conspicuously distinguished himself. These Bach programmes that Bodansky presents in the Friends of Music series cannot be too highly praised, for they always introduce works of the great composers that are comparatively unknown. This is really the function of the Society—the presentation of unfamiliar music. The second concert opened with an Overture, *Hans Heiling*, by Heinrich August Marschner, who has been called a 'stepping-stone' between Weber and Wagner.

Though this music may have historical value, it seemed trivial to the modern listener, and to lack even the merits of Weber. Quite as unknown was a Concertina (after the third Sonata) by Attilio Ariosti, an Italian composer of the 17th century. This was originally written for the viola d'amore, but as the Metropolitan does not possess such an instrument, it was performed on the violoncello by Henrich Warnke, first violoncellist at the Opera House. It proved a tuneful composition—again rather tiresome to modern ears—by the most famous operatic composer of his day. Carl Friedberg appeared as soloist at this concert, and it seemed rather a pity to waste the talents of this remarkable pianist on the Mendelssohn Concerto in G minor, Op. 25. The Concerto is another example that has become uninteresting to modern ears, and as this was Mr. Friedberg's

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Friedberg's

first appearance at New York in seven years, it could have been wished that he had been allowed to lighten the deadliness of Marschner and Ariosti. Perhaps Bodanzky felt that the period music for this concert would not do for a complete programme, for suddenly he jumped to Korngold for a closing number! And yet this tuneful Suite from the music to *Much Ado about Nothing* is not the Korngold we know. It is entertaining and melodious, but on the whole we prefer *Die Tote Stadt*. Moderns do themselves better justice when they stick to their lasts than when they try to imitate the old classics.

The Flonzaleys are an established institution, and opened their series of three concerts with their usual programme of three Quartets. Choosing Mozart in A and Beethoven in C (Op. 50, No. 3), to please their conservative listeners, they sandwiched between these items Vaughan Williams's Quartet in G minor, to please those who are always longing for something new. The modern music was played for the first time in America, though it is one of Dr. Williams's earlier compositions. It was mildly interesting, tremendously difficult, and perfectly played. Indeed, music must be very bad to be entirely uninteresting when performed by this wonderful group of artists. We have also had fine concerts of chamber music by another wonderful group, the London String Quartet, and the work of the Letz Quartet and of the Lenox Quartet also deserves commendation.

To the list of pianoforte recitals must be added those of Rachmaninov, Levitzki, old and established favourites, and Borovsky—a newcomer—who proved an uneven player, playing a part of his programme very artistically and the remainder very roughly.

Frieda Hempel has given a recital, delighting her hearers with her interpretations of old and new songs; and Sigrid Onegin has given another, pouring out the wealth of her magnificent contralto in such a torrent of song that it mattered little what were the numbers on the programme.

M. H. FLINT.

ROME

The end of November saw the inauguration of the musical season by the first concert of the Roman Royal Philharmonic Society, which this year holds almost undisputed sway in the concert field, the Augusteum and the Academy of St. Cecilia being the only other serious rivals. The inaugural concert was devoted to pianoforte music, and was given by Francesco Baiardi, who is a professor of St. Cecilia, where he has succeeded in creating a 'school'—one, by the way, by no means impervious to criticism. Following on this concert came three distinguished visitors from Florence, comprising the Trio Fiorentino. The principal item of their programme was a new composition by Guido Guerrini. It would perhaps be premature to put this composer's name in the list of the modern Italian school, although he has already produced an opera, two Concerti, and a Quartet, besides various songs. He is regarded as a rising light in the Rossini liceo, at Bologna, where he is professor. His new work met with a cordial reception at Rome. The *Elegiac* Trio of Rachmaninov, and Beethoven's C minor Trio, completed the Florentine programme.

Closely upon the opening of the Philharmonic came the inaugural concert of the Augusteum, for which occasion three choral works were produced—the *Song of Songs* of Mgr. Bossi, and Verdi's *Te Deum* and *Stabat Mater*. The second concert at the Augusteum was given by Eric Korngold, whose name and fame had preceded him, and had roused considerable interest at Rome. The programme was entirely devoted to Korngold's own works, ranging from his *Sinfonietta*, written in 1912 at the age of fifteen, to his latest composition, the *Dance of Marietta*. It can scarcely ever be wise to devote an entire concert to one man's works, and particularly so if he is still living. Even if Korngold merits the title 'a new Mozart' (except for his precocious production, history will yet have to judge on that point), the public is always desirous of hearing the new genius interpret those who have preceded him. As a matter of interest, however, we give the programme, with the dates of the compositions: Prelude and Carnevale from *Violante* (1915); *Sinfonietta* in B major, for orchestra

(1912); Symphonic Overture, *Sursum Corda* (1915); *Much Ado about Nothing*, Suite for small orchestra (1918); *The Dance of Marietta*, and Epilogue from the opera, *The Dead City* (1920).

The well-deserving Amici della Musica Society, which wisely limits itself to a monthly concert, gave its inaugural concert at the beginning of December. It is to be regretted that this Society, which specialises in chamber music of the classical epochs, has been turned out of its home in the Collegio Nazareno, where for some years past it had given its concerts in what is probably the most characteristic 17th-century hall at Rome, an ambiente ideally adapted for music of this kind. The Society has found a resting-place in the halls of the Philharmonic Society, and for its inaugural concert produced Mozart's Quartet in A major, a Sonata for violin, viola da gamba, and cembalo of Buxtehude, and a Quintet for two violins, viola, violoncello, and guitar, written by Boccherini, about 1770, when he was still at Madrid.

By the appointment of Maestro Respighi to be director of St. Cecilia, the Academy gains one of its most noted members as head, and it may safely be predicted that under his guidance the historic institution will take on new life and gain new honours.

LEONARD PEYTON.

TORONTO

For number and quality, concerts here this month have created a record. Two choirs, of excellent contrast in style, have visited us—that of the Sistine Chapel (under the direction of Monsignor Antonio Nella), and the Ukrainian National. One cannot refrain from admiring the intense atmosphere of reverence which characterises the singing of the former. Tonal quality, however, seems lacking in the purity and resonance to which we Anglo-Saxons are accustomed. Perosi, Palestrina, and Vittoria were well represented in the programme, which would have been more satisfying in a sacred environment than it was in the concert-hall. For actual choral technique, vitality of interpretation, and clear-cut diction, the forty-five Ukrainians under M. Alexander Koshetz are unrivalled within our knowledge. They make a special feature of very firm humming tone, and their bass section is superb. National folk-songs and a few negro part-songs comprised an unusually satisfying performance.

The Chamber Music Society brought the London String Quartet again in a splendid evening of Beethoven (Op. 59, D major, No. 1), Haydn (Op. 64, D major, No. 5), and Walford Davies (*Peter Pan* Suite). Introduced by the Women's Musical Club came the Elshuco Trio, who proved most polished artists in the Brahms B major, Op. 8, the Schubert B flat, and a *Litanie* by Paul Juon, Op. 70. Madame Ninon Romaine, a pianist of European fame, was engaged at a later date, and showed an intimate liking for Schumann, Chopin, and Saint-Saëns.

Orchestrally we have been treated to well-chosen programmes by the Boston and New York organizations, the former featuring Vaughan Williams's *London Symphony*, the latter the César Franck, and also the Suite from Pierné's Ballet *Cyralise*. Our own New Symphony showed excellent discrimination in selecting Mr. Claude Biggs as soloist for the fourth Twilight Concert. His playing of the Grieg Concerto was one of the most finished performances heard here for many years. Mozart's Overture to *Figaro* and the Mendelssohn *Scottish Symphony* received spirited treatment.

Miss Mary Garden, in recital, proved more conclusively than ever that the operatic stage is a vastly different environment for song interpretation from the concert-platform. Mr. Campbell McInnes, in his second Nine o'Clock recital, was associated with Mr. Alfred Heather, Dr. Healey Willan, Dr. Ernest MacMillan, Mr. Leo Smith, Mrs. Mabel Doherty-Curtiss, and Mr. Arthur Semple, in an evening featuring two Bach Cantatas, *My trust is in Thee* and *We have a fine new Master*. The Conservatory Trio, under the auspices of the T.C.M.S., played the Smetana G minor, Mozart G minor, and the Waldo Warner A minor Trios.

Recitals have been given by Mr. Claud Biggs (Canadian Academy), Mr. Geza de Kresz (Hambourg Conservatory), and Mr. Reginald Stewart. Songs by Messrs. Maurice Bealy and Horace Lapp were given an initial hearing by Miss Nelly Gill and Miss Mary Bothwell. Mr. Lapp is a young Canadian composer who is coming rapidly to the fore. He proposes to study in London in the near future. H. C. F.

Obituary

We regret to record the following deaths:

NICHOLAS KILBURN, Mus. Doc., of Bishop Auckland, at the age of eighty. His long-sustained work as honorary conductor of the principal choral societies of Sunderland, Middlesbrough, and Bishop Auckland had a strong influence upon music in the North of England. It brought him many friends among the most prominent musicians of the day, and he was well-known throughout the country as one of the leaders of choral music. His was the first public performance of *Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast*; he was early an



(From a Photograph by Mr. A. M. Cromack,
Newborough Street, Scarborough.)

enthusiast for the larger choral works of Elgar, and it was to him that the composer dedicated *The Music-Makers*. He was a man of business, being the head of a firm of engineers. He took the degree of Mus. Bac. at Cambridge, and was granted his Doctorate by Durham University. We reproduce the portrait of Dr. Kilburn that was given in our issue for January, 1901.

HENRY BEWERUNGE, Professor of Ecclesiastical Music in St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, for thirty-five years. Born at Leitmathe, in Westphalia, December 7, 1862, he was educated at Düsseldorf, and at the University of Würzburg, studying music under Haberl and other masters of the Cecilian school. Ordained a priest at Eichstadt in 1885, he was appointed chanter in Cologne Cathedral. In 1888 the Trustees of the Maynooth College selected him as Professor of Sacred Music, and he laboured there until the summer of 1914, when he went on a holiday to Düsseldorf. Not long afterwards war broke out, and he remained at Cologne till August, 1920, when he returned to Maynooth to resume his old position. The hardships he endured had, however, enfeebled his constitution. He broke down a few months ago, and died on December 2. He published many 'arrangements' of Palestrina's Masses and Motets, and was editor of the *Lyra Ecclesiastica* and the *Irish Musical Monthly*—both long since dead. He also organized a tercentenary celebration in honour of Palestrina, in May, 1904. A fine organist and choir-trainer, he had numerous friends among the Irish priesthood.

Miscellaneous

TUDOR MUSIC AT CHICHESTER

As everybody knows now, Weelkes was organist at Chichester Cathedral from 1602 until his death in 1623. The fact was duly commemorated on November 30, the tercentenary of his death, when a memorial tablet was unveiled in the north transept of the Cathedral. Sir Hugh Allen and Dr. E. H. Fellowes delivered addresses, the former also laying beneath the tablet a laurel wreath 'From the Faculty of Music at the University of Oxford.' Appropriate organ music was played by Mr. F. J. W. Crowe, and Dr. F. J. Read accompanied Evensong, at which the choir sang beautifully Weelkes in G and the anthems *All people clap your hands* and *Hosanna in the highest*. This unveiling was Chichester's third event during the year in honour of Tudor composers. In May the Musical Society gave two concerts at which all the choral items were by Byrd and Weelkes; and in July, at the Festival of the Three Cathedral Choirs of Chichester, Salisbury, and Winchester, the music included a service and one anthem by Byrd, and two anthems by Weelkes. Further local interest in Weelkes arises from the fact of his having been organist of Winchester College in 1598.

The Grafton Philharmonic Society gave its first concert in Clapham Congregational Church on December 12, the programme including Holst's *Two Psalms*, Elgar's *With proud thanksgiving*, Vaughan Williams's *Toward the unknown region*, Farry's *Blest Pair of Sirens*, and Holst's *Four Songs* for voice and violin. The soloists were Master Harold Ware and Mr. Percy Lawton. Mr. Sydney V. Sherwood was at the organ, and Mr. Henry F. Hall conducted.

The thirty-fourth Annual Conference of the Incorporated Society of Musicians will be held at Cambridge on January 1, 2, 3, and 4. Among the readers of papers will be Sir Hugh Allen, Sir Walford Davies, Sir Dan Godfrey, &c. The musical events will include an organ recital by M. Louis Vierne at Trinity College Chapel.

At the Guildhall School of Music two vacancies will shortly occur in the Carnegie and Ernest Palmer Scholarships of the Musicians' Company. Entrants must be under eighteen years of age. Particulars may be had of the Secretary of the School, John Carpenter Street, E.C.4 (stamp).

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| 940 | Do. | H. Lahee | 2d. | | |
| 1037 | *Allan Water | arr. H. E. Button | 3d. | | |
| 478 | *Allen-a-Dale ... | C. H. Lloyd | 6d. | | |
| 1020 | * Do. | J. B. McEwen | 4d. | | |
| 334 | Already snow has fallen | R. Franz | 2d. | | |
| 113 | Alton Locke's Song | | | | |
| 1011 | *Ananyllis I did woo | J. E. West | 3d. | | |
| 1322 | *American National Songs (Three) | | 2d. | | |
| 972 | Amintor's well-a-day | J. E. West | 4d. | | |
| 1364 | An address to the nightingale | | | | |
| | W. W. Pearson | | | | |
| 175 | An Autumn song ... | C. Pinsuti | 4d. | | |
| 20 | An emigrant's song | W. Macfarren | 3d. | | |
| 1074 | *An Empire song | C. A. Mackenzie | 3d. | | |
| 1053 | An end will I bring | Schubert | 3d. | | |
| 1387 | *An old Song resung | | | | |
| | H. B. Gardiner | | | | |
| 485 | And then no more | ... R. Raff | 3d. | | |
| 1103 | *Angelic hunter, The | | | | |
| | arr. J. Brahms | | | | |
| 1091 | Angel's call, The | I. I. Viotta | 4d. | | |
| 960 | *Angel's greeting, The | J. Brahms | 4d. | | |
| 1157 | *Angelus (Tuscan) | E. Elgar | 6d. | | |
| 1340 | *Anglers, The | W. W. Pearson | 3d. | | |
| 30 | Angler's Trysting-tree, The | | | | |
| | C. W. Corfe | | | | |
| 1039 | *Annie Laurie | arr. H. E. Button | 3d. | | |
| 108 | Annie Lee ... | J. J. Barnby | 3d. | | |
| 182 | April showers ... | J. L. Hatton | 2d. | | |
| 218 | Do. (A.T.T.B.) | | 2d. | | |
| 1318 | Arethusa, The | W. Shield | 3d. | | |
| 137 | Arise, sweet love ... | H. Leslie | 3d. | | |
| 97 | Arise, the sunbeams hail | F. Berger | 4d. | | |
| 520 | Around the maypole tripping | | | | |
| | J. L. Hatton | | | | |
| 859 | *Arranmore Boat Song | | | | |
| | arr. T. R. G. Jozé | | | | |
| 457 | *Arrow and the song, The | W. Hay | 4d. | | |
| 973 | As Amoret with Phillis sat | | | | |
| | John E. West | | | | |
| 1054 | As dewdrops at morn | Schubert | 3d. | | |
| 525 | As I saw fair Clara | F. Corder | 4d. | | |
| 146 | As it fell upon a day ... | S. Reay | 4d. | | |
| 619 | As the ripples flow | | | | |
| | E. A. Svidenham | | | | |
| 1052 | As the watcher lones | Schubert | 4d. | | |
| 900 | As through the land | J. Pulein | 3d. | | |
| 796 | *As torrents in summer | E. Elgar | 3d. | | |
| 1180 | As when the sun renews | | | | |
| | his strength (Madrigal) | C. E. Miller | 4d. | | |
| 1257 | *Ash Grove, The | arr. Dunhill | 4d. | | |
| 1105 | At Andernach in Rhineland | Abt | 3d. | | |
| 393 | At first the mountain rill | | | | |
| | G. A. Macfarren | | | | |
| 981 | At her fair hands ... | J. Elliott | 3d. | | |
| 788 | Do. ... | C. H. H. Parry | 4d. | | |
| 335 | At parting ... | ... R. Franz | 3d. | | |
| 358 | *At the coming of the Spring | | | | |
| | J. L. Hatton | | | | |
| 195 | Auburn | | | | |
| 582 | *Auld Lang Syne | arr. E. Land | 2d. | | |
| 71 | Autolycus' Song | C. A. Macfarren | 2d. | | |
| 1006 | * Do. | C. Lee Williams | 4d. | | |
| 158 | Autumn ... | W. Macfarren | 4d. | | |
| 574 | Do. (T.T.B.) | | 4d. | | |
| 1162 | Autumn fields, The | N. W. Gade | 4d. | | |
| 464 | Autumn is come again (5 V.) | | | | |
| | F. Corder | | | | |

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| No. | | | | | |
| 403 | Autumn song ... | S. Reay | 4d. | | |
| 683 | Do. ... | J. Rheinberger | 3d. | | |
| 484 | Ave Maria ... | ... J. Raff | 4d. | | |
| 241 | * Do. | H. Smart | 4d. | | |
| 928 | *Awake, awake ... | G. Bantock | 4d. | | |
| 76 | *Awake, awake, the flow'r's unfold | | | | |
| | H. Leslie | | | | |
| 25 | Awake the starry midnight hour | | | | |
| | Mendelssohn | | | | |
| 93 | *Away to the woodlands | | 3d. | | |
| | H. W. Warner | | | | |
| 978 | *Baby's feet, like sea shells pink | A | 4d. | | |
| | C. H. Lloyd | | | | |
| 225 | Bacchanalian Song (A.T.T.B.) | | 4d. | | |
| 193 | Bait, The (Come live with me) | J. L. Hatton | 4d. | | |
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| 1017 | Ballade of Spring | | 6d. | | |
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| | C. H. Lloyd | | | | |
| 861 | *Battle song, A | arr. T. R. G. Jozé | 4d. | | |
| 578 | Do. | E. A. Sydenham | 4d. | | |
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| | F. Schira | | | | |
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| 671 | Come o'er the burn, Bessie (5 V.) | | 3d. | | |
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| 38 | Come sleep... | J. Benedict | 3d. | | |
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| 1007 | *Come to me, gentle sleep | Cowen | 4d. | | |
| 701 | Do. ... | H. W. Schiratt | 4d. | | |
| 713 | Come, tuneful friends (humorous) | | | | |
| | C. H. Lloyd | | | | |

THE SONG OF THE GALE

PART SONG

WORDS BY SHAPCOTT WENSLEY

MUSIC BY

MYLES B. FOSTER

ARRANGED FOR MIXED VOICES WITH ACCOMPANIMENT FOR PIANOFORTE OR ORCHESTRA

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

Con moto agitato.

PIANO. *f* *cresc.*

mp poco rit. *f a tempo*

SOPRANO *f con forza*

ALTO *f con forza*

TENOR *f con forza*

BASS *f con forza*

I wa - ken the slum-b'ring o - cean, He

I wa - ken the o - cean, He

I wa - ken the o - cean, He

I wa - ken the o - cean, He

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Originally published as a Two-part Song in NOVELLO'S SCHOOL SONGS, No. 427, and in NOVELLO'S TWO-PART SONGS FOR FEMALE VOICES, No. 65.

THE SONG OF THE GALE

poco dim.

ri - ses in rage and might, But I laugh at his foam - ing fu - ry, I

poco dim.

ri - ses in rage and might, But I laugh, . . laugh at his fu - ry, laugh

poco dim.

ri - ses in rage and might, But I laugh at his foam - ing fu - ry, I . .

poco dim.

ri - ses in rage and might, But I laugh, . . laugh at his fu - ry, laugh at his

f cres.

laugh at his foam - ing fu - ry, And

f cres.

at his foam - ing fu - ry, And

mf. cres.

laugh at his foam - ing fu - ry, And sport with the bil - lows,

mf.

fu - ry, his foam - ing fu - ry, And sport with the bil - lows white, And

cres.

f cres.

più f

sport with the bil - lows white, They rear and dash, with a thun - der crash, As I

più f

sport with the bil - lows white, They rear and dash, with a thun - der crash, As I

più f

sport with the bil - lows white, They rear, dash, with a thun - der crash, As I

più f

sport with the bil - lows white, They rear, dash, with a thun - der crash, As I

più f

THE SONG OF THE GALE

rit. A a tempo
speed on my long, wild flight. . .

rit. A a tempo
speed on my long, wild flight. . .

rit. A a tempo
speed on my long, wild flight. . .

rit. A a tempo
speed on my long, wild flight. . .

rit. ff a tempo

shout in the gloom - y for - est! The trees in my grasp I shake, . . The

shout in the gloom - y for - est! The trees I shake, . . The

shout in the gloom - y for - est! The trees I shake, The

shout in the gloom - y for - est! The trees I shake, The

f

poco dim.
yel-low leaves dance be - fore me, the yel-low leaves dance be - fore me,

poco dim.
yel-low leaves dance be - fore me, the leaves dance be - fore me,

poco dim.
leaves dance be - fore me, the leaves dance be - fore me,

poco dim. mf
leaves dance be - fore me, the . . leaves dance be - fore me, The

leggiero
leggiero

THE SONG OF THE GALE

The green from their boughs I break;
 I break, break, break; My
 The green from their boughs I break, break, break; My
 green from their boughs I break, I break, break, break;

in the deeps pro - found, As my way thro' the woods I take.
 clar - ions sound in the deeps pro - found, As my way thro' the woods I take.
 clar - ions sound in the deeps pro - found, As my way . . . I take.
 in the deeps pro - found, As my way thro' the woods I take.

Rather slower
 Thro' the bound - less hea - vens, The white-wing'd clouds I
 A - far thro' the hea - vens, The clouds I
 A - far thro' the hea - vens, The white-wing'd clouds I
 Thro' the boundless hea - vens, The white-wing'd clouds I

Rather slower

THE SONG OF THE GALE

Tempo 1mo.

chase, And I laugh! I . . laugh! As I see them fly - ing, I

chase, And I laugh! I . . laugh! As I see them fly - ing, I

chase, And I laugh! I . . laugh! As I see them fly - ing, I

chase, And I laugh! I . . laugh! As I see them fly - ing, I

accel. at Tempo 1mo.

fly - . . ing A - cross the old moon's white face, In

see . . them fly - ing A - cross the old moon's white face, In

see them fly - ing A - cross the old moon's white face, In

see them fly - ing A - cross the old moon's white face, In

THE SONG OF THE GALE

Lento

wild de-light I mock at their fright, And I cry—"O ye clouds, give
 wild de-light I mock at their fright, And I cry—"O ye clouds, give
 wild de-light I mock at their fright, And I cry—"O ye clouds, give
 wild de-light I mock at their fright, And I cry—"O ye clouds, give

Lento

Allegro subito

place!"

place!"

place!"

place!"

Allegro subito

ff

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| 652 | *Diaphania | C. V. Stanford | 3d. |
| 1120 | Dim and grey appear the mountains | F. Abt | 4d. |
| 29 | Dirge (The glories of our birth) | S. Wesley | 3d. |
| 40 | Dirge for the faithful lover | J. Benedict | 3d. |
| 521 | *Dirge of Darhula, The (6 V.) | J. Brahms | 6d. |
| 146 | Dost thou hear the trees | F. Hensel | 2d. |
| 169 | Dost thou idly ask | H. Smart | 2d. |
| 140 | Doth not my lady come | O. Prescott | 2d. |
| 564 | Douglas raid, The | O. Prescott | 2d. |
| 135 | Down in a pretty valley | H. Leslie | 2d. |
| 111 | Down in my garden fair | Pearsall | 4d. |
| 417 | *Dream, baby, dream | H. Smart | 2d. |

(July, 1923.)

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| 1392 | *Dream-love ... | P. E. Fletcher | 4d. |
| 892 | Dream of calm, A ... | H. Leslie | 6d. |
| 1148 | Dream of home, The ... | Pearson | 3d. |
| 584 | Dream, The ... | R. Schumann | 2d. |
| 31 | *Do. ... | R. P. Stewart | 3d. |
| 1040 | *Drink to me only with thine eyes | arr. H. E. Button | 3d. |
| 41 | Drinking song, A (T.T.B.B.) | J. Benedict | 4d. |
| 162 | *Drops of rain ... | J. Lemmens | 2d. |
| 1034 | *Dry those fair, those crystal eyes | John E. West | 3d. |
| 1250 | Duncan Gray | arr. C. Macpherson | 4d. |
| 827 | Each season bringeth pleasure | T. Palmer | 4d. |
| 533 | Earth with its troubled waters | M. Costa | 3d. |
| 457 | East Indian, The ... | J. L. Gregory | 3d. |
| 103 | Echoes ... | J. B. Calkin | 3d. |
| 638 | * Do. ... | Oliver King | 3d. |
| 64 | * Do. ... | G. A. Macfarren | 2d. |
| 155 | * Do. ... | A. Sullivan | 2d. |
| 264 | Echo's last word ... | J. L. Hatton | 2d. |
| 1178 | *Emor's lament for Cuchulain | (Irish Melody) arr. G. Bantock | 4d. |
| 1177 | *Empire and Motherland | C. Harris | 4d. |
| 1146 | *Empire of the Sea | C. A. E. Harris | 6d. |
| 672 | Enforce yourself as God's own knight (3 V.) ... | E. Turges | 4d. |
| 57 | *England ... | J. L. Hatton | 2d. |
| 891 | English girl, The ... | H. Steane | 4d. |
| 1359 | Erl-Kind, The ... | A. R. Gaul | 4d. |
| 93 | Essay, my heart ... | F. Berger | 4d. |
| 1236 | Evenen in the village | Gardiner | 4d. |
| 1082 | Evening ... | L. de Call | 3d. |
| 88 | * Do. ... | H. Hiles | 3d. |
| 397 | * Do. ... | H. Leslie | 3d. |
| 493 | * Do. ... | G. C. Martin | 3d. |
| 1356 | * Do. ... | W. W. Pearson | 3d. |
| 693 | * Do. ... | L. Spohr | 3d. |
| 159 | * Do. ... | A. S. Sullivan | 3d. |
| 749 | Evening breezes | G. R. Vickers | 3d. |
| 345 | Evening glow on the woods | F. Abt | 4d. |
| 959 | *Evening hast lost her throne | G. Bantock | 3d. |
| 749 | Evening Hymn ... | J. Blumenthal | 4d. |
| 670 | Evening rest | J. Rheinberger | 3d. |
| 1000 | *Evening scene ... | E. Elgar | 3d. |
| 553 | Evening song ... | F. Abt | 3d. |
| 423 | * Do. ... | E. M. Hill | 3d. |
| 514 | * Do. ... | R. Schumann | 3d. |
| 1376 | *Evening star, The | G. Tootell | 4d. |
| 687 | Evening wind, The | F. J. Harper | 3d. |
| 1241 | *Evensong ... | M. F. Phillips | 3d. |
| 341 | Eventide ... | F. Abt | 2d. |
| 1125 | Every rustling tree ... | Kuhlan | 3d. |
| 777 | *Every sweet with sour is tempered | A. Berridge | 3d. |
| 992 | *Excelsior ... | M. W. Balfé | 6d. |
| 1030 | *Fain would I change that note | R. V. Williams | 3d. |
| 1409 | Fair are those eyes | M. Cavendish | 2d. |
| 994 | *Fair Daffodils ... | H. E. Darke | 3d. |
| 90 | * Do. ... | H. Hiles | 4d. |
| 1075 | * Do. ... | H. J. King | 3d. |
| 183 | * Do. ... | A. Zimmermann | 2d. |
| 26 | Fair flower of Northumberland, The | E. F. Rimbault | 4d. |
| 517 | *Fair land, we greet thee | C. Piusati | 6d. |
| 1390 | *Fair, sweet, cruel J. G. Williams | 3d. | |
| 336 | Fairest time, The ... | R. Franz | 2d. |
| 23 | *Fairies' song, The | H. R. Bishop | 8d. |
| 566 | *Fairies, The ... | W. Macfarren | 2d. |
| 1447 | *Fairies were tripping, The | Taylor | 4d. |
| 630 | Fairy lover, The | A. W. Batson | 3d. |
| 1163 | Fairy ring, The | J. Lemmens | 2d. |
| 163 | *Fairy song | A. Zimmermann | 2d. |
| 1138 | Fairy spring | M. Meyer-Olbersleben | 3d. |
| 613 | Faithfulness | H. Goetz | 4d. |
| 818 | Faithless Nelly Gray (humorous) | C. L. Williams | 6d. |
| 857 | *Far away ... | arr. T. R. G. Joré | 3d. |
| 1246 | *Far o'er the bay ... | C. Francis | 3d. |
| 1410 | Farewell, despair | M. Cavendish | 2d. |
| 1119 | Farewell meeting | Mendelssohn | 4d. |
| 1086 | Farewell, thou lovely forest glade | H. Esser, arr. F. Abt | 3d. |
| 54 | Fear no more the heat of the sun | G. A. Macfarren | 4d. |
| 1400 | *Feasting I watch ... | E. Elgar | 4d. |
| 87 | Finland love song, A | H. Hiles | 3d. |
| 1267 | *Fisher boy, The | John E. West | 4d. |
| 1263 | Fisher-folk lullaby | Grace | 3d. |
| 15 | Fisherman's song, The (5 V.) | E. F. Rimbault | 3d. |

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| 368 | Fishing boat, The | J. L. Hatton | 2d. |
| 896 | Flight of Summer, The | F. Tozer | 4d. |
| 838 | *Flora's Queen (6 V.) | J. Stainer | 8d. |
| 810 | Flower that smiles to-day, The | H. E. Button | 3d. |
| 121 | Flowers | A. Zimmermann | 4d. |
| 554 | Flowers' review, The | F. Abt | 4d. |
| 912 | *Fly not yet | arr. T. R. G. Joré | 4d. |
| 1150 | *Fly, singing bird... | E. Elgar | 8d. |
| 536 | Fly to my mistress | C. C. Moseley | 4d. |
| 771 | *Follow your saint | C. H. H. Parry | 3d. |
| 1391 | *Folly's Song | P. E. Fletcher | 3d. |
| 34 | Football song, A | E. G. Monk | 4d. |
| 1362 | Footsteps of angels, The | A. R. Gaul | 4d. |
| 989 | *Do. | J. Holbrook | 4d. |
| 72 | *Do. | C. A. Macrone | 4d. |
| 1189 | *For Empire and for King | P. E. Fletcher | 8d. |
| 1187 | *Forest bride, The | R. Schumann | 4d. |
| 1121 | *Forest scene, A | H. Goetz | 3d. |
| 204 | *Forget-me-not, The | J. L. Hatton | 2d. |
| 816 | Fortunate island, A (5 V.) | J. Johnson | 6d. |
| 735 | *Fortune-teller's song, The | E. Fanning | 4d. |
| 1298 | *Fountain, The | E. Elgar | 8d. |
| 678 | *Do. | J. Rheinberger | 4d. |
| 566 | *Do. | F. Schira | 4d. |
| 571 | *Four jolly smiths, The | Leslie | 2d. |
| 1262 | *Franklin's dosage leped over a style (humorous) | Mackenzie | 6d. |
| 1389 | Freeman's Song and Chorus | T. Ravenscroft | 4d. |
| 1323 | *Frog, The (humorous) | E. Newton | 4d. |
| 967 | From Jesse's stock upspringing | M. Praetorius | 3d. |
| 1291 | From piercing steel | M. Greene | 4d. |
| 1377 | From the lone shieling | M. Maclean | 4d. |
| 642 | From White's and Willis' | J. D. Davis | 3d. |
| 604 | *Full fathom five | C. C. Wood | 3d. |
| 1154 | Gallant Swabian captain, A | F. Hegar | 4d. |
| 1317 | Garibaldi's hymn... | arranged | 3d. |
| 519 | Garland for our fairest, A | John Pointer | 4d. |
| 201 | Garland for the hero's crest, A | J. L. Hatton | 4d. |
| 741 | *Gather ye rosebuds | J. Blumenthal | 6d. |
| 1302 | *Do. | (5 V.) John Pointer | 6d. |
| 831 | *Do. | G. Rathbone | 4d. |
| 1193 | Gay Madcap | R. Schumann | 4d. |
| 701 | Gentle sleep | H. W. Schartau | 4d. |
| 469 | Gentle winds around her hover | J. T. Musgrave | 3d. |
| 407 | *Gently falls the evening shade | E. J. Macfarren | 4d. |
| 851 | *Girls and boys come out to play | G. A. Macfarren | 4d. |
| 643 | Give place, you ladies | Stephens | 3d. |
| 645 | Go, happy rose | F. Hiles | 3d. |
| 715 | *Go, lovely rose | A. Berridge | 4d. |
| 260 | Go, pretty birds | W. Macfarren | 4d. |
| 1164 | *Go, song of mine (6 V.) | E. Elgar | 8d. |
| 1335 | *God bless the Prince of Wales | arr. B. Richards | 4d. |
| 954 | *God in the thunderstorm | F. Schubert | 6d. |
| 753 | *God prosper him—our King | J. Barnby | 4d. |
| 1098 | God rules alone | J. Raff | 3d. |
| 778 | *God save the King | arr. J. F. Bridge | 3d. |
| 896 | *Do. | arr. F. M. Costa | 4d. |
| 885 | *Do. | arr. E. Elgar | 4d. |
| 1147 | *Do. | C. A. E. Harris | 4d. |
| 835 | *Do. | arr. H. Hiles | 2d. |
| 834 | *Do. | arr. V. Novello | 4d. |
| 32 | God speed the plough | E. Richter | 3d. |
| 211 | Going a-maying | J. L. Hatton | 4d. |
| 1137 | Golden year, The | H. Leslie | 8d. |
| 120 | Gone for ever | A. Zimmermann | 4d. |
| 611 | Good advice... | H. Goetz | 4d. |
| 681 | *Do. | J. Rheinberger | 4d. |
| 123 | Good-morrow | A. Zimmermann | 4d. |
| 5 | Good-morrow, fair ladies | T. Morley | 3d. |
| 186 | Good-night | J. L. Hatton | 2d. |
| 224 | *Do. (A.T.T.B.) | H. Goetz | 3d. |
| 744 | *Do. | R. O. Morgan | 4d. |
| 119 | *Do. | A. Zimmermann | 2d. |
| 492 | Good-night, from the Rhine | J. Raff | 4d. |
| 263 | Good-night, good rest | W. Macfarren | 4d. |
| 44 | *Good-night, thou glorious sun | H. Smart | 2d. |